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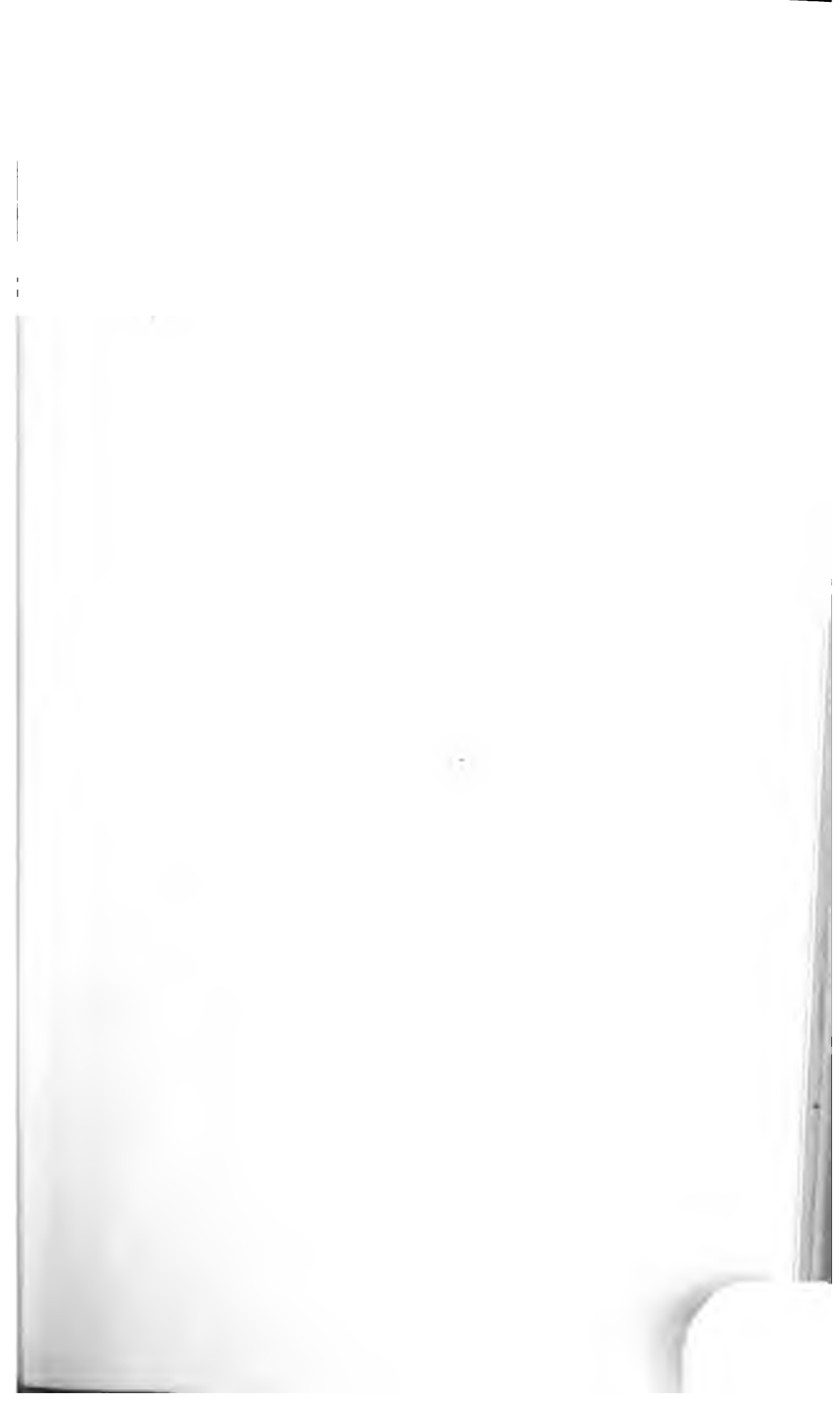
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THE BROAD PENNANT:

OR,

A CRUISE IN THE UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP

OF

12. 5. 8
THE GULF SQUADRON,

DURING THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTIES;

TOGETHER WITH

SKETCHES OF THE MEXICAN WAR,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES TO THE CAPTURE OF THE
CITY OF MEXICO.

BY

REV. FITCH W. TAYLOR, A. M., U. S. N.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLAG SHIP;" "A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD;" "ELLA
V—, OR THE JULY TOUR," ETC.

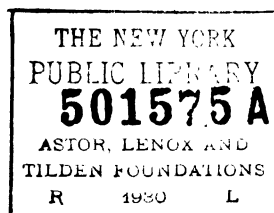
"A noble Frigate in the stream was lying,
And at her gaff her Nation's Flag was flying;
THE BROAD BLUE PENNANT floated at her main,
In heaven's own coloring and starry train;
Her low, dark hull in symmetry and grace,
Loomed on the view as she rode in her place;
And her tall, slight spars tapered in their height,
Herself a thing of beauty to the sight."

NEW-YORK:

LEAVITT, TROW & CO., 191 BROADWAY.

1848.

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HON. JOHN Y. MASON,

SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

SIR :

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES has always been regarded by the American people with a feeling of kindness and a desire to give to it a liberal support. It is this generous confidence of the nation which secures an elevated tone to the character of the naval officer, and gives to him a spirit of daring when called on for action, which renders him equal to any emergency connected with his profession. Success, as a consequence in the course of his duty, becomes almost a matter of course. The approbation of his Government and his own individual fame constitute the controlling motives of his action; and in meeting the responsibilities of his profession, his triumph or defeat becomes the standard by which his honor or disgrace is to be measured. It has been within my own opportunity, for a few years past, to note the spirit which prevails among our naval officers. And I am sure, that whatever may be their ties of earth in their social relations (and their attachments are as ardent as are those of any other class of men), they yet would regard at any moment, an opportunity to peril their lives in the accomplishment of an achievement which should accord glory to their country and individual fame to themselves, as an acceptable occurrence, and one they would gladly welcome and anxiously court. Let, then, the Government continue to this

arm of its defence the support and the *confidence*, which heretofore it has liberally accorded, and I believe the people of these United States will never be disappointed by its individual or collected action, whenever it is called on to achieve deeds of arms, or to further by its protection the legitimate objects of an international commerce. At the head of such a Navy, it is your honor, sir, officially, to stand. And while I tender you ~~THIS~~ VOLUME, I am happy to know, that there is not only a high respect but also a positive feeling of personal kindness cherished towards you by the officers of the Navy. To this, allow me here to add the assurances of my own respectful consideration and esteem.

FITCH W. TAYLOR.

New-York, October, 22d, 1847.

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armament against Algiers.—“Order is the first law of nature,” and the orders under which the American forces were successfully landed.—Commodore Conner relieved by Commodore Perry.—The investment of Vera Cruz and the bombardment of the city.—The action of the forces interrupted by a Norther.—The navy battery handsomely does its part.—Captain J. R. Vinton falls.—JACK works his guns well.—The bombardment at night, a scene of interest.—A parley sounded from the walls at midnight.—Not understood.—The bombardment continued.—Another parley sounded at day-break by a bugler, on the walls of the city.—A conference asked.—The city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulua surrendered to the American arms.—Capture of ALVARADO.—The ships employed in conjunction with a land force under General Quitman.—Arrival of the steamer *Scoorge*, Lieut. Hunter Commanding, at the station of the Squadron.—Ordered to blockade Alvarado.—Arrival off the mouth of the river.—Fires on the fort.—A flag of truce displayed on shore.—*The dashing and gallant move of the Lieutenant Commanding.*—A FARCE—serio-comical.—Prelude.—Act first, scene first.—Correspondence between Lieut. Hunter and the Mexican Authorities.—Act second, scene second.—Commodore Perry’s dispatch.—Act third, scene third.—Court Martial—charges—specifications—defense—sentences.—Act fourth, scene fourth.—Lieut. Hunter appointed to a new command, and sent to the Mediterranean.—Capture of Taxpan.—Truxton’s guns recovered from the Mexicans.—Commodore Perry’s dispatches.—Capt. Samuel L. Breese’s report.—The U. S. Ship *St. Mary’s*.—Second attack on TABASCO, and capture of the city.—A squadron of formidable names.—Commodore Perry’s Report to the Department.—List of officers engaged in the expedition, and the number of men from each ship.—The Frigate *Raritan*, with the original crew of the *Cumberland*, homeward-bound.—CAPT. EDSON.—MIDSHIPMAN STORER.—LIEUT. JAMES L. PARKER.—Providence stronger than the conqueror death.—The American Fleet have accomplished ALL that the Mexican coast and the circumstances of the Mexican Republic would allow.—The story of the Broad Pennant therefore properly concluded at this point.—The possession of Vera Cruz and its Castle, places the destiny of the Mexican Republic at the WILL of the power which has planted its national flag there.—The American Army en route from Vera Cruz to Mexico.—Conclusion,

THE BROAD PENNANT.

SECTION I.

THE U. S. FRIGATE CUMBERLAND.

I LOVE coincidence, when that coincidence is bright, and beautiful, and happy. And such it was to-night. The day had been almost a summer's day, although it is the 10th of January. And to-night the moon was full, and cloudless. I had walked from the Tremont House just before the hour for tea, to the bridge which connects Charlestown to Boston, that I might take a look at the FRIGATE CUMBERLAND, the good ship with which my own destiny is to be connected, for months to come. Supposing that she had only hauled off from the Navy Yard, I presumed I might see her from this point. I reached it. As I leaned over the railing of the bridge, I gazed on the still-calm scene before me—for the very breath of the zephyr, at this moment, seemed to have lulled itself to repose. The expanse of water was a mirror. The hills, and the amphitheatre of houses on the hills, were reflected back from the surface of the basin, which of itself, with its unrippled and reflecting surface, at this calm hour, was strikingly beautiful. But at this moment also, the full moon had raised her upper rim just above a long and dense

bank of clouds in the east, and was continuing to rise, until her beautiful and glorious disc, more golden than silver in its color to-night, sailed far above the dark bank, to its own pure element of blue. How beautiful to me, at this moment, was this emerging of this beautiful orb; and how sweetly did she still sail on, in her peerless and solitary course, in that distant profound! I heeded not the tramp of the multitude as they passed me by, while I there stood almost a worshiper, and a sad one, of one of God's most beautiful creations, and gave way to my thoughts, as I mused on the changes which a few years will write in the experience of man—and how soon the young will become old; the dark hair, gray; and how soon and deep, by bereavement, a joyous heart may sink in its dreadful loneliness and sorrow.

But, the good frigate Cumberland lay not where I expected to see her; and I pursued my walk to the Long Wharf, off which, I was informed, the frigate was now moored. The light of the full moon, blending with the twilight of the early evening, kept all things still distinct in the distance, as I reached the end of the dock, off which the frigate was seen at her anchors, in the stream. And there now she lay, and the full moon, still rising, was directly above her. Her spars, with all their beautiful tracery of cordage, were lined on the twilight of the back-ground, and her hull, distinct in its proportions and grace, lay in a flood of moonbeams, as the full orb threw its bright wake across the ship. Not a breath disturbed the bosom of the bay on which the beautiful ship now slept; and each spar and almost every cord, in its web-work, were mirrored back from the calm surface of the water, while that golden orb seemed, from the point where I now stood and gazed, to be *poised on the main-truck of the ship*. How striking the incident to me, at this my first view of the ship which ere long is to bear me over the seas!

How beautiful was the scene itself! How still was all around me! Not a man was seen to move aboard that distant object. Scarcely a being was abroad on the shore. And there she lay, that gallant frigate, in all her fair proportions, and sheen of light, and repose of an unrippled expanse of water. It carried my thoughts back *through a six years' space*, when, at Norfolk, I gazed from the shore on the frigate Columbia, with *the new moon above her* (of which I have elsewhere made record),* and which I then took as *a bright omen* that my voyage around the world in that fine cruiser should be bright and happy. *The coincidence* to-night was striking, and peculiar, and beautiful. That same moon, though now fuller and brighter, was above the main-truck, where fifteen minutes sooner or later it could not have been, from the point where I gazed upon it. And now I felt that I could and that I *would* again believe that a good Providence would attend me, and I would confide in the God who holds the ocean in his palm and the winds in his fist. And yet, as I there stood in loneliness on that dock, it was a flood of bitter emotion I poured forth, as I wept over the deep experience of the few years since I last went over distant seas and to many foreign lands. God only knows how my heart broke as I retraced that experience, and felt at that moment a solitude, which earth hath not in its gift to remove. Only he who has buried forever his choicest hope of happiness on earth, could sympathize with me at this moment of review, between two points on the scale of my own life. But I soon shall go again, on a course over many seas—among sunny isles—and amid varied, and perhaps interesting scenes. May God go with me! Tomorrow I shall join the ship, and occupy my state-room ~~on~~ board the good frigate. Good angels protect her—kind hearts give her welcome—and happy hearts rejoice on her

* The Flag Ship.

return again to her own blessed land, and I, to my own happy hearth.

OFFICERS OF THE NAVY LEAVING HOME.

I doubt if the people of our country sufficiently appreciate the circumstances of our Navy officers. Did they, I am sure our national legislature, nor others, would deem the officers' pay extravagant, or their position particularly enviable. In the one fact of their leaving their homes, often suddenly, and in circumstances the most trying, few of our landsmen citizens would consent to be placed in similar circumstances, for the compensation which the Navy officer receives, although the allowance made to him by his government may be deemed to be liberal. Take a frigate's company for illustration, on this subject. Unexpectedly orders reach an officer in the service to repair for duty on board a particular ship, which, may be, is already in readiness to sail; and which will sail in a short time after his reaching the vessel. In our present case I have been told by Captain Dulany, that he had but two days' notice to prepare for this cruise, which, it is expected, will be of two years' duration. It matters not that every officer of the Navy knows that he is liable to orders thus suddenly to leave his home and country. He yet will be surrounded by circumstances, in the very nature of our social life, which will make it an inconvenience and a trial to arrange his matters of business, and to take leave of his household. And thus had the Captain to arrange his affairs in this haste, and to take leave of his companion and his children, and commit them to the chances of the coming two years, and to the protecting care of their God, in this small space of time. What landsman would feel that he could adjust the affairs of his household in this brief space of time, and would be willing to serve his country in

such circumstances—leaving those he loves in such haste to the uncertainties and the chances of a two years' separation, for the yearly compensation given to an officer of the Navy? The Navy officer is as susceptible as any other man—his family is as dear—the parting hour to him is as painful—the solitudes with which he leaves his cherished companion and his offspring are as deep. I will not say that they are deeper, for comparisons are odious. But no heart is more full in its affections, as none is more noble in its aspirations, than that of a worthy officer of the Navy. Another officer of our ship leaves a young wife, having been married but a few months; and another was to have been married, but the orders he received to this ship of necessity postponed it—the then Secretary of the Navy not yielding to his request for leave of absence; and he now sleeps to wake no more, while the intelligence of his death (being sudden, and apparently the result of exposure since his joining the ship) is to be conveyed back to his intended bride; and in the other case, the husband waits with solicitude for intelligence from his companion, who is soon expected to give him her first-born, while he, on whom, at such an hour of solicitude, the heart of the young wife must yearn to lean for encouragement and support, will be far distant on the seas. Indeed, of eleven officers of the wardroom mess, nine of them have their young families, to whom, with hearts filled with all the yearnings of affection, they have said the feeling farewell, for, as they suppose, two years to come. I know of these men that they are affectionate and devoted to their families, and that they leave them with all the gushing emotions that go out for their blessed companions, and most of them with the additional solitudes of parents. Therefore would I bespeak for these men, and the rest of their brother officers of the Navy, the consideration of the people of our country, for whose commercial interests, and national honor,

fame, and protection, they go to distant and nearer lands and seas ; often are exposed to the dangers of pestiferous climates, the dangers of the ocean, and the necessity of personal action and exposure on shipboard, while the vessel is dashing on her course away and afar, and again back to their country and their homes.

ANTICIPATION AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

All officers, for several days, have been aboard ship, waiting for a favorable breeze and tide coincident for going to sea. All have been anticipating the pleasure that seemed to lie before them, of visiting lands famed in history and story,* language, science, and the arts—and for myself, that land still more memorable as the ground on which was acted one of the tragic scenes of earth which, more than any other, contemplated in its results the interests of men on earth and their salvation in heaven. I allude to the death of Jesus Christ, at Jerusalem. The child at school, from his earliest readings, has become familiar with the names and the deeds of Rome and Romans, Greece and Grecians, and the Jews. All these lands of Rome, Greece, Jerusalem, and other regions, high in their present cultivation of the arts, and rich in their ancient associations, we hoped were lying before us, for our inspection, consideration, and reflection ; and that we soon should tread where the famed ones in ancient history have trod, and make record of all our emotions among such associations as should gather around us, amid such scenes of the present and the past. “If we must go to sea,” was the language of us all, “we are now going on a cruise the most desirable, and, in a manner, the most pleasant.” It is the cruise to which all look with

* The original destination of the Cumberland was to the Mediterranean.

wishes to make it ; and, generally, he is deemed fortunate who receives orders from the Department to accomplish it. For myself, the opportunity thus presented, in the way of my orders, seemed to have met my wishes *as to time*, when, if ever, I deemed it desirable to visit these lands and seas ; and I was glad—in common with most of the officers of the wardroom, the majority of whom, like myself, had never been to these regions of our world—that the prospect was so fair, *so near*, and under auspices that none could doubt but should present opportunities as favorable for intellectual pleasure and improvement as could ever be presented to a voyager in one of our national frigates. We should pause for a few months on the Coast of Africa ; touch at a few points—the Cape de Verd Islands, and the sweet Madeiras ; all augmenting rather than diminishing the prospects of pleasure for the cruise. The *cornet*—the signal for all officers to repair immediately on board ship—had been flying at the mizzen-top-gallant head, the pilot was on board, and we waited only for wind and tide, for the cheering sound, “All hands to up anchor, ahoy !” to be piped through the ship. But—*but* the wind that evening did not serve, as was expected it would, and we yet lay at anchor—some conjecturing that we should yet be delayed until after the arrival of the British steamer, which was expected ; and the winds served us not for a few days after. And then, during these few days, a letter in russet-colored envelope from Washington came to hand ; and Commodore Read found in it enough to detain his fine ship for a few days longer, until further orders should be received from the Department. And then, a few days after, those additional orders, in consequence of late news from Mexico, directed that this ~~the~~ frigate, all prepared for sea, equipped in men, guns, and ammunition, should, forthwith, repair to *the Gulf of Mexico* ; and in company with the force already there, lie off Vera

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Cruz, to frighten, no doubt, the miserable Mexicans into a treaty with these magnanimous, *Texas-loving* United States. Well—well—so goes the world; et “sic transit gloria” maris Mediterranei! Gentlemen, where now are your yesterday’s dreams of the Mediterranean? Did you ever cherish excited hope, but that the shade gathered over the sunshine of its looming?

And have ye not seen the skies of purest blue
Robed *suddenly* in clouds of threat’ning hue?
And on the bosom of the sleeping lake,
The whirlwind fall, and leave a fearful wake!

All the officers were loud in the expression of their disappointment. Many had been “*near*” reaching the Mediterranean, and this seemed to have been the nearer approach; but—that abominable but—they would always, some way or another, be sure to butt against it, and be sent headlong some other way. So is it now. And worse still. The Commodore—the orders that have changed the direction of this ship have also detached him from her, lest, forsooth, he being the senior officer, should of necessity, if he went in the frigate to the Gulf, supersede Commodore Conner, now there. Commodore Read, however, still holds his position as commanding the African and Mediterranean squadron; and the Department, with all apology, regretting the necessity of taking this good ship from him, at the moment of recent news and desirable negotiation, assures him of some ample compensation, to manifest the Department’s profound respect, &c., &c., &c.—all of which is very well; but, no doubt, Commodore Read would very much rather have his ship, as it had been offered and given to him, and which had been now got in readiness, with his own chosen officers on board, ready to sail, than all the fine professions of the Department, however sincere or complimentary on paper or parchment merely.

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The officers, at once, sent Commodore Read the following expression of their feelings:

To Commodore GEORGE C. READ, commanding the African Squadron.

SIR—The captain and the officers of the wardroom of the United States Frigate Cumberland have this instant heard, with lively sensibility, that you have been detached from this ship, and that she is ordered to proceed to the Gulf of Mexico. Allow us to express our sincere regret in view of the separation which your orders will necessitate. Sir, we had anticipated a pleasant cruise under your command; and we had congratulated ourselves, even with the confidence of assurance, that we should find our official and social intercourse most acceptable and agreeable. We therefore give to you our regrets that we are to part, and we do it with frank and unfeigned feelings; and at the same time we beg you to receive the assurances, wherever you may be called to act, in your official capacity as Commodore, or in your private relations of social life, that you have, and that you will continue to have, the cordial well-wishes of the undersigned, the captain, and the officers of the wardroom.

U. S. Frigate Cumberland, }
Boston Harbor, January 27th, 1846. }

The preceding paper was signed by the officers therein named, and handed to the Commodore, who seemed, equally with the other officers, to be disappointed by the orders which he had received, the changed destination of the ship, and his detachment from her. He sent in return to the above communication the following reply:

"U. S. Frigate Cumberland, }
Boston Harbor, 27th Jan'y, 1846. }

"GENTLEMEN—I have much pleasure in acknowledging your joint and kind letter of regret, on the event of my being

detached from the frigate *Cumberland*. The order which renders it imperative on me to leave you, has occasioned much pain. I did not ask for the command of the African squadron—it was offered to me ; and after refusing it on the ground of there not being a frigate attached to it, my objection was met by the proffer of the *Cumberland*. To be now deprived of this noble frigate, and separated from her officers, of whom I have had reason to entertain the most favorable impressions, has inflicted a wound, which it has never before been my lot to suffer.

“Be assured, gentlemen, that I feel sensibly this mark of your regard and esteem, and that I shall carry with me the recollection of your worth, and the desire again to serve with you under circumstances which may not subject me to an abrupt removal.

“That prosperity and happiness may attend you all, is the sincere wish of

“Your ob’t servant,

“GEO. C. READ.

“To Captain Dulany, and the officers composing the wardroom mess on board the U. S. Frigate *Cumberland*.” }

THE SAILING OF THE FRIGATE.

After delaying a day or two for the Commodore’s convenience—that he might disarrange his arrangements for ship-board, and comfortably leave the ship for shore—the frigate was put in final readiness, forthwith to leave her moorings for VERA CRUZ, Mexico. The one relieving consideration to most of the officers of the ship, and to myself no less than to others, was, that letters, those blessed messengers from those we love, to one when one is absent from them, would come almost regularly to us, by being forwarded to Pensacola, and thence by a government vessel, which holds communica-

tion with the squadron in the Gulf and the government at home. On the 3d of February, the time of our sailing having been delayed beyond the hour first contemplated, all officers were on board. The cornet, that emblem which admits no apology for delay, when once it is seen floating from the mizzen-truck, had again been quivering in the air, during the afternoon of Tuesday; and the morning of the next day found all the ship's company, officers and men, in their places; the pilot also sleeping on board, ready to take early advantage of tide and the winds.

There is a sound familiar to the sailor's ear, which seems ever to cheer the hearts of those within its hearing, though a few moments after, the heart may break in its memories and sadness. "All hands to up anchor, ahoy!" is the echo handed from boatswain's mate to boatswain's mate, through the ship, after the shrill note of his pipe has been twice blown, and long. A general movement is seen; the men to the capstan bars, the officers to their stations; the "idlers," who are the non-watch officers or civilians, to the quarter-deck to gaze on the scene, the land, the making sail, and to give the final look on fair hills, and happy homes, which one is soon to leave and lose in the distance, as the courser in a moment more will start from her goal to speed over the seas. It would be a sadder hour—to some a tearful, bitter hour, to-day, this 3d of February—did not the music of the band strike up its merry sound, and the tramp of the men chime to the time of the tune as the crew walk around with the capstan, and the clank of the coming-in iron chain tell that the ship is loosing her last hold on the ground, dear in our memories, our birth, and our loves, as our own native land. Thus was the anchor of the Cumberland soon atrip; the ship veered—the sails fell—were sheeted home; and the frigate, like the stag in his wild freedom, exulting on her native element, bounded over the lesser wave and the increasing

swell, until she was abroad on the wide and boundless ocean ; and I, leaving the bustle of the upper deck, sought my room and wept my tears for those I love.

If I write at all, why should I not write naturally ? It is my own way which I am to trace ; it is my own views and feelings, amid objects and scenes, as contemplated by my own mind and heart, in their blended perception and emotion, which I am to develope. And the scene, *at this moment of my leaving home*, no one can know, as it lay before my own vision, but the individual who has himself felt how lonely is life to him who has lost the dearest object of his heart which could bind him to that life ; and has been placed in circumstances which of necessity forced upon him the bitter consciousness of that loss, as memories and emotions are awakened by the power of association, from the contrast of periods of time and similarity of occasions and scenes. At all other times when I have gone from my kindred, I was young, fond of adventure, elated in the prospect of change and anticipations of seeing the world as it is, and men as they are, in their different positions, races, governments, and contrasts. But what has the world for me, at this hour ? I have seen a good part of it. I have made its circumference, and seen its varieties, animate and inanimate—its beauties and its deformities. Adventure no more has its charm ; and though I look on the stately and the beautiful in the arts, the magnificence of nature, the policy, the power, and the prospects of nations, they wake not emotion as once they did ; or if emotion swells the heart, it but carries it on to the consciousness of a lost interest in all that the world now possesses save in one object, and that my infant son ; and to the reality that she who bore him, for whom I now had gazed with delight, has left this earth, and borne with her from me every zest for living, save in the one felt obligation of duty ; and all desire for living, save only that I may guide the education

of my child. Is there one, then, who, like myself, has known this vacuity in life—this absence of all excitement in living—this joyless inanity and hopeless prospect for the future, because his emotions of happiness in the past have reached far higher above all that can swell his heart in all his life on earth that is to come? My brother, then hast *thou* indeed wept; and whilst thou shalt still weep, thou art to be pitied! Thy gold, however abundant, has become dimmed. Thy dwelling, however peaceful within, or lovely thy grounds around it, is still lonely. For thee, there is no resource in life but one only, as thou shalt still live on and still weep, and that is, *to go forth among thy fellows AND DO THEM GOOD.*

“Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather from corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold;
’Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.”

THE DEATH OF A PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.

The Cumberland had made two unsuccessful attempts to get to sea before the morning of the 3d of February; and it seemed a kind providence that the winds and tide prevented the frigate from getting an offing sufficiently early to stand on her course to sea. I say a kind providence, so at least it will have appeared to the kindred of young Ashton, a passed Midshipman, who, with a large number of the crew and officers, has been affected by a severe cold for days past in the severe climate of Boston; and still more so in the lamp atmosphere of shipboard at this season of the year. The frigate had put out of the Nantasket Roads on the 31st

of January, but, a squall rising, and bad weather setting in, with a prospect of a snow storm from the north and east, the ship put back. Young Ashton, the night before, had become extremely ill, and now he lay insensible with congestion of the lungs and brain. He died a few moments after we had again came to anchor ; and the next day being Sunday, his remains were sent to Boston for interment.

We leave him to rest on the land, in his final repose, instead of giving his remains to course the far-down tides of the deep. How shall this, while the hearts of his kindred break as the sad intelligence shall meet them, serve, at the same time, to give them one alleviation for their bitter sorrow. They shall yet feel that their memories and their love may *locate the resting-place* of their departed one, instead of wildly following his remains with painful imaginations, as the currents of the sea would have borne them, in their unrest, through the deep waters of the ocean. God tempers the storm to the shorn lamb. May he give solace, which heaven alone can convey to the heart that aches in its bereavement, to the friends of Ashton. There was one, of whom it is not meet here to speak, to whom it is said the young Midshipman was engaged to be married. I had not known him, but stood beside him in his last hour, though he recked it not ; and I closed the lids of his dark eye in its death sleep. As I thought of the relation last alluded to, I caused a lock of his hair to be severed, and retain it, to be conveyed to his kindred as opportunity befitting may present.

THE FRIGATE ON HER PASSAGE SOUTH.

Having put to sea, our ship stood on her course, doubling that crooked point of land somewhat of the shape of the one horn on the nose of a rhinoceros, by which it is said, he moors himself for a night's sleep by hooking said appendage

upon a bough of a tree, and thus supporting his huge head for the night ; but with which point there are associations of choicer memories, connected with a rough people who buffeted the storms and the waves, and finally landed with hearts that praised their God, and did them honor, on Plymouth Rock. These same people are sometimes abused, but are, of all the world, a beacon, at which the disciples of liberty and free thinking and independent action shall look, ages beyond the hour when their defamers shall have been forgotten. The May Flower bore on her decks stout hearts, and devoted to their God, as she doubled this same point of land, and dropped her anchor in the bay which this point forms. But that last point of land at which I looked, on the coast of New England, was soon lost, as the ship still stood on her way, trackless and bounding, and every moment seeming to behave herself handsomely as she bounded from blue billow to blue billows, which began to put on their crests of white as we reached farther out towards the currents of the Gulf Stream—currents which run northeasterly even from a point farther south than the extremest capes of Florida, and onward north and east to the banks of Newfoundland. Nothing, however, was inviting on deck for the first three days we were out, though on the evening of the 6th of February the weather became milder as we gained our southing ; and I went abroad from my room to the poop deck, and felt that it was like olden times, as I gazed on the wide blue sea, saw the white crests comb over the blue surge and roll down the blue bank, while the ship, alone on the deep, bore us onward steadily and fleet, and the balmy though fresh breeze touched the cheek with health, expanded the heart with pleasure, and made us feel that there was beauty and grandeur about us. But fair and beautiful as was the sky of February the 6th, the storm began to brew during the night ; and on Saturday the 7th

the wind had increased to a mimic gale. It continued, with rain; and our ship seemed a less inviting dwelling-place, for people who would seek their comfort, than she was on the Friday before. Surely she had been playing with our fairy dreams of sunnier latitudes; and if such were to be our treatment by the winds without, and the lubberly ship within, we were several times on the point of protesting that she should lose her fair name with us, though eulogized by others. The ship rolled most abominably, as we lay to under the main spencer and fore storm-stay-sail. The water dashed into the stern ports and at the rudder coat, drenching the ward-room sufficiently to give a dozen men employment in bailing the water from the thoroughly soaked apartment. And then the delightful chowder, always meaning by chowder not that down-eastern savory dish made up of a little of every thing, and a good deal of the layers of fish; but by chowder, *here*, meaning the Chinese *chow-chow*, that is, *medley of any thing*; and in this instance it was *chow-chow*, differing only from a medley of *any thing* by being a mingling of *every* thing almost that the wardroom contained—twenty-two chairs, two extra wash-hand stands, a nameless quantity of empty bottles; and before the gale was over, trunks, crockery, tables, lieutenants, the watch officers and civilians, the non-watch officers alike taking their places, at one moment to the larboard, and at the next moment to the starboard side of the lubberly ship. Some gentlemen seemed in utter despair as the water flooded their apartments, and were willing for the rest of the voyage to commute for any shore-man's cellar, with the one condition that it should be dry, for their sleeping apartment. Others deemed the ship a beast, that ought to be ashamed of herself for such ungallant movements; and I, forsooth, knew too well where comfort was, in a dry room, to allow me to be abroad from my bed at such hours. But the one quality of amiableness and

sympathy for another's distress seemed to be universal, and the storm went on to have its blow out ; and the ship, though rebuked, continued to have her own way, and to take her tumble, for it was all a gambol in harmony with the fashion of the regions through which she was passing, namely, between the Bermudas and the Hatteras. And what brown-cheeked sailor has not learned the poetic language of his brother tars, who have gone before him ? If the poetry of the couplet be questioned, the warning it awakes is as faithful as the whirlwind on the seas is real :

“ If Bermudas let you pass,
Then look out for Hatteras.”

Could we have caught one of that peculiar species of comfortables called *congressmen*, and tied him to the quarter-deck with the watch officer, or tumbled him among the movables along with the idlers below, and laved him with the abundance of water now found in shipboard currents without allowance, almost any where, said comfortable would not have been soon caught again forsaking his carpeted halls and his pay for the pleasures of a sea voyage in one of the frigates of that fine proportioned old gentleman they call Uncle Sam. No, no, Mr. Comfortable. Nor for all the allowance which the gentlemen of the Navy receive, or the prospect before them of a premature old age and a bare support for their families while living, and no prospect of leaving to their families but a very small living when they die, would said comfortable undertake, himself, to navigate our nation's ships. Should the subject for augmenting the pay of these officers chance to come up before his honorable body of comfortables at Washington, you would see him in his place, among the first to rise, and not only with erect person but with hands up, exclaim, “ Give it to them—their pay—Mr. Speaker ; give it to them, by all means. I would

sooner double their pay, and our own too, before you would catch me again to be the sharer of their weal and woe among storms and hurricanes, off the Bermudas and the Hatteras. Give it to them, by all means, Mr. Speaker."

In truth, landsmen know but little of the scenes, and the wear and tear of life which the officers of our Navy go through. For myself, I should most certainly decline going through the details of a Lieutenant's duties, on shipboard, for the amount of his emoluments and future expectations; standing a watch, as he often does, for four hours, in the tempest, and gale, and sleet, and cold. And three times in every four nights, amid all weathers, for four successive hours, must he walk the deck and take care of the ship, either from 8 o'clock till midnight, or from midnight till 4 o'clock in the morning, or from 4 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock, A. M.; besides another additional watch of four hours during every day. The position of the Navy officer is any thing but a sinecure. He earns his pay; and it should be continued to him, and augmented, with the addition of a respectable pension for his family when he leaves them, after having, of necessity, spent the amount of his yearly pay in their support. If there are dandy officers floating about the streets of our cities, spending more than their pay, the great body of the navy officers are worthier men, and should be cared for, liberally judged, and provided for while they grow prematurely brown, gray, and weather-beaten in the service of their country.

On the 9th of February the gale continued: the frigate lay to, and rolled as abominably as ever. After trying her at scudding, she was found to be easier, having labored much in laying to in the storm. During the morning we had a second edition of breaking of dishes, thunder claps of smashing bottles, tables, and pitching lieutenants and other bodies into the lee-scuppers. But the clouds began to thin,

and the blessed sun gave forth his smiles again. The ship rolled on her due course, and before night the decks were dry, the atmosphere mild ; and music (thank God for blessed harmonies, and an ear and a heart that can appreciate them) woke from the full band, cheering the hearts of all, men and officers, as the sunshine of the skies and the deep blue of the seas seemed, alike with all above and beneath and around them, to rejoice that the dark clouds and the drifting currents of rain had betaken themselves off to the northwest, and hid themselves in their olden haunts of the Bermudas and the Hatteras.

THE GULF STREAM.

Gales, storms, and bad weather, with a general gathering of the dark-winged spirits of the winds, seem to delight to make the Gulf Stream their haunts and play-grounds. This same stream of the ocean is a mystery to the navigator, even to the present day, in many particulars, though the trade-winds may have some influence in giving origin to this current. Some of the observed phenomena of the stream are interesting. It commences some seventy miles east of the Havana, runs along the north coast of the Island of Cuba westward, and thence enters the Straits of Florida, towards which it has been approaching at the rate of one and a half miles the hour, but increases as it passes through the Florida Straits to three and four miles the hour ; and at the narrowest point of the straits, between Cape Florida and the nearest of the Bahama Islands, it being about forty-five miles across, the current runs in the month of August at the rate of five miles the hour. Still stretching itself north, it runs by that wild promontory, the Hatteras, twenty miles at sea, and onward to the banks of Nantucket, in a course from southwest to northeast. At Nantucket and St. George's

banks, it takes a more easterly direction, brushing the southern extremity of the great bank of Newfoundland, and extending in this direction between the parallels of 37° and 43° north latitude, as far as longitude 44° west. It then bends to the southeast and south; and thence is lost in the ocean. The length of the Gulf Stream, from the Salt Keys, south in its circular course, north and east to the Azores, is 3000 miles. And what is one of the great peculiarities of the stream is, that its temperature is ten or eleven degrees higher than the ocean water in the same latitude out of it. The average breadth of the current is some 120 miles; and a peculiar sea-weed floats in the stream, sometimes in extensive fields, at other parts of it in lesser quantities and in single sprigs. Columbus marked this peculiarity of sea-weed in the ocean, and argued, for the encouragement of his crew, that it indicated the neighborhood of land; which, after having continued his course west through fields of it, at length greeted his wishful eye, and made him the wonder and the admired, for a time, of his own age, and the benefactor and the admired of mankind in all succeeding time.

THE FRIGATE GAINS SOUTHING.

Having struck the northeasterly trade-winds, ever prevailing in one direction, we soon were borne along by them on our course south, beyond the regions of storms, to sunnier latitudes and placid seas. The sailing in the trades is always pleasant. The ship, for leagues, keeps on one tack, hardly a sail being lifted when once set, and the officers and men lounging in their rest, and change, and enjoyment, after their escape from the cold of more northern climes, the storms of wilder tracks of the ocean, and the exposures of the ship and their persons to the dangers and the disagreea-

bles of navigation. The unpleasant of the past is soon forgotten in the comforts of the present.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday, the 15th of February, very unlike the drifting rain and storm of the preceding Sabbath, was pleasant, the temperature of the air mild; and the ship, gliding over the blue deep, made her way, still south, at a good rate, while her motion was scarcely perceptible to the officer as he traversed her deck. The awning had been spread, to ward off the too great heat of the sun. The men were ordered to dress in their white trowsers and frocks. The capstan had been covered with bunting, and the Bible and the Prayer Books were placed upon it, preparatory for the religious services of the Sabbath. At ten o'clock, the shrill pipe of the boatswain and the hoarse voices of the boatswain's mates sounded over the decks of the frigate: "All hands to muster!" The marines in their full dress, the seamen in their clean white trowsers and frocks, and the band in their crimson costume, with the officers in their uniform dress, occupied their several positions. The deck having been thus arranged, I advanced, with the Captain, to the capstan, and commenced the usual services of the Church. The prayers were said; the responses well read; and when the prayers of the service, which to-day I abbreviated, were ended I read the following hymn:

"When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker; 'save, Lord, or we perish.'

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, 'Save, Lord, or we perish.'

And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransomed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer ; ' save, Lord, or we perish.' "

As the last line of the hymn fell on the air, the music of the full band broke the stillness that prevailed throughout the ship ; and the melody went on the breeze over the blue deep, as wave after wave bore on the strain, until it died away, where, save but for ourselves, there were none to hear—none to feel—and the solitude of ocean reigned, in its profound and in its expanse. The sermon followed, and the services were ended. This scene was not new to me ; but a landsman, standing for the first time on the decks of a United States frigate, with the ship's company thus arranged for religious service, would be impressed deeply by the order, the beauty, and the solemnity of the scene.

STILL GAINING SOUTHING. CROSSING THE TRACK OF COLUMBUS.

Still onward and southerly stood our ship the next day, with the ever-favoring trade-winds—crossing the track of the immortal Columbus in his Santa Maria, led on by the Pinta and attended by the Niña, the three gallant ships that dared the unknown and mysterious ocean of the west, until, on the 12th of October, 1492, at two o'clock in the morning, a gun from the Pinta, being always in the lead, announced to the other ships, that *land was seen!* What emotions must have swelled the bosoms of the crews of those three ships ; and sublimer still, the soul of that man, the chief of the gallant expedition, as the ships lay to for the few hours more before the break of day. The dreams of Columbus were now to be realized ; and his heart must have ached of its breathings as he waited the developments of the morning. And then, with the earliest light, and in the sunniest seas,

and in the softest climate, "as April in Andalusia," the shores of a New World opened upon him. The green isle of San Salvador, as he afterwards named it, now fell on his vision, with its green pile, and trees like orchards, and fruits various and unknown; while the island was seen to be inhabited by a numerous people, as they gathered from the groves; and all giving the noble adventurer the triumph of his theories, success against the predictions of failure from opposing princes, and a name as immortal as the proudest of all preceding or succeeding time. I love to review associations, as they are awakened by localities over which I am passing. And the story of Columbus, as we course by the *Bahama Isles*, and along the sunny seas of the West Indies, comes up refreshingly to the memory as one first makes the traverse of the same seas, and notes how natural were the impressions of this adventurous navigator, and fancies what must have been the varied emotions that alternately ruled the superstitious crews and the philosophic chief and officers as they gave way to hope and fear, apparent success and succeeding disappointment; at one moment turning their most favorable circumstances into superstitious apprehensions, and at another moment ready for mutiny and for sacrificing their commander; at another, awed or persuaded or defied by his superior genius; and at another still, shouting "gloria in excelsis" as the sequel of the exulting cry from the commander of the ever foremost Pinta, as he sent the hail to the ship of Columbus, exclaiming, "Land, land, señor, I claim my reward!" and pointing at the same moment to the southwest, the course on which our own ship is now sailing. But ere long the loom of land, as had other appearances before this apparently more certain one, faded away, and seemed but another mysterious vision, which their superstitions began to think the unseen beings of these sunny climes were using to woo and decoy them

onward to a ruin from which they never might again return. And here in this connection it may be stated as a curious fact, that Columbus started with the purpose of sailing on a course *due west*, as far as practicable, which he affirmed would develop the truth of his theories, by his finding land ; and that he deviated from this course southerly only to satisfy the demand of his almost mutinous associates, as the appearances to them, at times, seemed the most strongly to indicate the existence of land in that direction. He unwillingly indulged these entreaties, to put the ships some points farther south. And by calculating his position at the time he did this, six days before the discovery of land, we find that he was sailing on a parallel of latitude which, with the drift of the Gulf Stream, would have taken his ships to the eastern coast of Florida, and thus might have turned his discoveries along the coast of North America, and finally led to the settlement of the colonies of the North by a Spanish people instead of its present population. But, having deviated from his course for a moment only to dissipate the false appearances, as seen by other eyes than his own, Columbus again stood due west with his ships ; and ere long the cry, that could only be realized by one man of the world, and only once by him in the peculiarity which it now sounded, came to the ear of the bold navigator, and made him feel that a New World there *was*, and it was his—its gold, its viceroy and admiralty, and its fame. That fame all time will give to thee, thou noble Genoese !

Our ship still kept her southerly course with easting, that we might make the Mona passage, one of the boldest inlets into the Caribbean sea. This pass lies between the islands of Hayti and St. Domingo on the west, and Porto Rico on the east ; and we were nearing it on the 16th, the sunny sea presenting its beautiful blue expanse and the winds favoring us on our course, as they came in their

blandness like garden gales, which might justly awaken the idea, in the mind of Columbus, that this placid climate must be a perpetual paradise. There could be no more beautiful sailing. And our run over the comparatively smooth sea, with the favoring breeze, took us rapidly south. The 17th found us in momentary expectation of making land, while the skies continued as fair and the winds as favorable as bore us yesterday over these placid seas. It was almost like the enjoyment of Italian music in Italian climes, though here the skies were sunnier and more placid still. Thus pleasantly were we now sailing; and, as expected, the cry from the tops came: "Land ho!"

"Where away?"

"One point forward the beam!"

And there it was; looking as much like a huge elephant with a broken back as any thing else, as seen from our deck; and as much like any thing else as an elephant with a broken back; or, as the nautical books say, "bearing south by west, makes two heads like a wedge." Yet there it was, the beautiful Island of Hispaniola, as called by Columbus, where he longest delayed on his first voyage, and where he was shipwrecked, and where he built a fort, and left some of his followers to await his return, during which time he expected they would collect a tun of gold and spices, which should enable his royal sovereign at length to regain the holy sepulchre from the sacrilegious possession of the Moslems. And on that beautiful island, which he found inhabited by a people so simple in all their habits, affectionate and hospitable, there was happiness, in its primeval form; but it was destined to an unhappy history in onward years. It is HAYTI now, the olden name of the Indians, meaning high land; and its story since the 6th of December, when Columbus entered the harbor, which he then called St. Nicholas, and which has since been retained, has been one of

revolution, slavery, blood, and earthquake. But it is said still to be one of the choicest gems of the ocean; and in the hands of a capable people, would present one of the richest possessions. As our ship still stood on her course, the land grew on our vision; and the Mona Isle, with the lesser Monito in its neighborhood, forming the other side of the passage, came into view. The ship ere long came up to the middle of the pass, the land being some fifteen miles on each side of us—the cape Eugaño on our right or in the west, and the island of Zachea on our left—the latitude of cape Eugaño being $18^{\circ} 34\frac{1}{2}'$, and its longitude $68^{\circ} 20'$. It was a charming passage, as we made it to-day, this same Mona passage, with land in view on either side—the lesser islands of Mona, Monito, and Zachea, on our left, being the most distant, and extending the line of their bluff sides, with indentations like caverns, quite distinct to the naked eye. With all this beauty of the blue deep, and fairy isles, and favorable winds, and sunny skies, the music of the full band served to lend additional enchantment to the scene, as our associations went back to other kindred scenes at sea, and still more so, to the memory of the first voyager, who earliest found the green isle of Hispaniola, now on our west—the southern point of which was but fifteen miles from us.

On our passage thus far, having been out fourteen days before making land, we have seen one steamer and some five or six sail; but all of them were too far from us to give us their destination, or to receive communication from ourselves. In two or three instances we have showed them our colors, in answer to their flags. Our passage now lies through the Caribbean Sea, and along the southern shores of Hayti and Cuba, but distant enough from these islands to avoid all danger.

The FLYING-FISH, in schools, glide over the blue wave, as our ship seems to affright them from their sleep, in these

beautiful waters. They bend not their wing, but so guide themselves, while in the air, that they avoid the surge and descend its ravine, and finally, after a few times wetting their fins, plunge into the blue deep again, and are lost to the eye. Moore, with his usual felicity of comparison, has seized on this little curiosity of nature, and given rhythm to his conception, as seen in the following lines :

To the Flying-Fish.

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave of evening spring,
And give those scales of silver white
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies—
Oh! it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God hath given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing so bright
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

Oh, Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak ;
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below ;

But when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for a purer air,
Fly up at once, and fix me there.

JAMAICA.

The island of Jamaica was in view on the 20th, distant no further than distinct vision, as its high defiles of mountains and green hill-sides came upon our view. Three ranges of mountainous ridges seemed distinctly to run east and west, coated with rich foliage to the very tops. As my glass fell upon one of the distant peaks, a blue pile of smoke was seen rising, as if it were a volcanic cone, and yet was only the burning of the brush of a coffee plantation. Though too far for any dwellings to be made out, one could hardly but believe that our own ship could be seen from the mountain-sides of the island, in all her fair proportions, sails, and cordage; and still more, that the music of our band, which plays every fair evening on the upper deck, at this hour, might be heard by the gazers from those beautiful green hill-sides. Well might this island have charmed the eye of Columbus, on his approach to it, as it presented itself on his second voyage of discovery, in its beauty of mountains, forests, valleys, and Indian villages, while he hoped for golden treasures, to be found among its high hills, and along its flowing rivers.

There is an incident connected with one of the natives of this island, as Columbus found them, worthy of mention, as we recall the wonder with which they received the voyager, as he came to their island shores. Columbus, extending his track among the islands of these seas, had discovered Jamaica, and run into a harbor for careening and caulking his

vessel. During the three days he thus spent, the Indians surrounded his ship, and the commander visited the shores. But, disappointed in realizing his golden dreams, he again departed farther to explore the coast of Cuba. When on the point of leaving the island "an Indian came off to the ship, and begged that the Spaniards would take him with them to their country. He was followed by his relatives and friends, who endeavored, by the most affecting supplications, to dissuade him from his purpose. For some time he was distracted between concern for the distress of his family, and an ardent desire to see the home of those wonderful strangers, which his imagination pictured as a region of celestial delights. Curiosity, and the youthful propensity to rove, prevailed. He tore himself from the embraces of his friends; and that he might not behold the tears of his sisters, he hid himself in a secret part of the ship. Touched by this scene of natural affection, and pleased with the enterprising and confiding spirit of the youth, Columbus gave orders that he should be treated with especial kindness." We may wish to know that Indian's after story, but it has never been told to us.

We should like to pause at each one of the islands of these sunny seas, but our destination is to VERA CRUZ, on the Main, without pausing at any other port, and with a passage as speedy as the winds and the tides can take us. Here, then, we go by ye all, ye green piles; and to-night our ship's company seems, as the men are lounging among the guns, listening to the music, and while the officers are promenading the deck and gazing upon the distant island, more like a pleasure party than aught else, moving over the waters in a majestic ship, with a fine breeze, a smooth sea, and a balmy clime; and all—five hundred in number—as much at home, with the feelings of security, as if they were lounging in their native towns, or pacing the crowded street of

their city homes. Go on, then, thou noble ship, and safely take us through these island seas, to our destined haven.

We have made Cape San Antonio, the southwestern point of Cuba, and are now, this 25th day of February, doubling the bold promontory of Yucatan of the Main, opposite to Cuba, where they say there are olden monuments of a people of gone-by days, whose story is now a matter of record; while their cities, in their ruins and relics, yet remain for the wonder and the inquiry of the traveller and the antiquarian. But there, our frigate, on her yet more southern passage, may not pause; and a few days more, we trust, will find her at moorings, off the coast of the dependencies of Mexico.

SPRING-TIME BEFORE THE FIRST OF MARCH.

We left the latitude of Boston, February 3d, with our ship iced by the climate of that port, and with our men clad in their winter garments, and, but a day or two before, shivering in a winter's drift of sleet and snow. A few days only of southing brought us to a temperate clime, like spring-tide of the north. A few days more gave us a sun and temperature which changed the costume of our ship's company from a dark and woolen garb to thin and white dresses. Awnings were spread, and the shade was sought, as panting animals seek the cooling shadows cast by rock, tree, or fence, or house side. It seemed strange, so soon to lay aside our thick clothes by day and blankets at night; but the merciless rays of the sun, as we neared him, in his southern course of the tropics, seemed to have no respect for our sudden transition, from a temperature of near zero to the more than summer heat of eighty degrees of Fahrenheit. And all this heat of a summer's sun we experienced before this first day of spring, which has found us to-day,

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on the first day of the month, and the first day of the week. Our ship is sailing southward, to still hotter climes, at a good rate, to-day; and not only new seas and new lands open to the view, in the scenery of daylight, but new constellations of stars, in the blue field of the heavens, at night. It makes me feel familiar with these latitudes, as one olden friend after another comes up from the southern seas, and welcomes me, as a bright and fair and familiar thing, that I have gazed on before, through the pure skies of the tropics. He who has gazed at these twinkling brilliants from every latitude of the earth, can never again feel entirely friendless, wherever he may wander, for he is welcomed and cheered by these sweet songsters, as familiar friends, as they chant so soothingly to the harmonies of his own deep spirit, whether he gazes on them in his sadness or his joy. And the stars of the north and the constellations of the zodiac, as he has beheld them from his own balcony, window, or piazza, *at home*, so now they also call up—how many memories of those he loves! And while he again gazes on them, of the night, they seem to be on their olden and undeviating way, to smile again over those homes; and now proffer to the gazer, to bear, for him, messages of love and blessings to those he has left in those homes, if he will whisper to them what he would have them speak, as they shall pass over the dwellings of his sleeping friends—for these messages, by the stars, are to be spoken, in happy dreams, as the ray of the beautiful brilliants beams through the lattice of the chamber of the peaceful sleepers; unless, in earlier night, perhaps, the star, in its ascension, gains the eye of the beloved one, to whom the bright messenger is commissioned to bear the memories and the prayers and the night-borne wishes for them, from the absent

one of their number. How have I whispered thee, beautiful LYRA, thou loveliest star of the skies, to me, as I have gazed on thy diamond light, in its scintillations, and mused, in my joy and my sadness, as I have coursed the width and the length of many seas. Tell them, again, to-night, this their opening spring night, that—no, I will not write it, here—they know it all, thou blue-eyed brilliant ! for, already in thy slant, as I gazed on thee in early evening, thou wast in thy height on their meridian, and thou didst well speak it, as they read in thine eye, a message of love from one, from over the far seas, to them who dwell in his distant home.

A MAN-OF-WAR ALWAYS READY FOR ACTION.

We know not what may be the situation of public affairs between the United States and Mexico, at this moment. We have been ordered to Vera Cruz, to augment the squadron now lying off that city, in view of the difficulties that exist between the two governments. Mexico has refused to receive our Minister, or at least has delayed it, contrary to the expectation of the United States government ; and after having given the President expectations that a diplomatic personage would be immediately accredited. There is, evidently, a delicate state of things existing between the two governments. It is not impossible, that even war at this moment may be waging, on the supposition that the United States troops have advanced into the disputed territory, forming the conjectural boundary of Texas, and the advance of Mexican troops to the same quarter, to repel them. It is therefore the part of a judicious officer to keep his ship in readiness for action, on approaching the Mexican coast, though the Mexican government has no naval force. General quarters and the exercise of the frigate's guns have been frequent during our passage ; the guns have been shotted, and all is in readiness for action,

should occasion present. We are now nearing the Mexican coast, and are not much over a hundred miles from Vera Cruz. It is Tuesday, the 3d of March. At 7 bells last night, or at near midnight, a few taps on the drum started every man, aboard ship; and a few more rolls of drum and fife brought the men to their quarters. The lanterns were lighted—the guns cast loose—the magazine opened—and all reported to be in readiness for action. But a distant light on the sea, supposed to be a steamer, advanced, without deviating from her course, and ere long was again at a distance from our frigate. Probably she is a vessel bound to the islands, and thence to England. It would be a difficult thing to surprise a well disciplined war-ship, or find her ever unprepared to enter into an engagement, within five minutes' notice. And no one on shore, who has not witnessed the quickness of the movements on board a man-of-war, and the regularity that prevails in the execution of orders, can realize this rapidity of action, without confusion, noise, or delay. Our crew consists of about 500 men, all told. Each person on board has his station, in time of action, which he knows, and is nearly as familiar with, as he is with the time and place of his meals; and he frequents it nearly as often. He finds it in the dark or in light, at hours of day or at midnight, at the tap of the drum; and in less than two minutes he has his hammock tied and stowed—his arms and guns ready for battle—and himself prepared to do honor and defence for himself and his country, whenever the moment demands his action. At all hours of the day and night, the quartermasters keep a look-out for every and the minutest occurrence, around and abroad, so that no boat or sail can approach, or other movement take place, in port or at sea, within vision of the ship, without being reported to the officer of the deck for the time being. Such watchfulness and readiness for action in all other departments of the ship, also prevail. The lights

are reported every half hour of the night—an officer having been sent the round—and the pumps with the same frequency ; as also the condition of the ship in other particulars. Nowhere is order and dispatch so beautifully and practically exemplified as on board a man-of-war ; and safety, readiness, and efficiency are the consequence. The same is true of the sailing of a well-disciplined man-of-war. Three minutes is all the time needed for reefing topsails ; and all sails, whatever the number, that may be set, may be reduced to the bare poles of the ship, in five minutes more. A squall, or storm, or hurricane, can never, or scarcely ever, surprise a man-of-war, where such a look-out is kept, and where there are so many hands to make the ship snug for the threatening emergency. In no other way, then, can a person pass over the seas, in equal safety, as in a well-disciplined frigate of our navy ; and an idler may sit in his room, without care and unconcerned, amid storm and in the calm, alike assured that all things are directed with a watchful attention, efficiency, and readiness of action, equal to any emergency that may present itself.

APPEARANCE OF LAND—REDUCING SAIL AND MOORING SHIP.

The vision of Columbus is ever with me, while we are sailing through these seas ; and no less so when we are on the point of making land. Columbus was in a vessel of only one hundred tons ; we are in a ship of seventeen hundred tons. He traversed the seas in safety—we are twenty times, and yet more, safe, on the principle of chances. And when we look at the apprehensions, even in this day, in navigation, we can hardly estimate the daring of the noble Genoese, in launching forth into an unknown ocean of the West, without any chart of its wide waters, or any knowledge of the

shoals, reefs, rocks, shallow islands, tides, and soundings on the coast of a hoped-for western land. But what an emotion of joy and exultation must have swelled the spirit of Columbus, as his eye fell on the unmistakable evidence of land before him, to the west, and as he approached its shores, emerging, as he continued to approach it, from its mist and haze, and deepening in the green and beautiful scenery of the tropics, as he neared its ever green sides. All this vision came up to my own imagination, as the high peak of Orizava—17,380 feet above the ocean—came into our view this morning, yet distant a hundred miles. But there it was—land that Columbus never saw, but it was land on the same coast which he first discovered; and it rose, in its grandeur and height, far above the clouds, as it piled its huge peak, flanked by other peaks, against the blue field of the background. There is always grandeur in the mountain side, and beauty in its green piles, in the tropics. South America and Mexico are before all the world beside, for their exhibitions of the profound in mountain scenery. Their high elevations of mountain peaks, and huge ranges of mountain ridges, in comparison with the mountains of other countries, are like Niagara of our own North, in comparison with the cascades of other lands.

We hope to gain our moorings, off Vera Cruz, before night; and the sea-breeze begins to freshen, while our ship has her ample spread of canvas upon her, giving hope, that not many hours more, and we shall take our place among the ships composing the United States squadron, whose masts, it is thought, may now be seen from the foretop, raising their slight spars, almost imperceptibly, at this distance, above the little island of Sacrificios. The sea breeze still freshens, and we are pressing on with the royals and studying-sails set, the land appearing all about us, as our ship

gains her position nearer in to shore. Our worthy First, Lieutenant Hazard, has the deck, with the trumpet in his hand, ready to take in sail or to increase it, as the ship, now in her most critical position, is standing on to land. All hands are on deck—the crew in their places, to execute the orders for working the ship—the officers at their stations, to facilitate the action of the men in the execution of the orders, as they may come from the First Lieutenant—and the idlers are gazing on the high peaks of the mountains, or on the golden sand-beach of lower land, stretching along the coast, or on the breakers, as they are now seen in different directions, combing in their silver line of light over the sunken reefs of coral, which make the entrance to the harbor so critical, at this and at most other points along the coast of Central America and Mexico. The anchorage of the squadron is now distinctly seen; and the domes and steeples of the cathedral and churches of Vera Cruz, together with the walls of the Castle of San Juan de Ullua loom up distinctly to the view. The breeze still increases; and we are standing gallantly onward, fearless of the breakers and the shoals, as our ship is handsomely weathering them, with a beautiful action that does her credit, under her press of canvas, filled with a favoring wind.

“Stand by to take in the studding-sails; man the clew-lines, sheets, and down-hauls!” cried the First Lieutenant, an officer of fine command, when manœuvring a ship, and who now stood upon the poop-deck, and placed the trumpet to his mouth. The frigate was bringing the extreme point of the outer reef nearer abeam; and it was deemed advisable to give the reef a wider berth, as the ship should pass it.

“Stand by to furl the royals—man the royal clew-lines!” continued the First Lieutenant, while the men stretched themselves along the down-hauls and clew-lines, and waited for the further order, which, even while it yet lingered on

the lip, should cause the royals to be gathered to the yard, and the studding-sails to come to the deck. A moment more, and the order came: "In studding-sails and royals!" The three highest sails of the ship were gathered to the yards so snug, that nothing scarcely could be seen, save the naked spars, like some slight black outline, now crossing the far up royal-masts; while the studding-sails fluttering in the wind like so many kites, or as a falling dove, with its wing lopped by some archer, edged themselves obliquely to the deck.

"Man the lee braces," continued the officer, as we had cleared the first reef handsomely, and the city of Vera Cruz opened full on the view, with all its steeples, cupolas, and domes, together with the long range of walls of the castle of San Juan de Ullua. Our course, however, lay not directly to the city, now in full view, but to the island of Sacrificios, some three and more miles from the town; and still another reef was to be weathered, to enable the ship to gain the lee of the little island, where a squadron of six ships was seen, riding at their anchors.

"Man the lee braces, I say," continued the Lieutenant; "haul taught!" The sails of the three masts now made a beautiful and equal slant, as the yards were sharply braced to the wind, and allowed the ship to stand yet further off from the second reef, over which the breakers were combing, and to weather its extreme point without danger.

We were now beyond the coral reefs, beautiful things always, as they lay their line of silver on the blue deep, but fearful to the eye of the mariner, when on a lee shore; and now the ship, obeying the motion of the wheel, wore handsomely away, and filled the bellying canvas, as we stood directly down to the little fleet, resting at its anchors, under the isle of Sacrificios. But soon the sails of the fore were thrown aback, while the jack was run up to the mizzen head

—the stopper broke—and the signal thus made said, “we wish a pilot.” A boat was soon seen, bearing the American flag at its bows; and, ere long, a pilot was on board, and the ship again filled away, and stood boldly in to the anchorage ground. The wind continued fair and fresh, and filled the top-sails and top-gallant-sails. The fore and main-sails had already been clewed up—the spanker brailed—the jib stowed. The ship bore down upon the little fleet in a gallant style, with the wind directly abaft, while we momentarily neared the anchored ships, not now very distant from us.

“Is the rigging clear of the guns, sir?” demanded the First Lieutenant of the gunner. “All clear sir,” was the reply.

“Let the men stand clear of the guns, then, sir,” continued the officer, placing the trumpet to his mouth; and now giving forth the order in a yet louder tone:

“Ready, sir!”

“Starboard—fire!”

“Larboard—fire!”

“Starboard—fire!”

“Larboard—fire!”

This order was repeated, until thirteen cannon alternately, from each side of the ship, spoke loudly over the sea, and told the Commodore, whose squadron we came to join, that we were near, and saluted him. The Commodore’s ship soon opened, and returned the fire, in acknowledgment of the compliment. The frigate still stood in directly for a French man-of-war, which lay nearest to the berth which our own ship was to take; and it seemed as if our frigate designed to run the Frenchman down, with the wind pressing us directly astern; and the danger of doing it, whether we designed it or no, seemed, at this moment, not to be inconsiderable. Yet, the heavy anchor from the starboard bows was let go in good time, and the pressure of the stopper

upon the links of the clanking iron chain, as it continued to run out, finally checked the frigate ; when the spanker was hauled out, and the ship came up gracefully into her position, and rested, side by side, near the French ship, and added another no inconsiderable force to the American squadron, among which, as the chief of their number, the Cumberland now took her place.

The sails were furled—the ship doubly moored—the decks cleared ; and while I promenaded the poop-deck to gaze upon the new scene around—the sea, the ships, the land—and inhaled the soft breeze that swept by us, I gazed aloft at the trim spars and taught yards of our ship, and, behold ! there, again, peered *that blessed moon*, in our zenith, above the trucks of our ship, throwing down her smiles of blessed omen, and almost saying : “ I have followed you through the gale and the calm—the cloud and the sunshine—and here, almost at an unusual hour for me, I am abroad again, to assure you, as I peer above your ship, that your anchorage ground shall be safe, and your cruise be successfully ended, and yourself returned, in health and happiness, to those you love ! ” Had I wished it, I could not have withheld the feeling of credulity, that yon high moon, in another so striking a coincidence of appearing so directly above us, at such an hour of the day, and at the moment of our anchoring, spoke audibly—if not to the ear, yet to the willing and grateful heart.

SECTION II.

THE Cumberland having come to anchor, a number of man-of-war boats were soon moving from the other ships lying near her, bearing the compliments of their commanders to the captain of our frigate, and proffering any assistance the Cumberland might need. These compliments and courteous proffers of assistance are usual; and it would be deemed a slight on the part of any national ship in port, towards the newly arrived, if a boat and an officer, bearing these compliments, were not sent. The Englishman, who is seldom late in tendering civilities, where the naval service has made them usual, was first to lay his boat alongside the frigate, and its officer to ascend to the deck and advance to the cabin, and soon again to leave the ship. The Frenchman came next—the Spaniard last, and perhaps rather late. And yet, he was the statelier of the three, in his heavier lace, that laid its gold upon his dress. It was a dress, however, faultless of its kind, and rich as faultless; and, therefore, with the evidence of more particularity, though nothing of primness, than was seen in the English or French officer, I readily apologized, in my own mind, for his tardier appearance, as he had spent a longer time in his state-room in making his toilet for the occasion, than had characterized old John Bull in his off-hand way, or Jonny Crapeau, that nice and spruce neighbor, over the way, of old John Bull's. Whatever may be the mutual antipathies or sympathies of these several na-

tions, it is always characteristic of each, to manifest a generous and becoming courtesy towards the other, when they meet in their national ships.

Some years ago, at a port in the Mediterranean, one of our national vessels arrived, when, among the vessels of other nations which made the usual compliments to the newly arrived, was an Austrian man-of-war. Of course, the officer who was deemed to be the most proficient in the English language, was selected, to convey the Austrian's compliments to the American captain. The Austrian Lieutenant accordingly soon reached the side of the American ship, stepped on deck, advanced to the captain, touched his hat, according to naval etiquette, and added, with a bow, "*Good night, SAR !*" Turning, with another bow, he resought his boat, to the infinite amusement of the officers, and the surprise of the captain, who, as the Austrian descended the ship's side, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, saw you ever such a monkey !"

Captain Dulany having reported to Commodore Conner, who holds the command of this squadron, the Commodore indicated his purpose to make the Cumberland his Flag Ship ; and, agreeably to expectation, the Commodore, on the Thursday succeeding our arrival, came on board—hoisted his BROAD PENNANT—and as the stopper was broken, a salute was fired—the officers being on deck, in full uniform, to receive the Commodore—and thus, as anticipated, our frigate becomes THE FLAG SHIP OF THE HOME SQUADRON.

SHIPS AT REST.

The object of our government in changing the destination of the Cumberland, has already been alluded to. The same motive has concentrated, at this point, a number of our national ships, which are lying at anchor near us, and forming

together, a considerable force, in case any hostile action should result from the present delicate relations between the United States and the government of Mexico. The ships composing the squadron, now anchored under the lee of the small island of Sacrificios, are the Cumberland, 44 guns ; the John Adams, 20 guns ; the St. Mary's, 20 guns ; the Falmouth, 20 guns ; and the brig Somers, 10 guns. The brig Lawrence, of 10 guns, and the steamer Mississippi, of 10 Paixhan guns, also attached to the squadron, are either on their way from Pensacola, or waiting despatches from the Department, at that port. There are still other ships, designated for this station, the arrival of which will depend upon the turn which shall be given to affairs by the Mexican government, by their reception or non-reception of the American minister. At present, there is no intercourse allowed to the officers of the ships with the shore, only on special duty, when a boat is sent to Vera Cruz, which city lies in full view of our anchorage, about four miles in the distance. Our little fleet, together with three ships, bearing each its national flag—the British, French, and Spanish—form a picturesque grouping, as well as warlike, on the still bosom of the narrow expanse of water which lies between the little isle of Sacrificios and the main land. Their flags float in the breeze, from sunrise until sunset—signals being frequently made by our own, the Flag Ship, which are answered by the other American vessels—boats are passing and repassing from ship to ship, and from ship to shore, though the ships are distant from each other not much farther than a stone's throw. And at morning and evening, the music from our own band sends forth from the poop-deck of the frigate its notes in national airs, or other airs, plaintive and joyous ; or in waltzes, operas, and marches, sometimes very sweet, sometimes very unharmonious ; and when sweet, adding new beauty to the tints of the sundown scene, and new loveliness to the blue of heaven,

and brighter light to the white of the coral reefs of the sea ; and deeper intensity to emotion, when one gazes on these, or when one's thoughts go far away, beyond all of these, to those whom one loves, of earth, and in heaven. And then the eight o'clock gun of the frigate, and the gun at break of day, boom over the waters and echo far off over the main land, as the musket shot from the different vessels, at the same moment, imitating the motions of the Flag Ship, are discharged by the sentinels, as they give place to their relief. This is the round of the scenes, or the daily monotony of occurrences, which is to be looked for, at this anchorage, for some weeks to come. What a kind heaven shall send else, the development of each advancing day only can tell. May it be, at least, as it should be, contented and thankful hearts, while they trust in God to mete out for us the ills and the joys of life.

FOR A MOMENT, ADIEU TO THE CUMBERLAND.

The Cumberland having taken her place as the Flag Ship of the Gulf Squadron, of course she will have to delay here, to await the political demonstrations of the Mexican government, for some weeks to come. In the mean time, therefore, I will invite the reader to take a rapid flight with me, across the isthmus, to the Pacific side of South America, that we may gain some shore-scenes, which shall develop the Mexican institutions as faithfully as if we were to write of them, in our descriptions, in the city of Mexico. The western states of South America were settled by the same nation as was Mexico ; and the Castilian blood, in *Chili* and *Peru*, presents itself in the descendants of the Spaniards, as favorably and as faithfully, as it is represented by the Mexican people. The Indian population, of the west and the east, are also a kindred people ; and unadmonished of the difference in geographical positions, no traveller would be con-

scious that he was not among the same people, at these different places of the continent. Leaving, therefore, the good frigate Cumberland, for a moment, and saying adieu to the Home Squadron, at anchor under the little island of Sacrificios, waiting the action of the Mexican government, we will alight, at once, at the city of SANTIAGO, the capital of Chili, without, in this place, describing our flight over the Cordilleras, or the intervening valleys and table-land, that lie between the shores of the two oceans and this city of the interior.

SANTIAGO is the capital of a republic, which is deemed the most advanced of any of the southern governments, towards the attainment of the legitimate advantages of republican institutions. Yet there is, even here, a restraint on the perfectly free impulses that swell the bosom of the citizen, who has breathed in a land where he has a proud and elevating consciousness that he may think, speak, and act, civilly and religiously, as his intellect and his conscience declare to be his right and his duty. And this results, more than from any other source, from the restrictive and illiberal system of the Roman Catholic religion; and also from the tendency in the Spanish character to adhere to the customs of the past. The Roman Catholic religion, *as one of its elements*, precludes the idea of *any change* for the better, in the advance of the truer philosophy, both in the material and moral world, notwithstanding the science of the mind has, in its progress, led to a correcter interpretation of Scripture, as has the advance of the physical sciences, to the developments of nature.

THE CATHEDRAL AT SANTIAGO.

But I intend not a disquisition on the politics or religion of the people of Chili, or the citizens of Santiago, the capital

of their republic. I intend, simply, a description of one of their churches, *the cathedral*, at Santiago.

At a period earlier than the date of my arrival off Vera Cruz, I had visited this inland capital, interesting for its pleasant locality, at the foot of the Andes, and the agreeableness of its society. Early of a morning, while the moist breath of the hour still retained its mellowness, I crossed the public plaza of the city, and entered the large door of the cathedral, which fronts on the capitol square. I found myself among the earliest who had arrived, to say their morning devotions.

The cathedral has a plain front, the only ornaments consisting of four fluted pilasters and a few designs over the three entrances. The building extends too far back to retain the just proportions of a single edifice, though the effect within may be heightened by the length. Two longitudinal ranges of arches extend quite the length of the building, ten in number, supporting a ceiling too low and too light for the massive proportions of the pillars; and the plain ceiling, consisting of narrow painted boards, greatly injures the effect of the heavy material of which the edifice is constructed. The depth of the building, however, is such as to produce, at once, with the assistance of the double ranges of stone arches, that impressive effect of the solemn abbey, which space and mellowed light gather over the feelings. A few solitary worshippers, here and there, like so many specks in the distant perspective, were seen kneeling, while every moment the number of females, in their mantillas and dark dresses, attended by their maids, who bore a small mat for their mistresses to kneel upon, continued to pass me, while seeking the different altars at which they severally worshipped. A single taper now and then flitted across the shaded aisle, as some canon, who had arrived later than his brothers, was preceded by a laic, to light his one among the many altars.

I advanced to an altar called "pulcherrima" or the beautiful, over which an arch of silver spanned a niche, within which a figure of the Virgin, large as life, was placed, and the priest was already repeating the morning mass. While I stood within the cross shades, cast by the united buttresses of four heavy arches, which sprung from a common base, a young Chiléna approached near to me. Her maid threw a rich mat upon the pavement, on which her young mistress knelt. She crossed herself, and with her eye on the Virgin, rested her delicate hands, one over the other, upon her breast, while her lips continued to move, and the beautiful symmetry of her fingers was displayed in contrast with the dark ground of the mantilla, on which they reposed. Others continued to increase the numbers, who gathered to this and to other altars through the spacious building, before the matins were over. I strolled with the liberty of a stranger, and the freedom which the absence of pews from all Catholic churches abroad gives to the habits of the people, along the different altars, at my leisure.

The altars are arranged along each side, and quite the extent of the building, besides the central or chief altar, and correspond on either side with the number of the arches. They are decorated with variety of taste, tinsel, statues, images, and paintings.

The first altar, on the right as I entered the cathedral, presented an image as large as life, in the attitude of a body robed for its burial, and enclosed in a glass case, representing the every where famous apostle to the Indies, Franciscus Xaverius, or Francis Xavier.

Above this encased saint, a painting in oil gives us the fancied representation of another canonized favorite of the church, in the full-drawn portrait of Saint Jerome, in mood contemplative, over a death's head, and holding a small crucifix in his hand, with the image of our Saviour

upon it. The dark and angry head of a black lion, with frowning visage and threatening teeth, emblems forth other ideas, to render the whole grouping a thing to tell us, that life is short, temptations fearful, and religion is the business of life.

I passed on to still another altar, where a painting, representing Saint Ignatius or Augustine, arrested my eye, which is in better keeping, taste and execution, than the others, and occupied a place over a vacant pedestal, which seemed to have been once occupied by the image of a saint, to whom it is dedicated, but is now absent. Saint Ignatius is in graceful attitude of worship, clasping his hands in importunate entreaty, with eyes cast upward. And on either side of the altar, there are two groups of cherubs, one holding an open book, with the words, "*Ad Majorem Dei gloriam*—To the great glory of God," inscribed upon its leaves. Had this altar been especially dedicated to the INVISIBLE, apart from any intermediating saint, there would be an appropriateness in the absence of the image of the shrine from the vacated pedestal.

Another altar, on the opposite side of the cathedral, reaching to the ceiling, like most of the rest, in its height, and proportionate in its width, embraces some twenty or thirty figures. The Saviour, represented at the age of twelve years, occupies the centre; Joseph and Mary, one on either side, with John and others; and cherubs here and cherubs there, with an inscription inscribed upon a transparency, through which the light streams above them all: "*In sacræ familiæ honorem et gloriam*—To the honor and glory of the sacred family."

In the neighborhood of this compound altar of many images, there stands another altar corresponding to its appropriate arch. A glass case presented the skeleton form of a female, attired in dark habiliments, *the skull decorated in lace cap and ribbons*, and the feet exposed, with the bones

adjusted and tied together, in their appropriate place. Thus, this figure lay, in its sacred shrine, a skeleton, arrayed in female attire, to be the object of deferential veneration, as one of the canonized and the holy. It was as little disgusting as, perhaps, such an exhibition could ever be; and to one like myself, who has gazed on the fields of skulls and human bones, as I have seen them at various places, in a cruise around the world, there might be a possibility of looking on this exhibition, with indifference. But I could never be brought to think such a thing in good taste, or conducive to awaken devotion and to encourage piety. On a succeeding day, as I walked through the cathedral with one of the priests, I asked the name of the person whose relics were thus displayed, and to whose honor an altar thus was raised.

"Santa Feliciana," he replied.

"And is that skeleton the identical body of Santa Feliciana?" I inquired.

"Si señor, cuépo identico."

"Do you say truly, father?" I continued, interested in his affirmation.

"Si! señor, cuépo identico."

The following inscription speaks the eulogy of the sainted dead, bearing its sentiment and moral to the living:

"Veni delebano,
Veni coronaberis."

I copy here, in substance, a description, which I have elsewhere given, of the central and principal altar of this cathedral.

Besides the twenty altars decorating the sides of this extensive building, the main altar is located near the inner end of the building, on an elevated platform, to which one ascends, in front and on two sides, by flights of steps. The platform is spacious, and a balustrade extends along its two sides, while the area is open in front. This central altar

is the most gorgeous of all in the cathedral. The front is of massive silver. Rather, it is a heavy plate of chase-work, with groups of figures in relief, being some four feet in height and ten to fifteen in length. The heavy candlesticks are of similar material, and the different furniture usual for the altar is of the same rich and costly article. But a greater curiosity is connected with this central altar. Above it rises a Doric canopy. Its eight columns support a dome. The pillars are an imitation of marble, and the different parts of the canopy are in harmonious proportion, presenting a beautiful little specimen of Grecian architecture. Within this canopy, which is open between the pillars, rises a central column, so constructed that its capital with its shafts may rise or fall at pleasure. On the capital of this central column rests a plated globe, of several feet in diameter. This silver altar, with its ornaments, together with this Doric canopy, whose eight pillars support the dome, and the central column on which rests the plated globe, present, together, the *tout ensemble* of the great central altar of the cathedral, elevated on the extensive platform which it occupies. Behind the altar, still further in, is the orchestra. But it is to the peculiar mechanism of *this globe, and the column* on which it rests, to which the grand effect of the chief altar is owing on festive days, at the celebration of high mass. As I stood in front of this altar, on a succeeding day, with a polite priest, who exhibited to me the movement of the globe and the interior rooms with the richly laced dresses, and the silver and golden utensils for the altar and the procession, I readily imagined the effect which it was possible to produce on the occasion of high mass, upon the worshippers, whose imaginations and devotion harmonized with the display of the scene presented before them. Imagine, then, the full choir of the orchestra, in the rear of the altar, chanting high mass—a hundred priests of the fifteen hundred of the three

orders in Santiago, in their rich and varied canonicals—the recitative of their sonorous and full voices—when, for a moment, the music ceases, and the clouds of incense roll in evolving perfume and fragrance from the silver censer. Again the full chorus fills the cathedral, rolling from arch to arch—from recess to recess—from dome to pavement—when once more all is still again. The hush of death seems to have gathered over the crowded multitude. The priest is about to elevate the Host. The tinkling of a single bell is heard throughout the spacious building, and all, as if by kindred instinct, prostrate themselves on their knees. Instead of the priest's elevating the wafer, now the central pillar of the canopy falls, and leaves the plated globe suspended in mid-air. And now it begins to sever at its meridians; and now it opens and expands itself *into a cerulean heaven*, studded with bright stars, on which a row of lighted tapers throw their light; and behold, on the sunken pillar beneath, in the golden vase, stands the eucharist! It is the body of Jesus Christ! All behold, and bow, and cross themselves, and worship!

The priest, for my gratification, exhibited to me this beautiful specimen of holy phantasmagoria, opened only on occasions of great solemnity. The canopy is of French mechanism, and, together with the silver altar and its decorations, is a fine piece of workmanship—said to be a present from a crowned head to the cathedral.

Among the worshipers at the cathedral, on the Sunday preceding my arrival at Santiago, I recognized several, whose acquaintance I had made during the week. There were two other faces which attracted my attention for their interest, as they worshiped. They were a mother and her daughter. The daughter may have been eleven years of age, and knelt a little in advance of her mother. Had a shadow been thrown by her mother's profile, in diminished

form, upon a field to receive it, not more exact could its outlines have been of her daughter's face, than were her daughter's lineaments the fac-simile, though in diminished size, of her mother's. The faces of both were grave, calm, attentive, rotund, and perfect of their class. They were alike, in black, as they would have been from custom at the cathedral worship, but they were now in mourning, she a widow, her child fatherless; and they were reputed to be rich, perhaps the third family for their wealth in the capital. It was a vision of loveliness seldom seen; the child's, a cherub face; the mother's, womanly. A mole upon the lip of the parent only marked the difference in the features of the two, save in size and years. I was to have called at their *cassa* in town, in addition to the families which I had visited with the attentive *Chargé d'Affaires*; but the time allotted for other engagements on the day appointed for this visit, had extended beyond the hour usual for calls, before others had been completed; yet the vision of a mother's and a daughter's face, *so alike*, I never before have seen, and for its interest and sweet complacency, I am sure I may not forget.

The female portion of the audience was much the largest. Indeed, the male attendants were apparently outnumbered by the many priests who were engaged in celebrating high mass, while the female worshipers, in their dark dresses, filled a large space in the central portion of the cathedral.

The worshipers were of every class and station in society. No distinction, therefore, was made to favor the honorable and the affluent above the meanest and impoverished, who gathered for the services of the church. Hence, as the rich *señora* advances up the middle space, in front of the grand altar, attended by her friends, with a maid (in the absence of all pews from the churches) bearing the beautiful mat for her mistress, it is spread wherever space may happen to be found and it is most convenient. Another of less

pretension bears a less gaudy and unpretending carpet, and drops it at the side of the first. Still another advances, and, destitute of any protection for a dress, that, in sooth, from its appearance seems to need none to save it from the dust of the pavement, prostrates herself in the neighborhood of the others. Again, the beautiful señorita and her friends and servant spread a family mat, broad enough for them all; on which they kneel together, or sit, as they may be going through their private prayers, or at rest, in attendance to the public service. And yet, I observed that the better dressed and the higher bred, often, were clustered together, while the poorer and less tidy paid a deferential consideration in their approaches to the neighborhood of their more fortunate fellow-worshippers.

The church dress at Santiago is a dark gown, a black veil of lace or mantilla of silk, which is pinned upon the head, and variously adjusted, as the taste of the wearer may arrange it, but never drawn closely over the face.

As I sat on one of the only two seats, extending along the edge of the elevated platform on which the main altar is placed, with the multitude on their mats in my neighborhood, and before me, I recalled the following reflection:—There are no sympathies of the human bosom more sacred and deeply felt than those which awake in connection with religion. Its associations relate to all that is most dear in the long welfare of one's self and one's friends on earth, and for the world in which our future being shall live for ever. Its associations contemplate all that is most feeling in sorrow and in joy. The objects about which religion communes, are those which appeal to the heart and the mind, with unspeakable tenderness, and with a thrill of pity and alarm. The story of Jesus Christ has, also, all in it that is calculated to melt, to win, to console, and to excite with fear. He has died for us, whether we will or whether we will not return

his generous sacrifice with a becoming gratitude and feeling devotion. And the alternatives of salvation or damnation, are left, in the intelligent developments of the sacred tragedy which has presented to us the gospel plan of redemption, to be decided, in our own case, by the free volitions of beings who are told what are their true interests, their duty in view of those interests, and their allotment for eternity, as shall be their action in view of those interests and duty, whether followed or neglected. *That mind*, therefore, which has contemplated these relations between the deathless being of man, and the mighty Being of the Eternal, in his right and necessary adjustments of the moral system, which relates to the salvation of the deathless soul, at once gives to a *friend* the feelings which Christian sensibilities, appreciating the eternal relations of the deathless soul, awaken. Deep, therefore, as is the throe of emotion which, at times, a Christian feels for a friend or his kindred, it is not an extravagant emotion, though its modes of development sometimes may secure the charge of enthusiasm. *Enthusiasm* which is to be censured, is that which gives to an object feelings *beyond the appropriate sensibility* which is due to it. But a friend's interests for another life can never secure, from another, an emotion *beyond its due intensity*.

Perhaps this abstraction gained some tint in its coloring from the circumstance that there were, within the range of my vision, a number whose acceptable acquaintances I had formed during the week I had spent in Santiago, and among them one of more than ordinary interest for her accomplishments and personal attraction, now at her worship. Surely did I pray that her worship might be accepted, while my own mind labored also to recall a passage from the works of Mrs. Stickney, associated with the features of some face with which we have been interested. I quote it as it came to my memory : " The human face, the most familiar object to our

eyes since they first opened upon the world, may be, and often is, poetical. Who has not seen, amid the multitude, some countenance, to which he turns again with strange wonder and delight, assigning to it an appropriate character and place in scenes even the most remote from the present, and following up in idea the different trains of thought by which its expression is varied and its intelligence communicated? Yet the face may not be in itself, or strictly speaking, beautiful; but, like a painting or a statue, it has the power to awaken the most pleasing associations."

But I proposed to delay at Santiago, only to gain this description of the cathedral of the capital of Chili. And whoever has read the descriptions lately given by Waddy Thompson, of the Cathedral at Mexico, will find its altars and internal decorations and arrangements, like the little less gorgeous altars of the Cathedral at Santiago; and, at Mexico, nothing that will compare, for its effect, with the beautiful Santiago Canopy attached to the central altar, as in a preceding paragraph described.

Having said *adeos* to the circle of brief acquaintances which I had formed at Santiago, I left the capital of Chili for its seaport town, VALPARAISO, being a ride of some 90 to 100 miles, through gigantic scenery, and over a very passable road. The view from the top of the first of the Cordilleras, at the pass of the Cuésta del Padre, as one seeks the seaboard from Santiago, is characteristic of South American and Mexican scenery. From this, the still farther interior peaks of the Andes are seen to raise up their heads thousands of feet, into the deeply blue heavens, capped in eternal snows; the plains below you are rich in their green foliage of mild climes and forms, characteristic of the tropics. At the midway Fonda, or an apology for a hotel, which we reached beneath the starlight of the beautiful night, we were expected, as acquaintances had preceded us at an earlier part of the

day. The landlady of this little establishment had heard that I was a "Padre," she said, but would not believe me a *Franciscan*, as I discovered to her, by my unshorn hair, that I had no *corona* or small shaven circle on the top of my head, after the style of the Catholic priests of the country. This comparatively intelligent woman of her class seemed to suppose that Protestants disbelieve all the particulars of the Christian system—said she thought their ideas were, that there is no heaven or hell—and were infidels. Thus the people, it would seem, have their cue from the officiating clergy of the country. In the morning I called on the priest, who lives in the church buildings adjacent to the hotel. The church and the hotel are the only buildings in this neighborhood; and the miserable tinsel of the altar, and the daubs representing the Saviour and various saints, and ever and every where the Virgin Mary, disgust the taste of the Protestant, at least, rather than afford any assistance to his feelings of devotion. Resting at Cassa Blanca during the heat of the day, we reached Valparaiso comfortably at early tea, in the evening.

VALPARAISO—A FRIGATE GETTING UNDER WAY.

In Valparaiso I had spent a number of weeks, and elsewhere I have described various scenes, and spoken of various agreeable persons whom I met at this place. I was to leave in the good frigate *Columbia*, which had taken me many a long league, in safety and comfort, thus far on a circuit of the world. The *John Adams* was attached to our flag. All officers were on board—the cornet having recalled all stragglers from the shore; and the bay, in the morning, presented a beautiful scene, while the frigate was still at her rest. A still-calm reigned over the spacious basin of water which constitutes the harbor of Valparaiso. And there was

much in association connected with the scene, deeply interesting to the thought, as I contemplated the view around me, while leisurely gazing over the hammock nettings of the ship. The French frigate *Andromache* lay by the side of us at a distance of less than a cable's length, commanded by Commodore Villeneuve, nephew of the Admiral Villeneuve, who lost the action with Nelson at Trafalgar.

The spot of the engagement between *the Essex* and the two *English ships*, when Porter so heroically defended his vessel, was full in view; and the scene and the evolutions of the action seemed to come up before the mind with the vividness of the reality, as I gazed on the localities of the conflict. And Her British Majesty's naval force was now lying near us, on the same waters. But the reports of the cannon of those who, years before, had exchanged shot as enemies, had now sent over these same waters, the loud report of guns, as complimentary salutes to each other, as friends.

The Chilian fleet, too, was sprinkled over the bay, with the dismantled prizes taken by the Chilians from Peru. But the more interesting object seen beyond them all, was the sight of the American houses, occupying their rest on the hill-side, like an eyrie of the lofty bird of our own republic. I spent an hour in sketching a view of them, as they are seen overlooking the exchange and city beneath, and the far-out ocean, on the edge of which our own ships, in full view, were now resting. Occasionally, a blast from French bugles would come softly over the water, from a guard-boat, which seemed to be lying near in to the shore, to offer any assistance that might be needed, and to prevent the presence of sharks, or other inconveniences that might disturb the Chilians or the ladies of the foreign residents, while they were enjoying their sea-baths, in full but distant view of the shipping.

It was known that our ship only waited for a breeze,

while the John Adams was yet to remain a day or two after our sailing.

The breeze came in, and expectation was alive with curiosity to mark the evolutions of the American ship, while getting under way. As yet, however, not a man was seen aloft; and the frigate, to a distant observer, would have appeared without an inmate on board, at her rest, as if she would slumber on for ever, so far as any appearance of action was concerned, within or without. But she slept not long, while the glasses from many a ship were pointed towards her, to mark the first movements which should indicate her intention to put to sea. The iron stanchions had already been knocked away at the after hatch—the gratings put down—and the bars shipped to the capstan by the carpenters. Suddenly, the boatswain's whistle, repeated by each of his mates, came with its shrill sound over the gun-deck, succeeded by the deep and hoarse cry, "All hands to up anchor, ahoy!" There was a spell in this cry, that woke near five hundred men to instant and specific duty, whatever may have been their employment or leisure for an idle or busy moment before.

Though there are associations, often, on leaving the places where we have formed new friendships, and been variously gratified, which awaken regret, and, it may be, very deep sorrow, yet the well-known sound that declares the ship is again about to weigh her anchor and sail for a new destination, generally comes with a welcome to the ear, and lights up every countenance with gratification.

The boatswain's cry, already given, had hardly died away along the decks, before every officer and man were at their stations.

"Man the bars!" cried the First Lieutenant, who becomes the officer of the deck when "all hands" are called; and from three to four hundred men as instantly placed their

athletic forms to the bars of the capstan ; while others stretched along the messenger, extending from the capstan to the bows of the ship and used for the purpose of heaving in, with the aid of the capstan to which it is attached, the heavy iron chain by which the frigate swings.

"Round with the capstan—cheerily, men—round with her!" again cried the First Lieutenant, while the music struck up a lively air, to which the men marked time with the tramp of their feet as they moved round with the messenger, which warped in the clanking chain as the ship glided easily ahead, obedient to the pressure of the power now applied to the bars of the capstan.

"Heave, men—heave, I say! round with her. Now she comes, finely—cheerily, and away with her, I say!" and other expressions now encouraged the tugging crew, obedient to the encouraging voices of their officers and the exciting spirit of the music, as the many fathoms of the clanking iron came in, fathom on fathom, while the coil of the messenger was wound around the capstan, as the spider gathers in his silken thread, on which he has swung in the current of the breeze, either for pastime or for prey.

The stir in the ship, and the music to which the men were walking around with the capstan, had already attracted the gaze from the neighboring ships, leaving it no longer a doubt that the moment had come when the Columbia was to move.

"Pall the capstan!" cried the First Lieutenant through his trumpet, as he stood upon the horse-block, the interest of the scene becoming each moment more exciting; and the iron cable having been wound in to a few fathoms of its perpendicular to the anchor.

The long shrill of the boatswain's whistle at this order, was the known token to the men to cease their pressure upon the bars. The music ceased, and the tramp of feet upon the

deck was hushed. At this moment I looked, as I stood upon the arm-chest of the quarter-deck, to mark the different ships of the harbor. The French frigate lay but a short distance from our side, with a number of her officers gazing from the poop-deck, while the spy-glass was passing from hand to hand. The John Adams was farther in, and astern of us. Her fore-castle was crowded with midshipmen and forward officers, while her poop-deck was covered with the lieutenants and her commander; and from every port-hole that commanded a view of our ship were seen the heads of the crew, breaking orders in their curiosity and interest, while they gazed upon their consort. I thought I could estimate their feelings. They knew that the eyes of the French and the English were upon us, and wished that the evolutions of the frigate might do herself credit. The English ships were farther in the distance, still inside of us, but in full view; and from every direction the eye of nautical criticism and interest was awake. I confess I had caught the fever of the moment myself, and hoped and believed that the Columbia would do herself justice and credit at this moment, when her further movements would be in full view of so many interested gazers.

"Send the men on deck to loose sails," calmly enunciated the First Lieutenant through his sounding-tube. "Man the top-sail sheets and halyards," he continued to enunciate. "Lay aloft, sail-loosers."

At this last order, 250 men were seen in the rigging, gliding with the rapidity of wild cats up the rattlings of the ship to the tops, where they again paused for the further order, before they moved, rendering the scene that had just passed almost one of magic, while their persons were now hardly seen, as they stowed close and listless to the mast, unlike the things of life, they, a moment before, had exhibited themselves in their passage up the rigging.

"Man the boom try-sail lines—trice up—lay out and loose."

This order was yet lingering on the lips of the Lieutenant when the tops disgorged their two hundred and more men, as they shot themselves along the yards, and with nimble fingers unknotted the gaskets that confined the sails in rolls, compressed to their smallest possible dimensions, to the yards.

"Are you ready with the main?" asked the officer through his trumpet. "Are you ready with the fore? Are you ready with the mizzen?"

"All ready, sir," came severally from the tops of the several masts, as they were hailed.

"Let fall—sheet home—and hoist away the top-sails!" was the next order, at which the canvas dropped from the top-sail and top-gallant yards, in unison and beauty, as if some sea-fowl, resting upon the water, had suddenly spread her wings, and fluttered for a moment, before she cut the blue air on her swift and distant course.

Only a moment had passed and the top-sails were sheeted home—the men were again upon deck—and the top-sail yards, as the music again was heard, were hoisted to their place, so as to bring the sails to their proper tension, while the top-gallant-sails hung bellying at their pleasure, till another order should elevate the yards from the cross-trees.

The yards were now braced so that the head sails, contrary to the main and mizzen, should receive the wind and cause the ship to pay off to the leeward, when the anchor should be tripped. The bars were again manned, and the capstan, to the measured time of the tramp of the men and the music which inspired them, moved cheerily around, until a voice came from the Second Lieutenant, on the forecastle :

"The anchor is away, sir!" The ship now paid off—the jib halyards were manned and the sail run up, with the airiness of a rising kite—the head yards were braced full ; and

the ship now rested for a moment, until the breeze falling full upon the three top-sails overcame her inertia. Then soon she began to ripple through the water, increasing her velocity, until she moved with a slow majesty, that told her a thing of dignity, and life, and freedom. Thus was the Columbia now moving—the anchor having been fished and catted—when the spanker out-haul was manned, the brails cleared, and the spanker hauled out. A new impulse was felt, and another impetus given to her step.

“Man the fore and main tacks and sheets—top-gallant-sheets and halyards—sheet home, and hoist away the top-gallant-sails—let go the rigging and haul aboard!”

This order spread the main and lesser wings of the good frigate, as the two courses and the top-gallant-sails added their expanse of canvas to the breeze.

“Loose the royals—clear away the flying-jib. Are you ready with the royals? Let fall—clear away the down-haul—hoist away!”

This order in a moment more completed the dress of white, in which the Columbia had so rapidly arrayed herself; and every ell of canvas that had been spread gave new speed to her velocity, and new grace to her movement, as she bowed adieu to Valparaiso. She stood out on her larboard tack with the fleetness and the lightness of a racer; and, in the distance, seemed like some beautiful bird of the deep, that had spread its wings for some far flight to the sunny isles of the South.

SECTION III.

THE passage of the Columbia from Valparaiso to Callao, the sea-port town of Lima, was accomplished in eleven days. PERU, in its story of conquest under Pizarro, has all the romance that characterizes the Mexican conquest under Cortez. Perhaps the very language of Spain, in its grandiloquence and mellifluous flow, when deeds of arms and sentiment are its subjects, has contributed to add a romance to the history of all Spain's early enterprises and viceroyalties. CALLAO has been the theatre of some of the most thrilling scenes, both of nature's and man's doings, that the history of the world can present, though now there is no interest associated with it only as it is connected with the past. The present gives us only dilapidation, poverty, dust, dirt, and turkey-buzzards. But the past recalls the deeds of patriotism, wild adventure, blood and carnage, famine, the sacrifice of life, and earthquakes that submerged cities and wrecked navies.

I was on the top of one of the best houses of Callao at 12 o'clock of the day succeeding our anchorage off the town and castle. The castle, situated on the point, commands the town and the road which leads to the city of Lima. In the many revolutions of Peru, since she declared her separation from Spain, the castle has always been the resort for one of the contending parties. To reach an advancing foe, the

castle needs to throw its shot over the low houses of the town. The gentleman, on whose establishment I was promenading, pointed out to me the traces of several cannon balls and musket shot, as they, at various times, had riddled the houses, and stated, that on one occasion a cannon ball struck the roof of his building, and glancing, passed down and demolished the head of the bedstead, from which he had but a few moments before risen.

While we were yet at the top of the house, commanding a view of the town, castle, and the shipping of the harbor, a flag was seen suddenly to be run up to the main-top-gallant-head of our frigate. It was the Peruvian standard, and the first gun of a complimentary salute was fired, as its folds opened on the air. Twenty-one guns sent their loud report over the bay; and the castle opened as the cannon of the frigate ceased, and returned, with an equal number of guns, this compliment to their national flag.

THE CASTLE AT CALLAO.

The castle is a regular pentagonal fortification, with embrasures in the parapet of its curtains and bastions, sufficient for mounting between one and two hundred guns. The central area is spacious, and the fortification large enough, with its underground rooms, to accommodate thousands. As a stronghold, it proved its capabilities during the revolution which secured independence to Peru, when the Spanish general Rodil showed that nothing but famine and starvation could reduce it.

The castle, since its surrender by Spain to the Peruvians, has been, alternately, in the hands of various leaders of factions, professing to have the welfare of the country at heart, but consulting, in the greater number of

instances, their own private ends and aggrandizement. The South American States, it may be, are beginning to learn the art of self-government; but certainly, like Mexico, they have made very slow progress in their attainments of the legitimate advantages of republican institutions. Still, in a school where the power, constitutionally, is in the hands of the people, the dullest scholars must learn, at least, to appreciate the privileges and political rights which have been bequeathed to them. And the generation now coming forward, with less predilections for the old regime, and better educated in the art of thinking for themselves, will evince, we trust and hope, their capabilities for retaining and for availing themselves of the opportunities of free republican institutions.

I spent most of the afternoon in the castle, wandering through its different departments, and examining the peculiarities of its local and general arrangements. But it is *the associations of the past* which overwhelm and interest, rather than the mere measurement of olden castles, towns, or palaces, in their dilapidations or architectural structure, repair, and grandeur. Here, in this pile of stone and mortar, there are evidences of vast works, though not of very durable materials. But vast or durable as the fortification may be, it all dwindles into brevity of durability, and is circumscribed in its extent, when compared with the records of the doings to which these works have been witness, and which have been recorded for imperishable history. Thousands on thousands, in the various revolutions, have perished here; while earthquakes have added to the number of the sacrificed. There is food for romance as well as tragedy in the dark passages, the secret doors, the spiral staircases leading to different apartments or cut off by drawbridges, or ascending to the two towers which rise above the rest of

the work as places for final retreat, when other portions of the work may have been carried.

The southern gate of the castle leads out towards the right of old Callao, which was prostrated by the earthquake of 1746, and where the vaulted arches of sunken churches are still seen, now level with the soil, and above which the tramp of the horse's hoof strikes its hollow sound, as the horseman sports over the ruins of the city. Within these arches, open at their ends, thousands of bodies have found their common grave, as they have been passed out from the southern gate of the Castle. Here, too, the Marquis of Truxillo and family lie, who perished by starvation, with hundreds of others, during the siege of 1825. His wealth was unbounded; and once, it is said, he was the most popular Spaniard in Peru. But he adhered to the cause of his sovereign; and so low were the besieged reduced for provisions, that the Marquis, it is affirmed, offered a gem of the value of \$30,000 for a chicken. I rode over this ground of mingled ruins, skulls, and dismembered bones of skeletons, gathered in heaps, and bleaching in the hot sun, on the outer surface of the soil. And in greater numbers still, similar relics were seen reposing, with their upper tiers in full view of the passer by, in their place, as they have been thrown together into the Gothic vaults, once cathedral arches, but rocked by the earthquake into their oblique position, as if in preparation for the entombment.

How mighty are the movements of nature! The deeds of men must accumulate for centuries, to secure the emotion of the sublime from the contemplator of human actions, as he muses through the medium of antiquity. But here is food for the deep emotions of the bosom, amid all the desolation which reigns in the scenery and the mingled elements of this spot, as one looks abroad on the expanse around him. So I thought, when standing on the towers of the castle.

Death, famine, and battle, have moved here. Ambition and revenge, hope and despair, patriotism and tyranny, tears, bloodshed, rebellion and murder, and woman's love and sufferings and meek endurance and sacrifice; each has had its tale of reality, as having been enacted within the enclosures and apartments which I now overlooked from the tower on which I stood. But beyond it and me, the sea—the incorruptible sea—still combed in to the beach, with its fresh and high and noisy breakers, as they dashed upon the shore; and once, of a time gone by, they came in with a surge that laid low a proud city, with a heave of an earthquake, and swept the city of the point—temples and dwellings, towers and castles—to a common ruin! And a little way out from the main beach lay the island of San Lorenzo, a desolate looking elevation, five hundred feet high, now sleeping on the bosom of the sea, in its solitude and isolation, as if regretting its dismemberment from the main shore, to which, it is said, it once was united; but now the line-of-battle ship finds a passage between the island and the shore of the main. Within a short distance of the new town, on the road to Lima, and seen from the castle, is a cross, which marks the traditionary spot to which the sea rolled a Spanish man-of-war in the earthquake which prostrated, in the same ingulfing of the earth and sea, the city of Callao. Here, in 1650, there were six hundred Spanish families resident—besides Indians, Mestizos, and slaves—four convents, and one house of Jesuits. But their dwellings, together with the castle, were submerged, as they sunk by the inheaving of the sea or the rocking of the earth, that received them to its chasms. Twenty-three ships were at anchor in the harbor, at the moment when the earthquake of 1746 occurred. Nineteen of their number were foundered as they were driven over the city, their anchors sweeping above the houses, and dragging parts of the submerged dwellings with

them, as they were dashed to pieces, far up on the Lima road. Four thousand persons perished !

It is the memory of such scenes, recorded in the history of the past, which makes one gaze, and muse as he gazes, on the field of land and water here before him. It matters not how changed is the view from what once it was, or how little of the past remains, in external appearances, to identify positions. The interest is intense, as the past is called up, and the cause and consequents of the catastrophes address the reason and the fancy. Another hour, and the same scene, in part, may be re-enacted. The same gathering forces of the subterranean elements beneath these volcanic regions of this west coast of South America, may again burst forth to gain their outlet, and ease the pressure of the internal earth. But we stand unmoved in the contemplation, though the possibility of the re-occurrence comes full to the conviction. Such is the habit of man. And yet no longer back than in 1828, one of our own frigates, lying where the *Columbia* was now anchored, suddenly rolled and pitched, as if she had been tossed from the bosom of a placid bay to mid ocean, to ride upon its heaviest billows. Part of Callao was shaken down ; and Lima suffered in the shock which rendered the doors of most of the dwellings, which were shut, difficult to be opened, and those which were opened, incapable of being closed, without repair. And while our frigate was lying at her moorings off Valparaiso, a shock of an earthquake was felt, sufficiently heavy to throw the inhabitants of the town into a high state of commotion and alarm, many flying to the streets ; and on board of ship, the sensation felt was like the jar produced by the veering out of fathoms on fathoms of a heavy iron cable.

LIMA.

LIMA, the capital of Peru, is some seven or nine miles from Callao. The drive is over a level road, possessing but little interest. Formerly the road was infested by highwaymen; and life, in these South American countries, would seem to be but slightly valued, if all or half the stories of the road and the revolutions are true. Indeed, the land has been a bloody one, from the commencement of its occupation by the Spaniards. The half-way house between Callao and Lima has many a legend associated with it in connection with the *salteadores*—gentlemen of the road—who deem themselves at liberty to take possession of the superabundance of the peaceful traveler's purse, and his clothes besides, if said traveler is presumptuous enough to complain of the manner of the unceremonious salutation of these frank gentlemen. An officer of our ship informed me that once, on shore at Callao, he saw a person come into town, and, as he rode up to a group of idlers, narrated to them the manner with which he had been maltreated by one of these gentlemen of free habits, who are characterized for appropriating what belongs to another to themselves, while riding in from the capital.

"Let us take a canter after him," said an Englishman, who was among the listeners.

"Let us take a canter after him," added another of the group.

Three or four horsemen, in a few moments, were mounted and on their way to the spot described, being only about two miles distant from the town, on the Lima road. When they had come up to the place where the robbery had been committed, the highwayman sallied forth, and demanded a halt. The Englishman in advance put his hand beneath his pon-

cho, the motive of which the salteadore suspected, and together the opponents drew their pistols. The Englishman's shot was in anticipation and true. The highwayman fell dead. The party unceremoniously threw him behind one of the riders, and brought him into town, after a half hour's absence. The body was stretched upon the pavement in Callao, with his hands crossed upon his breast. The passers by threw *medias*, or York sixpences at his side, that they might go to the priest for saying mass for the poor man's soul. The incident was scarcely spoken of, so little, apparently, is the sacrifice of a life here cared for by the people.

The entrance into the city of Lima from Callao, is by the avenue Alameda de la Portada, which is lined with willows on the near approach to this city, which, in the grandiloquence of the language, and justly perhaps, in the real splendor and pomp of the olden viceroyalties, is called "the city of kings"—the city "with a thousand towers and a hundred gates"—"the city of the free"—and, as it was indeed, the field of Pizarro's dreams, and proud success, assassination, and burial.

THE CARNIVAL.

The Carnival, that Bacehanalia of the Romish church, was passing, on my arrival at Lima. As a consequence of this holiday season, many of the higher classes of the citizens had dispersed to different places from the capital, and not a few to Chorillos, a watering place of much resort for sea-bathing. The drive from Lima to this place is pleasant, and I followed thither the crowd. The place itself, aside of its attractions for bathing and the company, has little or nothing to interest the stranger. During the three days of the carnival, however, *gambling* is carried on

at this place, to an excess of excitement that keeps the players up until the morning breaks, while the tables are surrounded from 10 o'clock in the morning throughout the day. There was a *monte table* in one part of the public piazza, surrounded during the day by hundreds of Limanians, who had left the city to spend the holidays at Chorillos. One of the principal priests of the capital, now at the hotel, manifested a curiosity to learn from an American, with whom I had been conversing, who I was, by nation and profession. I was pleased with his genteel appearance and his willingness to serve me, at the capital. But I was told he had lost his money at the table yesterday, where he had been playing "*for charity*," as the term is, *when the priests bet*; and to-day, he had hoped to win back his purse. But it appeared, in the results of his risks, that his "Ave Marias" and "Hail Marys" did not avail him; and the *charity-fund* was rather severely *lifted*, if that is the term, in the present instance.

ASH-WEDNESDAY IN LIMA.

On my return to Lima, the scene in the city had changed. The closed doors were re-opened; the business of the city resumed; the streets, unlike the pestilence-stricken city in appearance for its desertion, as I left it a day or two before, now were reanimated with life by the passers by; the public plaza was filled with traffic, soldiers, and flowers; and the *saya y manto*, the dress so entirely characteristic of Lima and worn nowhere else in the world, was seen abroad, as the señoritas were on their walks through the streets, either for shopping at an early hour, or for saying their matins at their different churches. It was Ash-Wednesday; the morning of the first day of Lent, a season when there is more than usual attention to church duties, and the frequenting of

the confessional. As it enters within my purposes of a few sketches in Lima, especially in connection with the church, I shall here quote a brief description of this day's scenes, as I have elsewhere given it, as I witnessed them in the peculiarities of their development, in this city of religious ceremonials.

"The bells were early summoning the Limanians to prayers. I had early risen to take a walk to several of the churches, as they are kept open two or three hours in the morning—and the great bell of the cathedral, by its peal above all others, generally announces the elevation of the Host in that church, about 9 of the clock in the morning.

"As I paused for a moment in the puerticalle, or large doorway, which leads from the court of the hotel to the street, several females moved by in their sayas y mantos, presenting masked figures, whom no one could know while they kept their manto over their faces, but whose graceful step in their walk all would admire.

"The SAYA Y MANTO is the dress of the Limanian women in which they frequent the churches, and, in the morning, promenade the streets. This dress is peculiar to the city of Lima, and, it is said, is worn in no other part of the world. The present fashion in the cut of the *saya* differs from the older one, giving greater freedom to the step of the wearer, and not materially differing in appearance to some quilted silk winter dresses worn by our countrywomen. The earlier *saya*, however, sat tighter to the person, developing more strikingly the contour of the figure, and many of these are still worn. But it is the *manto* which serves effectually to mask and entirely to disguise the wearer, if she chooses, though the least imaginary slip of the finger will most accidentally discover the features of the masked señorita to her friend. The *saya* is no more nor less than a quilted silk petticoat of any color, which ties about the waist. The

manto is a plain piece of black silk, hemmed at each end. A cord passing through the hem at one end of the manto, or veil of silk, confines it to the waist of the wearer, in a gather at the back. The veil is then thrown up the back over the head, and the two corners of the loose end are so gathered by the hand over the face, as effectually to conceal all the features but one eye, which, at discretion, contemplates the objects which may secure its interest, as the lady masker passes on to the cathedral or the shop, or promenades on her errands of pleasure, business, or devotion.

"I first entered the cathedral, the finest building in the city. But the nave of this spacious church was still vacant as the eye extended through the long aisles, while in a lesser building, immediately at its side and constituting a part of the same pile, numbers were kneeling. I paused but a moment here, as I saw several of the worshipers advance to the altar, and receive upon their brow the sign of a dark cross, drawn by the finger of the priest, dipped into a jet black fluid, as the emblem of the day. These dark signs I afterwards saw on the foreheads of many, as they suffered their mantos to lie back from their brows, while returning from their prayers this morning.

"I pursued my way to several other church edifices. It was the third which I had entered, in which I now stood. I was not then familiar with the names of the buildings, but I believe this was the *Compania de Jesus*. There was more shadow than usual in the mellowed light which held the side altars of this church in solemn and poetic effect; and unlike the others, the priest at this stood near the door, beside a table, on which rested the silver basin which contained the dark fluid, resembling a mixture of lampblack. Here the priest crossed the worshipers as they knelt in the light of the door before him. I had entered—passing the priest—and was a little surprised to step so suddenly upon the different

arrangement with which I met at this church. And as I was advancing to ascend the side aisle, I seemed equally to surprise a beautiful young woman turning the corner of the buttress of a heavy arch, with her manto thrown from her face, and the light from the door falling full upon her features as she appeared on her way to depart. There were but a few persons kneeling in the neighborhood at the first altar near to the door. I paused as the beautiful señorita passed, and stood uncovered, with an irresistible curiosity to see if she would kneel at the table, and receive the cross upon her pure brow. She evidently had been a little surprised at first by recognizing a stranger, and next at the memory that her manto discovered fully her features; but she as suddenly smiled and recovered herself, as she stepped with a foot of air inimitably light, to the confessional, at which an elderly woman was sitting, and whispered her a few words, with her manto still discovering a face more beautiful than before I had met with in Lima or Chorillos. Her hair was a blond—her eye a dark blue—and her complexion that of a lily. She knew that she was beautiful. No woman with such a face and with such a smile could be ignorant of such possessions. She paused but a moment—already a piece of mingled surprise and a slight affectation—when she stepped from the confessional towards the door. That step was purely Limanian, though more airy than others, as her form was more sylph-like than most of her sisters. She paused—turned with the precision and the ease of a double step in the waltz, and knelt with her face towards myself. A sunbeam fell upon her brow, so purely white—her eyes turned gently upwards—the smile of complacency had not yet left her slightly curled lips—and the man of God put the emblem of the cross upon a brow, than which nothing could be more fair—blending in with features, than which nothing could be more innocent and sweet, if aught could be more

classical than was hers. She rose, gathered the manto with her beautiful hand over her face, turned towards the door, and was gone.

I stepped forward a few paces and leaned in the shadow, against the heavy base of a pillar, and for a moment listened to another priest, who was repeating the mass at the only lighted altar in the church, by the door. Another moment, and I left this for another church in the neighborhood, where I found a large number collected before different side altars, with officiating priests at each, while a body of clerigos and canonigos were celebrating high mass, in the central nave of the church. There were, apparently, forty or fifty of these *tonsured* personages, whose full voices filled the surrounding arches of the spacious house. But every now and then the full-toned organ would join in the chant, or swell alone in strains of worship. I moved up the central nave, near to the balustrade of the chancel, at the farther end of the church, on the right hand of which a temporary figure of the Saviour had been elevated upon a square altar, representing him in sadness and sorrow. Before this bent figure a carpet had been spread, of a few square feet in extent, where the worshipers knelt, singly or in groups. I occupied a seat at this position during the continuance of the service, at the close of which the priests advanced in double file to the chancel, from the further end of the church. They knelt, according to their standing in precedence in office, and were crossed, as I had seen others, with a black cross. But the cross, instead of being placed upon the brow, was traced upon the crown of their head, or the small circular and bare spot, which all Catholic priests abroad have shaven on the top of the head, called the *tonsure*. When the priests had received the emblem, the crowd promiscuously advanced to the chancel, and the crossing continued, until the dark sign had been imprinted on

many brows. I advanced to one side of the chancel and witnessed the scene, as the women threw back their mantos, now discovering the face of a matron, who received the emblem with gravity; now a younger and smiling countenance, and of greater gentility of mien and person; and now a brunette, a bronze, a black; the last, apparently, constituting the vast majority, while many crowded here, and not a few smiled as they were huddling together around the chancel, exhibiting a very peculiar scene, as four or five priests continued their services, in drawing with expedition the dark emblem upon the brows of the advancing and receding mass. It seemed rather a holiday scene than one of peculiar solemnity, connected with a day of mourning. Some children also received the cross, but scarcely a male adult except the priests was there. I know not the intention of the ceremony, but suppose it emblematical of the "ashes and sackcloth" of other times. And as I marked the multitude here, and the passers-by in the streets as I returned to the hotel, I was forcibly carried back to the Hindoo, the Bramin, the Banyan, and the Gentoo, as I had seen them in the East, who draw their various marks of various colors upon the brow, when they pay their visits to their temples."

THE PALACE OF THE VICEROYS.

At one o'clock I visited the palace. Here and at the cathedral, more than any where else, perhaps, do the associations connected with the history of Peru and its conquest work upon the imagination. The name of PIZARRO—how is it interwoven with all the early story of Peru; and how it absorbs all other names! Though his memory wakes no association of interest, so far as considerations of kindness towards his person are concerned, yet it is Pizarro, first, midst, and last, as one sits or strolls amid the scenes where his feet trod, where his ambitious spirit swelled, where his sword

bathed itself in the bosoms of the rightful possessors of the soil, and where he founded an empire cemented in blood, perpetuated by superstition and arms ; while his spirit swelled with an unchristian thirst for the white and yellow ore, aggrandizement, and power.

The valley of the Rimac having been decided upon as the place where the capital of the new empire should be located, after several other spots had been successively designated, tried and abandoned as inconvenient and unsuitable, Pizarro here traced out the position for the palace and the cathedral ; the palace to be located on the north, and the cathedral on the east side of the Plaza. Men can see but a short way into their destiny of earth. And it is hardly probable that Pizarro then dreamed, as he fixed the spot of these two buildings, and was carrying on his thoughts to the probable glory of "The City of Kings," (as the proud title which he gave to the newly located capital signifies,) that the one building should be the scene of his assassination, the other his mausoleum. Yet so the one was, so the other is. And his violent death has a better moral in it than many tragedies give us.

The palace occupies nearly a whole square. It has within its outer walls several courts, and a garden with corridors ranging around the different courts and garden. The building is low, and its spaciousness, if any thing about it can do so, constitutes its claim to distinction as a once vice-regal, and now presidential residence. There are many other piles of buildings, however, in Lima, that have a better claim to magnificence than the palace of Pizarro. But here the conqueror of Peru was himself conquered ; and the murderer of the rightful inheritor of the domain was himself murdered.

In the civil dissensions between Pizarro and one of his generals and co-adventurer, the two parties, adhering each

to its own leader, met at the south of Lima. The fortunes of Pizarro triumphed. Almagro was taken prisoner in Cuzco ; and though petitioning for his life, on the plea that he had never sacrificed any of the friends of Pizarro, he yet was hung and beheaded, under the direction of the brother of the conqueror, and by the secret instructions of Pizarro. Almagro left a son by the name of Don Diégo, whose mother was an Indian woman. He, with his adherents at Lima, plotted the death of Pizarro ; and with Juan de Rada at their head, they entered the palace on Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, at mid-day, crying as they passed through the plaza, " Viva el rey—mueran tiranos ;" Long live the king—perish tyrants ! Pizarro was surrounded by a number of his friends at the time, who were aroused by the entrance of a servant, crying " Al arma, al arma, que todos los de Chile vienen á matar al Marqués mi Señor."—To arms, to arms, for all of those of Chile are coming to kill my lord the Marquis. The party with the Marquis hastened below, from the hall in which they were sitting, to the foot of the stairs, which commanded a view of the two front courts, which the assassins had already gained. Pizarro and his friends immediately retreated to the hall again. While he was arming himself in the inner room, several of his party escaped through the windows to his garden, leaving but a few faithful adherents to the Marquis. The hall door was carried by the insurgents, and the head of Francisco de Chaves, who was ordered to hold the door, was severed by the conspirators, as his body rolled down the steps. Pizarro and his maternal brother, Martinez de Alcantara, with two pages, defended themselves in an interior room, Pizarro wounding several of the conspirators ; but at length receiving a thrust through the throat, he fell, calling upon the name of Jesus Christ, and signing with his fingers a cross upon the floor, he kissed it and expired.

It was with these associations I visited the palace; passed through the two courts, and ascended to the hall by the flight of steps, down which rolled the bloody body of de Chaves. A small passage leads from the sala to the inner rooms, where ended the ambitious breathings of the adventurous, and, if history be true, *the vindictive and the cruel Pizarro!*

THE CATHEDRAL AT LIMA—VAULT AND BONES OF PIZARRO.

I had several times passed through the cathedral. This morning, previous to my visit to the palace, I had been approached by a young padre, who politely offered to guide me through the edifice. Excusing myself from inspecting the altars at the moment, I expressed a desire to enter the vault said to contain the remains of Pizarro. He specified an hour when he would accompany me, after he should have obtained the keys of the vault. I had already exceeded the hour in my rambles through the palace, and on my reaching the cathedral at a later moment than I had intended, I found its doors closed. But a person soon met me, who had been directed by the young priest, in case I should present myself, to accompany me to the vault. For a moment we stood within the sombre shades and solitude and silence of the immense building, when the heavy door of the cathedral had closed on its brazen hinges. More than twenty altars lined the two sides of the building, which slept now in their own still deeper shades, thrown by the heavy bars that enclosed these altars in by themselves, at the side, from the aisles, presenting, as it were, so many separate and exclusive chapels, all within the main building, the extent of which is three hundred and twenty feet deep, by one hundred and eighty-six feet in width. And in these shaded recesses, each containing its high altar, there stood in their sacred niches, *one thousand im-*

ages, perhaps more; saints of every age, the Apostles, cherubs, angels, the Saviour, the holy family, and canonized *santas*; some arrayed in gaudy tinsel, some exhibiting the Saviour crowned with thorns and pierced with spear; but here they were, at this moment, in all their silence, and shade, and solemnity. The lightest step upon the tiled pavement of the building, could be heard throughout the massive pile; and a single whisper echoed distinctly its low murmur, from the farthest corner of the walls and the highest curve of the ceiling.

We walked from the great altar down the central nave of the building. This central area is inwalled by the heavy balustrade, on either side of an elevated platform, at the head of which stands the main altar; at the foot, the spacious and cumbrous orchestra. Descending the steps from this platform to one of the side aisles, and turning to a door that opened beneath this terrace, on which high mass is celebrated, the guide placed his heavy key to the lock, and the vault door grated on its iron and rusty hinges, as it opened inward to the chamber which leads to the recess containing the relics of Pizarro. The rays of a lighted taper, which the guide bore in his hand, struggled to overcome the thick darkness, that seemed here so long to have reigned that the shades had condensed to a materiality of blackness, which could be felt as we entered among them. Slowly, we descended several steps, which brought us to the ground floor of a room, on one side of which there seemed to be closed vaults of comparatively modern construction, whose entrances were sealed with brick and mortar, evenly with the wall. From the opposite side of this dark room—which was filled with the rubbish of ages past, such as pieces of old columns, capitals, olden altars and their various ornaments and useless lumber—leads a low passage which ends in a yet inner room, lined on three sides with two tiers of

boxes, three high. The outer edges of some of these boxes had fallen in, discovering enclosed skeletons, crumbling slowly but to final decay. Having examined several of these on the right, the guide directed me to pass to the opposite side, pointing out several loose boards in the centre of the floor, which he cautioned me to avoid. I did not inquire the secret of the deep and dark well these loose boards covered, as I well knew that it was the charnel house for the bones of hundreds, for whose souls the masses—how many masses?—have been offered up from the altars which were above us, that their spirits might ascend from purgatory to a happier region. The guide now followed me, and holding low down his taper to a crumbling box, occupying the farther side of the wall, “Esto, Señor,” he said, “esto es el cuérpo de Pizarro”—This, sir, is the body of Pizarro. The edges of the box were broken, the top gone, and within, were exposed the dusky and crumbling skeleton, said to be the remaining bones of the conqueror of Peru. The flesh had wasted quite, the skull was naked, and showing that it had once been inhabited by a spirit of some years’ tarry upon earth, as only a few teeth remained in the jaw, while the alveola process, save in two or three spots, was absorbed. His skeleton hands lay crossed upon his breast, exhibiting the bones of a small hand; his feet corresponding in size. Quicklime covered parts of the body. It had hardened into white lumps and was dry. Such is the arid property of the atmosphere here, that all fluids are soon evaporated, and no moisture remains in the deepest cells. To this circumstance is to be attributed the long preservation of the relics of the departed. Now, it is three hundred years and a few over, since Pizarro fell. Part of a dingy linen shroud still wrapped portions of the relics, and a knotted button clasped a worked wristband with lace around the ulna bone of the skeleton. It was a dark place—that depository of the olden

dead ; and the unlabeled boxes bore the dust of centuries upon their crumbling slabs. I now held in my hand a small relic from the shroud of Pizarro, which lay loose in the skeleton box, and was returning over the planks that covered the well in the centre of this low and narrow room. The guide, following my steps, trod on some rolling block, which canted him against the wall. The taper, affixed for the temporary purpose to a small bit of wood, went suddenly out, as the hand of the guide brushed against a buttress, which supports the terrace above, and we were left in utter darkness. No ray from crevice or crack penetrated the shades of the vault. But we were already in the narrow passage, which formed the only outlet from the vault to the lumbered room, into which we first had entered. My guide had become too familiar with the relics of the dead to be alarmed at our situation, while we carefully and safely groped our way to the door. We passed out from the dark and silent vault, by a flight of six or seven steps, to the side aisle of the church. Again the guide closed the door on its grating hinges, and turned the key upon that dark and silent repository of the dead.

On re-entering the aisles of the cathedral from its recesses beneath the building, I walked rapidly through the different parts of the edifice. Many of the altars possess merit in their construction, and interest for their decorations. The large altar, at one period of the viceroyalty, when the wealth of the church was almost beyond a count, must have presented a rich display of plate. One pair of the candlesticks appropriated by the revolutionists, in their wars and party dissensions, which have diminished the wealth of the establishment, and marred the beauty, and, in some instances, entirely destroyed the church edifices, it is said, weighed the equivalent of \$12,000. All the plate which remains is tarnished, old, and neglected. A silver altar at the entrance of

the cathedral from the plaza, dedicated to Nuéstra Señora de la Antigua, is a specimen, exhibiting more the appearance of bronze sheathing than sheets of silver. A tablet of this altar encourages the devotees, who bend at it in worship, to hope for "all graces, indulgences, and years of pardon," to be applied for the relieving of the "blessed souls in purgatory." "And it being morally impossible," as the further language of the tablet is, "to specify the number of these indulgences, let it be sufficient to say, that this concession is the most ample of those, by which the church can bestow upon us its treasures for said purpose—the relief of the blessed souls in purgatory.*"

THE GREAT ALTAR AND CHOIR.

The great altar is inferior in taste, richness, and neatness, to the altar major in the cathedral at Santiago. The ceiling of the building at Lima is richer, though the internal effect of the spacious edifice is much injured by the lumbering up of the nave by the altar of our Lady de la Antigua and the choir—though the choir in itself is a specimen of cedar carved work worthy of the richest building which it could adorn. It contains a hundred carved chairs, with the half figure of a saint, in relieve, on the back of each, with other ornaments of flowers, saints, and cherubs, in a style massive and rich. The carved work of this choir facing the great altar, and which has the same level with the altar, is said to have cost \$30,000, an estimate probably not too high for the labor and the beauty of the work.

* "y siendo moralmente imposible especificar el numero de estas yndulgencias, baste decir que esta concesion es de las mas amplias conque la yglesia puede franquearnos sus tesoros para el alivio de las Benditas Almas del Purgatorio."

THE DEAD-HOUSE.

In the abutment part of one of the steeples of this building, which fronts the plaza, is a small apartment with a low, narrow door. Here, in a triangular box, painted black, and wide enough for a person to be placed in it on his back, with his face upwards, are exposed from time to time such persons as meet their deaths by assassination, murder, or unknown causes, that the bodies may be recognized and reclaimed by their kindred or friends. As I passed the cathedral, on an early walk this morning, a body lay there thus exposed. His shirt was bloody, and his dress clotted with gore. He had been murdered in some broil during the night, as a wound through the throat by a knife declared. It was a horrible sight, and the impression it made on me, I could not dislodge from my thoughts during the rest of the day. I repassed the spot, as my guide now opened the northern door of the cathedral, and I descended the terrace on which the noble pile is raised.

At half past three, I dined with the American Consul, and met several gentlemen at his table, but excused myself as early as practicable, for a later dinner with an English gentleman, whose courtesies had been pressed with kindness and attention.

CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO—VIEW OF THE CITY OF LIMA
FROM ITS STEEPLE.

Having another day to spend in Lima, I walked the next morning, before the hour for breakfast, to the church of the *Convent of San Francisco*, desiring to take a view of the city from its steeple, and also to mark the spaciousness of the area, which the convent buildings cover. The services were already being recited in the church, as I entered the

magnificent building, which still retains much of its olden splendor. The spacious nave and side aisles, and arched and ribbed ceilings, unbroken and unencumbered by central altars and floor choir, as in the cathedral, made this building surpass that heavier pile, for its imposing effect of uninterrupted space. The choir in San Francisco occupies a cross gallery at the end of the church, opposite the great altar. I passed from the church into the cloister-grounds, and walked along a garden court, on each side of which extended a gorgeous corridor of columns and arches. The area of the court was ornamented with shrubs and trees, embowering a living fountain of water, which spouts out its refreshing and babbling streams.

By a double flight of steps, I ascended to the upper corridor, the wall side of the passage-way being lined with large paintings of various subjects. Trusting to my own guidance for reaching the steeple, I passed along the range of the long corridor, and, near its junction with the church edifice, entered a small square room, from which were two outlets. I tried the door, which I presumed opened on the staircase. But it was locked. As I retraced my steps along the corridor, a young Franciscan was pacing the long range of the gallery, reciting, from his book, his matins. I made known my wish, and he accompanying me to the passage, which I had already explored. I was a second time disappointed, the door being locked. But as we returned, another brother advanced across the corridor, with a key in his hand, clad in the gray garb of his order. Learning my wishes, he returned with me to the same pass which I had before tried, but instead of taking the narrow door, leading to the north steeple, he shoved back a heavy folding door, leading in another direction, and with a noise that resounded loud through the vacant rooms, to which it opened. We advanced along several halls, until

we entered the choir of the church. The young friar's finger was now placed on his lips, as we paused a moment in this labyrinth of seats, carved in cedar, and rivaling, in their richness and beauty, the cedar choir of the cathedral. The large altar at the far end of the church, now before us, was lighted up, the priests were chanting the mass, and the worshipers were kneeling in different parts of the spacious area below, like so many specks, as seen in the distant perspective of the long and lofty building. It was a highly poetic and impressive scene, as I then witnessed it—being myself three hundred feet distant from the altar, in the shades of the choir gallery, and as the low murmur of the voice of the officiating priest came to the ear, or a strain from a subdued organ, occupying a distant side niche, floated, like some symphony from unearthly spirits, along the vaulted ceilings and arched recesses of the building. We passed on, and were soon in the winding maze of the staircase, leading up the tower of the steeple. Reaching the level of the flat roof of the church, we sallied forth through an opening, to the top of the building, and crossed from the south to the north steeple, up which we now ascended to its highest balustrade.

The view now before us was worth more than its cost, from the labor of the dark and dusty passage by which we had ascended. The city was spread at our feet. The river Rimac was washing the northern walls of the monastery, and watering the beautiful green valley through which it tumbled on its chafed way, at the west and east. The Alamedas, with their double lines of willows in their different directions, stretched out their ranges of mellowing foliage. The hundred steeples of churches, monasteries, and nunneries, and houses of charity, secular and religious, with their heavy piles and spacious enclosures of courts and corridors and dormitories, everywhere, spread out their huge proportions, through the city. San Christoval, with its diminutive

cross upon it, and Amanceas, raise high their neighboring peaks. In the distance to the west, is Callao, the shipping, the barren island of San Lorenzo; and far out beyond them all, and bounding the horizon, stretches the plane of the ocean.

We descended the steeple, passing its heavy bells; and in one instance, by accident, I seized the hide cord attached to the tongue of one of these deep-toned and noisy-mouthed antiques, which struck the bell, and it gave forth its heavy cadence, to our sudden surprise. But it awakened no further alarm. As we re-crossed the roof, and descended the passage way of the south steeple, we again paused, as we were crossing the gallery of the choir. The tapers were still burning at the great altar, and other worshipers were kneeling at the different shrines in the dim distance. We passed on, and were soon again in the corridors, which surround the first court of the monastery.

I had before wandered through the other courts of this mass of buildings, covering nearly *two squares of ground* on the plan of the city, with its spacious accommodations and ornamental areas, where hundreds of friars once dwelt; but now their numbers are diminished, and their wealth, like their noble pile, has waned to decay. One almost wishes, as he looks on the dry fountain, and the broken pillar, and the falling arch, that the glory of former days could have been perpetual, though he believes, as he stands amid these massive piles, that he has before him the evidence of the reign of mental slavery and superstition, which alone could have originated and constructed the peculiar monuments around him. Their crumbling walls, in their downfall and decay, indicate the advance of freer thinking, and the introduction of elements into the religious, political, and domestic economy, which shall finally, however slowly, produce in their combination a better, a freer, and a stronger people.

The young friar who accompanied me, had his feet encased in a pair of leather shoes, contrary to his vows of poverty and the usual custom of this order of wearing sandals or going barefoot. I intended to chide the young Franciscan, but it escaped my mind, as he smiled in kindness at our parting, while I dropped an accepted piece of silver into his extended hand.

SANTO DOMINGO. LIMA, FROM SANTO DOMINGO'S SPIRE.

I continued my morning walk, and entered the monastery of *Santo Domingo*. The steeple of the church attached to this convent, is said to be the highest tower in the city. It thus appears to be. The church, like all the churches attached to the monasteries, occupies one corner of the square, which the convent walls generally enclose. I found a ready guide to conduct me to the elevated tower, and from it a still better view of the town was presented than from San Francisco. On the north was the river Rimac, whose waters washed one side of the grounds of the monastery, which spread out over nearly two squares of ground in length and breadth. Still beyond the Rimac, lay the part of Lima over the river, and which is connected with the city proper by a noble stone bridge, beneath which, at this moment, the rapid stream is tumbling, in foam and noise, as it bears down its current the rounded pebbles, which, in the dryer season, present fields of hard and rounded masses, which have crumbled from the granite mountains, and been borne down the current of the mountain streams. At the west is the lesser portion of the city; but thither, as the eye looks toward the sea in the distance, it passes over the towers of Santa Rosa Convent, and more than a dozen other religious establishments. On the south and east, lies the principal part of the city; and as you look abroad from the height of

Santo Domingo, your eye tires in counting the steeples, and the mind tires in remembering the names of the monasteries, convents, hospitals, and brotherhoods, to which they belong. The cathedral is in full and near view. San Augustin, la Merced, Compania de Jesus, la Encarnacion, la Concepcion, San Thomas Collegio, Santa Clara Monastério, Descalsas el Carmen, San Pedro, and many other religious houses, the names of some few of which are here introduced, to show the vast extent of ground which these buildings occupy, when it is known that each has appropriated to it, on an average, a whole square in the plan of the city. In the present century, *one-third of the property of Lima*, it is said, has belonged to the church and charitable institutions.

As I crossed the roof of this building, in my descent from the steeple, my guide several times cautioned me where to step, as the top of the edifice, in many places, had given way, so as to present the ceiling bare; and at one point of the sky-light I looked down to the central nave, where the priests were yet reciting mass, and here and there a worshiper was seen entering or departing from the church.

This convent, like the rest in the city, has its several courts and corridors, with columns and arches in uniform style surrounding them, on which the doors of the dormitories for the friars open. The lower walls of the long corridors are hung around with one continuous line of paintings, containing the storied deeds and genealogy of the saint to whom the building is dedicated, or other scenes of Scripture history.

I passed several of the friars, after I had left the cloister grounds and advanced through the church, standing in the gateway or portal of the building, in their white robes, lounging at their leisure, and gazing upon the passers by. A few moments before I left the church, a flourish of trumpets and bugles sounded through the cloister; and the

tramp of a military company, with measured step, was heard, as they passed from the inner court through the outer building of the church. They were neatly attired, and, I suppose, had been to attend mass at some one of the private chapels.

SAN PEDRO.

San Pedro was the last of the monasteries which I visited. The whole establishment has a better air about it than any other one through which I passed. There was less dust, and decay, and desolation, though it is said the establishment was never so rich as several others already mentioned. Its buildings are spacious, covering a whole square. The church is situated on the corner of the rectangle, and the cloister, with its courts, gardens, fountains, corridors, and buildings, occupy the rest of the grounds. On entering the church, at the left, is an altar, containing the remains of some saint within a glass case, laid out in a cap, and occupying a bed, the personage being covered, with the exception of the face. On a previous occasion, when I had happened in at the same door, I was amused in hearing a party of three or four women, discussing the point as to *the number* of persons that occupied the glass case. It seemed to be the prevalent opinion that there were two. They appealed to me to settle the point, but in the shade of this corner of the building, and the position of the covering, I could not decide. Directly on the left of this glass case, stands an elevated block, upon which a figure of the Saviour inclines in an oblique position. His left hand is elevated so as to present the palm fully to view, while the other is lower, presenting the fingers in a horizontal attitude. He is crowned with thorns; his countenance indicates the greatest sorrow, distress, and desertion. A cord is thrown around

his neck, and hangs pendent to the floor. The eye cannot rest upon the finger without having the sympathies awakened ; and they might be welcome emotions, did not the disagreeable effect of a *painted* statue, always an outrage on correct taste, blend with the feelings of the heart, as one contemplates the sadness and loneliness of Him, who, in his deepest sorrow, was forsaken of man and God. I stood in the neighborhood of this figure, as I saw many descend the long nave of the church. They paused, and crossed themselves in holy water, in front of the sorrowful statue, and then taking the cord, which hung, with a noose, over the neck of the statue, into their hands, they kissed the tassel at its end and touched it to their forehead, cheeks, chin, and breast. Then they placed their finger on the fore-finger of the right hand of the statue ; and, if tall enough, laid the point of their fore-finger into the palm of the Saviour's left hand. Perhaps they paused a moment in thought or not, and then left the church. The cord, the finger, and the palm of the left hand of the statue, are darkened by the many impressions that have been made upon them by—*by how many hands and lips !*

I left the church and entered a side chapel, which, being entirely free of altars, save a central one at the end, presented a spacious area. The arches were sprung at right angles from heavy buttresses, showing the greater effect of uninterrupted naves in spacious churches. Two inner rooms, behind the altar, were covered literally, sides and ceilings, with paintings, in better coloring and preservation than I had elsewhere seen. The exposure of the paintings around the open walls of the courts within the corridors in the different monasteries, is conducive to hasten the fading of their colors—a circumstance that every monastery in the city illustrates. The rays of the hot sun, if they shine not immediately upon the pictures, by reflection,

must injure them. But few of these paintings are master-pieces, and they possess but little merit. These of San Pedro, of brighter colors, and preserved by their shaded position, are yet only tolerable, the best of them. But the astonishment one feels when contemplating them, arises from their number and size. The labor spent upon them must have been immense, and, doubtless, by the best artists the church could obtain.

From this inner chapel, a small red door communicated with the cloister. A grating, of a foot square, serves as a speaking communication. I advanced towards this door, and soon, the thumbing of a key within assured me that I had gained the object of my wish, and another moment, I entered the inner apartments of the cloister. The first court contains a small area of shrubbery; and a double corridor, with pillars and arches, surrounds each side of the spacious court. From the galleries are the entrances to the apartments of the friars. The first court communicates with a second; the second, with a third; a third, with a fourth, and the corridors above lead into these, by one continuous range of galleries, along the inner courts of the buildings. I roamed through this massive pile—thought of the days that were, when life, and stir, and numbers, filled and traversed these passages, galleries, and dormitories, and lounged about the fountains and gardens, and when the flowers bloomed fresher, and the shrubs looked greener, but where solitude, and decay, and dust, and silence now seemed to reign, save, every now and then, I heard the tones of the organ still come, as if the sound lived and yet lived not, from the distant church of the cloister, telling me that I was wandering within the enclosures of a holy order. And his imagination, who has indulged his young days in the perusal of romance of the olden times and countries, needs not the assistance of creative powers, to call up visions from the

shades of the past ; they come unbidden ; they entrance, as the mind muses almost to the losing the recollection of its own identity, until the echo of his own step recalls him to a renewed consciousness of the locality where he is moving, and that he is not of the place, or of the number of the premises, along whose secluded enclosures he is ranging.

THE INQUISITION.

There was another pile of building which I visited, at a later hour of the day. Once, its name carried terror and submission, in its enunciation. "LA INQUISICIO!" what emotions—what fears—what suppressed agitations and sorrows, has that sound awakened. The remains of the Inquisition occupy the third square, in the rear of the cathedral. It is now devoted to various purposes. Its cells hold the culprits of the state, and its judgment hall, or reception chamber, having the appearance of a small chapel, is converted into a house of trade. We were politely conducted through the building. The grated door being opened, we entered the apartment of the cells, which are so constructed, that no two doors open into the same passage. They are dark, ten or twelve feet square, and so arranged as to fill up a quadrangle ; the different passages among the cells, intersecting each other at right angles, and corresponding in their distances to the width of the cells. As the grated door closed upon us, after we had been admitted into the rectangle of the cells, the common felons, frightful enough in their appearance, while we were unarmed, crowded toward us, but soon opened a way, in the narrow passage. In a moment, several voices were heard crying out, "Samuel!" "Samuel!" and soon a tall and good looking mulatto man came up to me, and said, in a respectful tone and with an American accent, "They are confining me here, sir, for no crime, and to-

morrow, they are going to send me away, somewhere, with many others."

"Indeed," I replied, "and where are you from—your name—and why here?"

"The Consul will take care of all that," said my companion, before the answer came, who seemed to be catching the apprehensions which the olden associations of the place might justly awaken, in connection with the scene before us almost in keeping with those olden associations.

"The Consul will know nothing about it," continued the man in a submissive accent, "for they take us to-morrow, early."

I felt at the moment that there might be some delicacy in holding the parley with the prisoner, as his associates in confinement were gathered around us; and my attention being called to some other object, I passed on, excusing myself with the purpose of mentioning the man's case to the Consul, whom I expected to see during the day.

Several niches in one of the principal rooms, discolored with smoke, were pointed out to us as the spots of former fixtures, where the victims of the institution suffered their tortures. I did not entertain the idea. I entered one dungeon, however, beneath the elevated platform in the judgment hall, which was dark, the floor flagged, and no light penetrated the solitary and silent apartment. It was entered by a descent of several stone steps deep, and by something of a trap-door, and presented a fit place of solitary confinement, for inspiring alarm and terror. Was it the first quarters awarded to the unfortunate, on whom suspicion had fallen or on whom extortion was to be practiced?

I would not wish to awaken unnecessary suspicion in the minds of my countrymen, in connection with the Roman Catholic system of religion; nor would I willingly hurt the feelings of any one connected with that persuasion, or shock

the taste of any reader by the introduction of extravagant narratives, that lie in the scenes of the past. But I have seen enough in foreign countries to assure me that the Romish system there, is different from the practices of the Roman Catholic church in the United States. And yet I have seen enough of this system *in the United States* to assure me that the *tendencies* of the system of that church, everywhere, is to illiberality—exclusiveness—superstition—ignorance—folly. It is *Protestantism* that makes the Catholic church of the United States, which yet adheres to the Hierarchy of Rome, different from the Romish church itself. If the Roman Catholic church had the majority in this country, and its religion prevailed as universally among the people of the United States as it does in some other countries, most assuredly do I believe that the *same illiberality*, exclusiveness, superstition, *ceremony*, and *corruption*, would also co-exist with that institution; and the consequents upon their existence be prevalent to the experience, and as observable to the eye of the Protestant traveller from other lands to the United States, as now greet the eye of the American in Spain and the governments founded by her people. But these can never all exist in our country while the Constitution of the United States remains unaltered. The rights of conscience, religious worship, speech, and action, are secured to all who dwell beneath its protection and awards of equal rights. The *Inquisition* can never be established in this country. Nor ever, again, can it be established in our world. And there is too much of the habit of common sense thinking—thinking for one's self—to allow of many of the ridiculous customs connected with the Romish system ever being permanently established among us, however popular the leaning towards some of them may be, in some departments of the church. The Catholic priest would be *laughed* at as puerile—pitied as ignorant—frowned on as presumptuous—who should attempt

to establish many of the customs peculiar to the Romish church as seen, and which are common, abroad. There is too much that is directly in the face of common sense and true philosophy—which is but the application of common sense views to things, matter, and mind—to allow of the consummation of that combination of circumstances which shall perpetuate the Roman Catholic system as it has existed, and as it still exists, to such an extent in foreign countries as to form a matter of boast; and with their polemics, to be used as an argument for its divine authority and truthfulness, because, forsooth, it is so prevalent. And so is monarchy alike prevalent. Is therefore republicanism but a lie—a schism—and a heresy against the only legitimate and divinely constituted government, because monarchy is antique and prevalent? The world is on its advance. The sciences, natural and mental, are making developments, in matter and mind, which must dissipate, in the long course but ever onward improvement before the race, the shades of error in all departments—systems of thought, action, government, and religion—or if not ultimately dissipate *all*, will continue to dissipate the fallacies of the past, and forbid *their* re-enactment and continuance.

But I shall, perhaps, not be deemed to be very appropriate in these reflections, when I state that they have been originated by the purpose I have, of introducing, in connection with the description I have given of the buildings of the Inquisition formerly existing at Lima, an account of the destruction of the same institution at Madrid.

The sketch which I introduce here is given by Col. Le-manowski, an eye-witness and actor in the scene which he describes, and who was then an officer under Napoleon.

“In the year 1809, being at Madrid, my attention was directed to the Roman Catholic Inquisition in the neighborhood of that city. Napoleon had previously issued a decree

for the suppression of this institution, wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to its execution on this far-famed establishment. With my regiment, the 9th of the Polish lancers, he gave me two others. One of which, the 117th, was under the command of Colonel de Lile.

"With these troops I proceeded to the Inquisition, which was about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, at the close of which, he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the wall.

"It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, and brought on the ground, to be used as battering-rams. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well-directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

"Here we met with an incident which nothing but jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor General, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces and their

arms crossed over their breasts, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, 'Why do you fight our friends the French?'

"Their intention, apparently, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping they should thus have a better opportunity, in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

"We then proceeded through room after room, found altars, and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance—the proportions of the architecture were perfect—the ceiling and floors were scoured and highly polished—there was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been belied; *that we had seen all*; and I was prepared to believe it.

"But Colonel De Lile was not so ready to give up the search. At his instance water was brought in and poured over the marble floor, the slabs of which were large and beautifully polished. Presently an opening was discovered, and as all hands were at work for further discovery, a soldier, with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, when the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar when the hand appeared writing on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone, joint, and sinew. We saw a staircase. I stepped to the table and took one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore what was before us; as I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the

Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look said, "My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand; it is holy." "Well, well," I said, "I want something that is holy, to see if it will not shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility."

"I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase, when we entered a large room, called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here what a sight met our eyes! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed friends!

"These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this practice being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor from those decaying bodies. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In others, we found the living sufferer of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of threescore and ten years, all as naked as when

they were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives of their chains, stripped themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But, aware of the danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and that they should be brought gradually to the light, as they could bear it.

“When we had explored these cells, and opened the prison-doors of those who yet survived, we proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. At the sight of them the fury of our soldiers refused any longer to be restrained. They declared that every inquisitor, monk, and soldier of the establishment deserved to be put to the torture. We did not attempt any longer to restrain them. They commenced at once the work of torture with the holy fathers. I remained till I saw four different kinds of torture applied, and then retired from the awful scene, which terminated not while one individual remained of the former guilty inmates of this antechamber of hell, on whom they could wreak revenge. As soon as the poor sufferers from the cells of the Inquisition could with safety be brought out of their prison to the light of day, (news having been spread far and near that numbers had been rescued from the Inquisition), all who had been deprived of friends by the holy office, came to inquire if theirs were among the number.

“What meeting was there! About a hundred who had been buried alive for many years, were now restored to the active world, and many of them found here a son and there a daughter, here a sister and there a brother, and some, alas! could recognize no friends. The scene was such a one as no tongue can describe. When this work of recognition was over, to complete the business in which I had en-

gaged, I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantity of gunpowder, which I placed underneath the edifice and in its vaults, and as we applied the slow-match there was a joyful sight to thousands of admiring eyes! The walls and massive turrets of that proud edifice were raised towards the heavens, and the Inquisition of Madrid was no more."

I have heard it gravely affirmed, that the idea of the Inquisition being an institution which ever indulged in acts of cruelty, is a *Protestant fiction*. But the person who affirmed this also *approved the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's night*. And he is an American citizen, and was *once* a Protestant—perhaps a religious exhorter—despises New England, and pretends to be a South Carolinian, but was born "by accident" in Massachusetts. "A little learning makes one mad," &c., and a little religion, I fear, usually makes one a hot zealot.

BISHOP'S PALACE.

I returned by the way of the Archbishop's palace, situated at the east side of the plaza, in a line with the cathedral. The see, at the time of my writing this, was vacant, and the palace occupied by a Padre Canonigo. The Archbishop had died some months before, and his place had not been filled. There was but little to interest in the different parts of the buildings; but dust, decay, and desertion seemed to hold their reign throughout the apartments of the buildings. Where is the life that once floated along these corridors, the sala, and the balcony—the lights that streamed in the courts—the fountains that pearly in refreshing rivulets, which gave freshness and beauty to shrub, and plant, and flower? Dearth, night, and death, have severally usurped their places; and "SO PASSES THE GLORY OF THE WORLD."

A NIGHT WALK TO THE RIMAC.—THE LAST EVE IN LIMA.

One scene more, and a ramble at night, which in some of its particulars I have elsewhere given, but which, in this connection, is appropriately repeated here, will suffice us for Lima, when we will say *adeos* to Peru.

It was evening ; and I had proposed a walk with a friend over the bridge which spans the Rimac. The plaza, or central square of all Spanish towns, is the centre of interest, whatever may be going on, by day or by night, to attract public attention. We had reached this area, in the centre of which a perennial fountain is ceaselessly dropping its purling streams, from several basins above to the general reservoir below, when a long train of lanterns was seen advancing, in distant procession, from the direction of the cathedral, headed by a priest in his canonicals, while the voices of three females, unaccompanied by instrumental music, broke on the still air, in the strains of a most affecting dirge. A crowd followed with lighted waxen tapers and colored lanterns. As they advanced, the gazers-on fell prostrate upon their knees, while the melancholy procession, with slow and solemn step, went on its course. It was a striking scene. The night was dark. The plaza but faintly lighted, and not a whisper was heard around the square as the procession moved on. Every head was bare, while many crossed themselves, and others told their beads as they knelt on the pavements. *It was the Host moving to the house of the infirmo.* The procession moved on, and at length passed out of the square, and the plaintive dirge died away in the distance, as the lanterns became more and more dim, and the hushed crowd, which had paused in its steps while the procession passed by, again woke to life, and moved on its own and separate way.

And we ourselves renewed our steps towards the beau-

tiful bridge of the Rimac, and soon were on it, listening to the murmur of the waters, which, at this season, plunge dashingly on their rapid course, beneath the arches of the fine structure; while here and there were seen, indistinctly, a few persons occupying the range of angular seats above the buttresses, as if to catch the cooling breeze of the nightfall.

It was not difficult, now, to fancy before us the exciting scene in the story of Rolla, when he rescued the child of Alonzo and his once affianced Cora, as he rushed across the wooden bridge, while the emissaries of Pizarro were in full chase after him. And there, in the dim shade, were the same rocks by which the retreating hero passed, evading his pursuers, though a shot had already pierced his noble heart.

My friend seemed in like musing mood with myself, as together we leaned over the parapet of the bridge, and partially illustrated the sentiment of the dramatist, that

“They only babble who practice not reflection.”

But my friend, ere long, developed the train of his thoughts, as he asked me if I believed Elvira, in Pizarro, was a real character. .

“I believe, at least,” was my reply, “the truth of Elvira’s language: ‘To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have;’ which recalls to my mind the expression of a lady, more interesting than Elvira was, when she was asked for *the reason* of a sentiment which she had advanced. ‘Ladies,’ was her reply, ‘are not required to’ give their reasons’—all which, at the moment, was a very convenient response.”

My friend, I conclude, had scarcely followed me to the end of my reply, while exhibiting my preferences in characters, as he commenced soliloquizing in the language of Elvira:

"O men! men! ungrateful and perverse!

O women, still affectionate though wronged."

On our return way, when we had reached the plaza, the procession which we had before seen pass through the square, was just re-entering it, after having proceeded to the house of the sick woman who, it was said, was just at the point of dying. The procession, with a larger attending crowd, passed along the cathedral, to enter a smaller chapel, located at its side, while the plaintive dirge or chanted mass for the infirmo, came again to us, over the dark plaza, in its soft and affecting wail. The lights streamed in the distance from us, as they gleamed through the colored lanterns or glowed from the waxen tapers, now borne above the heads of the female singers, or along beside an elevated cross and the priest. The lights of the procession, however, served not to render distinct a number of persons kneeling in the arcade of the plaza, along which we were walking, and still less those who were prostrate in the centre of the square, intervening between ourselves and the chapel, into which the procession, on its return, was entering. To facilitate our arrival at the chapel to witness the termination of a scene which had struck us as so peculiar, we were in the act of crossing the square, and had reached near the fountain that now slept in the deep shades of the night. Several were here kneeling, over whom we were nigh stumbling, while *our hats* were still upon our heads; little supposing that, at such a distance from the main scene, and in the darkness of the square, we could be giving displeasure to a people, even had we been the most scrupulous in our purposes not to offend their superstitious and idolatrous prejudices. But we soon learned to the contrary, as shouts of "*off hats—off hats,*" were raised from various quarters, and opprobrious epithets greeted our ears; while, on the impulse of the moment, and not relishing the stiletto in so dark a place, we uncovered as

we continued to advance to the chapel. As we entered, the last strains from the female voices were ending—the priest added his “*Dominus vobiscum*” et finem—the lights were extinguished—and the crowd dispersed.

It was until a late hour I sat, this last night in Lima, in the balcony adjacent to my room; and which jutted out over the sidewalk of the street. The city was wrapped in silence. The tapers, which but dimly light the city in the early part of the evening, had gone entirely out. The moisture of the night-fall rendered more distinct the step of the watchman, and the shrill note of his thrice-blown whistle as he gave his salutation to the Virgin at every recurring hour. Nowhere have I heard the watch cry of the night hour so sweetly sung as here, succeeding the shrill pipe, which, with its pauses, comes to the ear as a prelude to the watchman’s sonorous and clear voice :

“Ave Maria sanctissima—los doce handado—
Viva Peru—y sereno.”

Hail Maria, Virgin most pure,
By the night watch, twelve is the hour ;
Long live Peru, home of the free,
The night is serene, peace be with ye.

RETURN TO THE FRIGATE CUMBERLAND, THE FLAG SHIP OF
THE HOME OR GULF SQUADRON.

But it may be deemed that I am too long playing the truant away from the good frigate Cumberland, the Flag Ship of the Home Squadron, anchored off the islet of Sacrificios, and awaiting with her associate war-ships the demonstrations of the Mexican government—whether they shall be for peace or for war with the United States of North America. Back again then, to the BROAD PENNANT, I would hie, and re-greet old shipmates, associations, and scenes ; and make record of the leisure—the action—the monotony—and the movements

of the GULF SQUADRON, for the reader who may feel sufficient interest to follow me through the period of the Mexican difficulties, during the time to which the pages following may be devoted.

SECTION IV.

OFF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

ONCE more on board the good frigate *Cumberland*, my narrative in continuation will make record of the whereabouts—the rest and the unrest of the Home Squadron, for a twelvemonth onward and more, from the time of the arrival of the *Cumberland* at the station of the Flag, off the city and castle of Vera Cruz.

The *Cumberland* had now been for some days moored in her place of rest, on the bosom of the comparatively small expanse of water lying between the coral lip of the little island of SACRIFICIOS, and the yellow beach of the mainland. This sheet of water is generally unrippled during the morning, or, at least has been so during the time we have been reposing on its still bosom; and the decks of our ship have exhibited at such hours as little apparent motion to one's consciousness, while one promenades upon them, as the parlor-floor of one's dwelling on the shore. But, towards noon the sea-breeze begins to set in; and though the mimic waves break the surface of the water as the sea-breeze freshens in the after part of the day, the frigate yet feels them not, as the breath of old ocean cools the brows which have been heated by the intense rays of the morning sun.

The books, however, which narrate of this coast, speak of high northerly winds which frequently prevail here, called

the Northers, which sometimes rage with the fierceness of a hurricane ; and woe to the ship whose cables give way, or anchors drag—as the wind at such times comes from a point that makes it a hopeless case for the ship to escape the lee-shore of the main, or the coral reefs, that nearly inhem this anchorage ground. To witness one of these Northers while we are lying at safe moorings, is a natural desire of us, newly arrived, as being one of the characteristics of these seas and shores during the months preceding April. And indeed, we find ourselves not too late, as March generally claims her proportion of these northern furies, which come down on a wing so fleet and heavy, that they try well the moorings of every vessel over which they sweep. For two or three days past there have seemed to be indications that our curiosity in this particular of the Norther should be gratified. It is said when this visitor is about to career over these neighboring seas and coasts, the high peak of Orizava, some hundred miles in the interior, comes up to the view and exhibits its once burning and still beautiful cone, high above the clouds, snow-capped and distinct, in the rarefied air. So has Orizava exhibited itself to us for a few days past, except its snow, towering high up in its softened and mellowed proportions, while the clouds, nearer to us, sailed below its conical summit. The barometer, too, has fallen. The calm that precedes the whirlwind has prevailed. And having sent these precursors before it, the *Norther itself* has come to-day, leaving no doubt as to its credentials, as it blows, with a voice of mournful cadence, through the rigging of the ship, and sends its spray, in sheets, like driven hail, along the sides of the frigate, and chafes the waters of the inner harbor into tumult, and foam, and fury. But the outer reefs present the greater beauty, agitation, and frenzy. As the blue wave comes rolling down under the impulse of the north wind, it meets, in its heave, the coral reef, while

these lines of rocks, which have stood the buffet of the sea-surf for ages, yield not to the impulse, as their coral bulwarks, indignant, throw back the wave, and dash it into foam and froth, or disperse it into cascades and cataracts, high in the air and wide on the sea. Wave after wave still comes on, unchecked and obedient to the call of the winds, which roar loud in their commands; but the heavy rolls of the sea, as they come in, meet a like fate, as they break, in tumult, and confusion, and death, on the reef. The whole surface of the sea is in wild agitation. The island of Sacrificios, on the north, east, and west, is surrounded by a line of cascades, as the surf breaks on its reefs; and the elements above and beneath seem on their errand of desolation; while the ships under the lee of Sacrificios, riding at their three anchors, with top-masts and top-gallant-masts housed, and yards sent down, lie easily, and almost quiet, though the murmur of the winds through the rigging, still aloft, seems to sound a requiem too loud for the rest of the dead or the dying, but yet in harmony with the scene of threatening destruction that menaces around. The roar of the elements still increases, and the swell of the sea yet rises; though the gale is unattended by mist or rain, and thus the indication is for a shorter duration of the Norther. We thank the elements for this specimen of their power, before their present season of carousal is over; and will take good care, when visiting these seas, in certain months, not to be found too near a lee shore with light ground tackle, and the prognostics of a Norther in the skies.

SACRIFICIOS.

For several days after our frigate had dropped her anchors, I felt no disposition to visit the shore. The yellow beach, with the in-rolling breakers dashing on it—the reefs,

with their beautiful lines of coruscating light—Vera Cruz in the distance—the shipping surrounding us—the writing of letters—the moonlit skies above us by night—and the soft breezes that swept by us by day—together with a thousand nameless occupations in small things, occupied my attention and beguiled the hours as they insensibly passed away, while finishing, besides, the perusal of a few books to their conclusion, which had been commenced at the time of our sailing from Boston for our present moorings off Vera Cruz, the seaport town of Mexico. Our boats had been passing and repassing from the ship to the little island, under whose lee we are lying, and which was named SACRIFICIOS, by the Spaniards, it is said, from the circumstance that the original inhabitants, whom they found on this coast, had a temple here, in which they offered the sacrifice of human beings—probably criminals who had been condemned by their laws to suffer a capital punishment, as the penalty of their offence. The remains of this temple are still to be seen, with the outline of its form. And there are walls of coral rock nearing the beach, which seem to indicate, at one period, the existence of a fortification. A French man-of-war, while lying here, put her men to a laudable occupation, to fill up their leisure hours, in making excavations in different parts of this little island, which is made up of coral rock, and sand, and patches of green herbage, a wild matted bean, and bamboo. They were rewarded for their toil, by the discovery of many Indian remains, in the form of domestic utensils, war-weapons, and some vases, said to have done credit to the arts of the Aztecs, and the dependencies of that extensive people, who, when Cortez arrived on these coasts, and mailed himself for the conquest of the empire, were ruled by the unfortunate Montezuma. But the grounds now, within the walls of this temple, afford but little encouragement to the knights of the pickaxe and shovel.

Aside from the stories and olden legends connected with this island, it assumes a present interest, as being the place of interment for the dead, who are borne from the ships that lie at anchor at this station. Here, too, are the monuments of some, who have fallen in battle, a noble few—for all are called *noble* who die in battle—or, as is said on a French monument here, over some who thus fell :

“ Morts en faisant leur devoir.”

And this was at the siege of the castle of San Juan de Ullua by the French.

An ocean beach is always beautiful—it is almost always grand—it sometimes is terrific. I walked quite around the beach of this little island, now in its calm, almost without a mimic breaker wetting its coral lips, where, sometimes, the troubled Norther throws his deep rollers far on and far up the north and western parts of the beach, and dashes on to the coral shore the shells from the ocean, and wrecks thousands of that gallant little fleet of gorgeous colors, that the sailors call *the Portuguese men-of-war*. Multitudes of these mollusca were now lying on the north beach, their sails shivered to shreds, and their hulks anchored by their glutinous cables to shells or pieces of coral, and still retaining the prismatic colors of the rainbow. Their position on the shore almost disproves the idea, which, to some extent, prevails among mariners and the scientific, that they have the power, at their pleasure, to take in their sails, or to compress their thin inflated membrane, and sink fathoms down in the deep, and thus escape destruction in a gale at sea. And yet, in our course through the Caribbean sea, I watched these beautiful little yachts, suitable only for the fairies to sail in, and thought I marked them in greatest abundance on the sea at the hour of evening, when it was mildly cool, rather than at mid-day, when it was uncomfortably warm ; and in the calm,

rather than in the storm or freshening breeze. And where did they betake themselves at those times less pleasant for their cradling on the blue billow? I gave them credit for *sinking* to their calmer homes, far down in the deep, whenever there was aught but pleasant seas and favoring skies above. But why found not these thousand fragile barks, which were here driven on the beach, a like security from shipwreck, by seeking a calm far down in the deep, before they were cast upon the coral shore of Sacrificios, by the tempestuous Northerners?

I gathered from the beach specimens of corals of curious shapes and colors—some scallop-shells also, of less interest, and placed them among the cane-brakes to be brought off to the ship, at another hour. I tramped upon a greater curiosity still—a black piece of sea-pitch, so thoroughly hardened on a piece of white coral, and so entirely insinuated into the pores, that it seemed a layer of Egyptian marble on a Parian slab, and would form a fine surface for a cameo. The sea-pitch floats in sufficient quantities, in these seas, to enable the men-of-war to collect sufficient supplies from the reefs, for lacquering their guns, to which it gives a beautiful surface of polished black. Whence this dark substance comes, some say that nobody knows, except it be from the capacious mouth of that submarine volcano, which some other very imaginative people think, may give heat to the gulf stream, although that stream be a hundred and more miles wide, and in some places, for all I know to the contrary, as many miles deep, and flows on in one mass, from the south to the northern latitudes. There is an odor given out by the soft specimens of this sea-floating substance, like that which is peculiar to the fresh guava. Some of its harder specimens deserve the appellation of the *black amber of the seas*.

THE SABBATH, MARCH 22, 1846.

To-day is Sunday. The usual religious services have been gone through—prayers read, hymn, music of the band, and sermon. A heavy sigh waking in the deep stillness that followed the conclusion of the discourse, I felt to be one of the best assurances that the subject had reached the emotions, at least, of one heart. A sigh, when none is thought to hear—a tear, when none is thought to see, evidences to the sincerity of the feelings of the swelling bosom and the breaking heart.

Before the services, one of the Lieutenants was seated at the mess-table turning over the leaves of his Prayer-Book, preparatory to the services of the day, and called me to listen to some beautiful lines which he had copied upon one of its blank leaves ; and he read them to me as copied below. The heart of every one, who has lived longer or shorter, can testify to the truthfulness of the sentiment, and to the natural poetry of the lines. They were in such harmony with my discourse, that I was almost induced to repeat them.

“ Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot,
Where mortals weep no more ?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest ?
The loud wind settled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, no !

“ Tell me, thou mighty deep
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,

Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs ?
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies ?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, no !

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace ;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot ?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew, in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, no !

Tell me, my secret soul !
O, tell me, Hope and Faith !
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death ?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest ;
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered, 'yes—in
Heaven !'

There were several beautiful things of nature, that this same blessed Prayer-Book in the hands of the Lieutenant developed, which I would not too freely communicate, but which he, in his frankness and fullness of heart, as it mellowed with the affectionate reminiscences of those he loved, freely narrated to me. His wife, who is young like himself, and beautiful like her own lovelier self, exacted from him a promise, as they talked of their separation, that every morn-

ing and evening, while absent from her, he would read, by himself, the prayers for morning and evening, of the Prayer-Book. And he forgets it not, and adds another manuscript prayer of his own, one expression of which shows the devotion of his love. I would copy it all, but I should fear I trespassed too much on the hallowedness of private emotions; and yet it would show how hearts of devoted love are often called, in the naval service, to separate from each other for months and years, with the solitudes, and anxieties, and affection, which are felt only by those whose spirits are blended as one, for time and a hoped-for happy eternity. He prays his God, the Father of all mercies, to bless his dear wife, now separated from him; to sustain her; guard her from all evil, and (as the passage to which I have already alluded) "render her ever what she now is, the best as well as the fairest of creatures." Some might think there was some little peculiarity of theology in the phraseology of this; but he who has a heart that has given its devotion to an object worthy of its hallowed trust, knows that even such words could be offered in sincerity, profound thanksgiving, and humility, to the God who sees the heart in all its openness and gratitude.

It is said by a divine who is still living, and of some deserved distinction—"I would never give up even an abandoned young man, so long as there is hope that his heart may be captured by a virtuous woman."

"We are made much better, by the hallowed influence of such a character," I said to the Lieutenant, as I alluded to the religious solicitude of his companion; "and women are the best half of our world; and nothing more certainly assures me of the defect in that man's character, and a secret corruption in his morals if not an open disregard to them, than when I hear him speaking sneeringly or slightly of the female sex."

"Yes," replied the Lieutenant, "they make us better than our nature has made us." And the conversation glided on to the peculiar relationship of the married life, in its self-devotion of each to the other, and a fullness of the heart's breathing aspirations for the happiness of one's companion in all things, which none can know in its fullness who has not formed those relations. The subject was one that led our thoughts into associations that broke my heart; and soon "all hands" were called, *by a toll upon the ship's bell*, to religious worship.

A SEAMAN'S BURIAL IN A SQUADRON AT ANCHOR.

There is much that is imposing, and much that is profound, in the solemnity of a burial at sea. More especially so, when that burial is from on board a man-of-war of the largest class. But there is something, perhaps, equally and yet more striking in the exhibition presented to the eye, when the body of a sailor is borne from some ship of a squadron, lying at anchor. Such a scene occurred to-day, the 8th of April, from our squadron, now lying under the island of Sacrificios. On board the St. Mary's, the farthest out ship of the fleet, lay the sleeping sailor in his coffin, with the flag of his country shrouding it. A boat from the Cumberland—another from the frigate Potomac, which has been added to our force—another from each of the sloops, the John Adams and the Falmouth, had pulled to the St. Mary's at the hour at which the signals from the Cumberland, as the Flag Ship, had directed. It was 5 o'clock of the evening. The wind was blowing heavily, and the swell ran high, but the waves broke not. Still, the wind being so fresh and the St. Mary's lying at the windward, a signal was made at the mizzen head of the Cumberland, saying, that "the Chaplain would join the procession near the shore," as they stood in to the island, in

the bosom of which the mariner was now to be interred. The bells of the ship struck five*—the body had been carried over the gangway of the St. Mary's to the boat, by the mess-mates of him whom they were soon to bear to his final sleep. In a moment more, the boat shot off from the ship with an American ensign half-masted in her stern-sheets. She was followed by the boats which had pulled to the St. Mary's from the different ships, with their ensigns as the first. At this moment, when the boats fell into line, the flags of the whole squadron, in unison, dropped to half-mast; and the cross of St. George, aboard Her British Majesty's ship, followed the motions of the American vessels as the boats stood on over the blue swell, in full view of all the ships of the squadron, successively crossing their bows. The cutter of the Cumberland had already been manned and waited for me at the steps, ready to shove off. The little fleet of boats composing the procession still neared. I entered the cutter, when she shoved from the ship's side. The men giving way heavily upon their oars, pulled to the windward in time to come in at the head of the line; and in this order the several boats, reached the shore. The procession was formed on the beach, without delay—the marines in advance—the Chaplain—the bearers with the body—succeeding which followed the boats' crews in their peculiar and neat sailor dresses, together with the attending officers. They soon reached the burial ground, where many a sailor lies now interred, who has found his grave in a foreign land; and all now gathered around the grave of their shipmate. The body was lowered to its rest, when, as all uncovered, the Chaplain began the service at the grave: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." As the service proceeded, the wild wind from

* Two o'clock by sea-time.

the ocean swept over the small island ; and the voice of the in-rolling surf, as it broke in caldrons of foam and high sheets of spray over the long coral reefs, extending either way from the island on the north, chimed in its hoarse sea-moan in the services for the dead !

And here, the poor sailor was soon left in his coral bed, as they heaped upon his coffin the disintergrated particles of corals and shells, which, by the attrition of ages, have been reduced to the minuteness of sand, of which the surface of the island is composed. And here the lone sailor boy will lie ; and above him, the sea mean will often chant his requiem in the gale from the ocean, while the wild North-er shall come down on its heavy wing, as the surf rolls its long and troubled line of breakers upon the coral reef, sounding hoarse in the voice of many waters, as it throws the sea foam far up on the beach.

I may here add, as an associate incident of the scene which I have above described, that neither the French nor Spanish ships lowered their colors half-mast, as naval courtesy would have suggested, as the line of our boats crossed their bows. The English, always foremost in the observance of national courtesies, were too polite, if not to say too Christian, in the proper sense of that word, to omit such a becoming notice. Every ship of the squadron of our nation would have done this, had a burial taken place from either ship of the other flags lying here. Where, then, are we to look for the cause of the omission on this occasion, on the part of the French and Spanish ships ? I could find no other answer than in the *false system of the Roman Catholic religion*, which forms the state religion of the French and Spanish nations.

In the island of Madeira, at one period, a *Protestant stranger* was not permitted to be interred upon the island, but was plunged into the sea for his burial ; where the body should sail in the deep currents of the ocean, or become food

for the sharks, which prey upon the human species when opportunity is offered to them as well as on their own. And so prevalent was this refusal of the rites of burial to Protestants, by Catholic communities, that there is even a custom among sailors to have a *cross* tattooed upon their arms, that if, by chance, they should die in a Roman Catholic country, their bodies might be respected, and be allowed a quiet interment on the shore.

At Rio de Janeiro, in 1838, (and I presume at the present time,) the English Church was not permitted to conduct its services *with the doors of the building closed*.

At Valparaiso, in 1839, (and I presume at the present moment,) a house for Protestant worship was allowed to the English on the condition that the building should possess no appearance other than a private dwelling. A common room like the usual ell of a building in our own country, was appropriated for the service of the church. The Catholic Bishop of Santiago, the capital of Chili, gave orders, at one time, to have even this house closed; and it was deemed imprudent, by an *American Consul*, that a Chaplain of the United States Navy should wear his gown from the Consul's house to this building on a Sunday, where he was by invitation to officiate, though this humble room for religious worship was but a short distance from the Consulate's, and the way not very public. Do the Clergy or the people of our church *know* what is *the spirit* of the institutions of Popery while they are advocating its supposed harmless tendencies—its antique pretensions—and what they seem to regard as inoffensive assimilations? God save them from their ignorance and self-deception on this subject, until intentionally or meanlessly, they shall bring upon the Church an evil greatly to be deprecated, so far as their liberties of conscience, political, and personal, are dear to the heart, which has swelled in the luxury of that freedom, and in the possession of these manly and blessed

rights so dearly purchased by our forefathers, and peculiar in a great degree to our own land and the age in which we live.

There is *no charity* in the system of the Catholics, towards those who are without their pale. I know not if there is any general benevolence. I should be afraid to trust myself under its power, unless public sentiment, formed by the combination of other principles than those inherent in the Romish church, served to shield me. *Liberty of thought is a sin, according to their creed.* *Liberty of action* is denied to those who adopt their creed. *Liberty of person* is even precarious, where the creed of the Papal church holds its preponderance. Each of these propositions I feel ready to substantiate, from my own personal observation, if called for, or is desirable. And though I believe in the sincerity of some of the clergy of the Episcopal Church, who from their high church prepossessions, are driven to the countenance of Puseyism, I yet feel that they are doing a most *unpatriotic* service to their country—endangering their priceless birthright, as American citizens—and jeoparding the dearest interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, by the advocacy of an assimilation to the Roman system, or by an attempt to palliate and to conceal the tendencies and the defects of the Papal politico-religious Hierarchy, *the spirit* of which I believe, *from observation* as well as from reading, has not been changed, nor ever will be, so long as the canons of the Council of Trent shall form its constitution, and a Papal head at Rome directs its executive and spiritual concerns, in the world. I have wished to be as forbearing as possible, in Christian charity, towards the Catholic Church. I have wished to find some counterbalancing good, that would lead me to hope a reform in its spirit of intolerance, not only in principle but also in practice. I have looked in vain. I have *waited* in the formation of my opinions. I have ex-

amined, and I have seen, at home and abroad; and I have come to a conclusion, which I dislike to embrace, in all charity; but I am forced to believe, in my conscience, that *the Spirit of Popery* is unchanged—its supremacy in any country, unchecked by the attacks of political, religious, and personal freedom, would lead again to the repetition of acts of barbarity, that this age shudders at. And further, I believe, that the advance of science and philosophy, especially the more accurate philosophy of the mind, in our day and of advancing time, as is hoped, will undermine this institution, which now trammels the intellect and the religious freedom of its members, and that it will fall; a splendid ruin, indeed, of days gone by, but whose pillars, and capitals, and domes shall present, to the mental philosopher, proportions of far less beauty for a spiritual temple, than ancient architecture has left us for models, in structures of material workmanship.

A SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.

The American Squadron at Anchor off the Island of Sacrificios.

Moonlight on the water is always poetic, whether it be on the sea, lake, or river. And if there are other elements entering into the grouping, to make up the composition of the scene, the effect is enhanced. The mellowed foliage on the river's banks—the single and noiseless canoe gliding along the stream in the moon's wake, as it discovers itself, like a speck, on the silver streak of the water—or perhaps a larger craft at moorings, discovering her naked spars and almost invisible hamper, though nothing is heard or seen to live aboard of her—all adds to the picture, and assists the imagination to create and to colour. Our squadron at midnight, when the moon is peering high and bright, presents a moonlit scene, that would delight the eye of the landsman in contemplation, and awaken the feeling of romance in the imagi-

native. Fancy, then, an expanse of water, with its still bosom sending back to the sky the moonbeams which she pours out upon the almost unrippled surface, but which is ruffled sufficiently to indicate that the gentlest breeze, so grateful to the cheek, is passing by. The main land, in the distance, is extending either way, northwest and southeast, and the distant cupolas and domes and steeples of the city of Vera Cruz, line themselves, though but faintly, in the distance on the horizon, which looms more brightly than the heavens higher above it. The Castle of San Juan de Ullua traces its upper line of the ramparts darkly but distinctly on the distant sky; and still more distant north, the bosom of the eternal ocean spreads out its wide expanse. Nearer sleeps the little island of Sacrificios, a coral circlet, covered with a growth of evergreen vines and bamboo, which serve to yield a beautiful contrast of dark shade to the lighter rim of the moon-lit beach. And off from this island, a few hundred yards, lie at moorings our noble fleet. The ships are palaces of the sea, which repose on their native element, to-night, as still as the noiseless dwellings of any city or village home. No voice is heard throughout the fleet. No light is seen. The tall masts of the different ships point to the heavens as they taper in their height; and their fine cordage and cross-spars serve to mark the outlines of their beautiful proportions, while their hulls throw their heavier shadows upon the moon-lit bosom of the sea. Occasionally, the tramp of the watch-officer may be heard as it comes from one ship to the other, as he who has the watch paces fore and aft the deck. More than a thousand sleepers are in their hammocks, at this near mid hour of the night. At the door of the cabin a single light is burning; and the "orderly" is moving backwards and forwards, in front of the Commodore's apartments. Nothing could be more hushed, than is the stillness that hath settled on these ships. But, one tap of the drum at

this moment would send every man to his quarters ; and five minutes scarcely should be passed before a broadside from each ship should be fired, if the occasion required it and the order commanded it. But all, save the watch officer and the look-outs and the sentinels, now sleep ; when, at the moment of twelve o'clock, the "orderly" from the cabin door raises his head above the upper deck, and cries 'eight bells !' The quarter-master reports the hour to the officer of the deck, and the next moment eight strokes tell the hour of midnight on the ship's bell. The sound is borne over the decks of the ship, and echoes, still on, over the water to the neighboring frigates, and is repeated from ship to ship as each look-out in his place cries aloud, "All's well !" "all's well !" and then all is hushed again throughout the squadron, as if no voice had been heard—as if the tongue of no bell had struck—and as if the night of death had now gathered on those profound sleepers on the deep. And yet the murmur of the sea-surf breaks still on the distant shore, in its monotony and night-hour sublimity, and bears to the sad heart yet deeper melancholy. And the moon still goes on in her still path of the soft and pure heavens. And the bright stars smile or weep, though the tears they wake, are only in the eyes of their worshipers. So, at midnight, have I stood on the deck of our fine frigate, and thought on the hours of other days, when the heart was happy, but which now wept for some beloved who are not.

There can be no hour more powerful in its influences on the heart, than such an hour as I have described. The thoughts are rendered doubly intense, whatever may be the train of association on which they go—whether sad or joyous. The heart is bettered, as it melts in grief, or softens in devouter affection for those we love, or yields its holier emotion in worship of the God who spread out the beautiful expanse of the heavens, and placed those innumerable and silent

spheres in their eternal and bright positions. How ceaselessly do they shine ! How noiselessly move on their nightly but ever-repeated courses ! And they yield their silent sympathy to every shade of the heart, that muses on their beautiful spheres. And as one thinks of them, as rolling on from the east to the west, to the homes of those he loves, he almost dreams that he can speak a message to those bright stars, which they shall bear to the ears of his friends, and repeat it as they shall pass the meridian of their chambers. Or as they come on their way from the east to the gazers at a yet more western point of his wandering, he thinks he can hear a low murmur from them of some affectionate message, which his friends have spoken to them in their bright passage, as those friends gazed in their bright faces, and commanded them to deliver it to him who has far gone from them, but whom they follow with their prayers and their loves. One of my last letters told me, that my own sweet boy, "who loves the stars," sent a message by them, "to his own dear papa ;" though, as yet, he but looks upon those gems as some bright attendants on "the madam moon," whom he nightly invites to come down from her bright halls and "take a cup of tea" with him. For his sweet message, his "own papa" returned to him the following acknowledgment :

Come, son, and we will gaze upon the stars,
As they, successive, drive their evening cars,
And from the East ride up the velvet sky,
When night her spangled arch springs wide and high.

The Lyra is thy natal star, my boy,
That nightly sings for thee its lay of joy ;
And down it throws its coruscating light,
As streams its diamond-changing fires, at night.

List ! list ! my son, and hear the music wake,
As from that star the gentlest voices speak,
But in a tone so sweetly soft and low,
Thou scarce, my son, canst hear its music now :

"Thou beautiful, thou blue-eyed boy,
Thou art thy father's fondest joy,
Nor is there in the world beside
A pearl so wakes his love and pride.

"And when he looks upon the Lyre,
That lovely star of changing fire,
He muses and he hopes for thee
A bright and holy destiny.

"And if on other gems of light
He gazes, at the hours of night,
The holiest thoughts that wake of his,
All ask for thee a cherub's bliss—

"A bliss beyond those shining gems
Where heaven holds out its diadems,
And woos the holy to their rest,
Where homes are bright, and always blest.

"And in those bright, sweet homes above,
Where angels and the happy rove,
Thy dear mamma, thou sweetest boy,
Gives forth, for thee, her smile of joy.

"And as she looks adown on thee,
Her dear, sweet son, sometimes to see,
She says, as Angel she will come,
And take thee to her own bright home.

"Nor only when he reads the stars,
Thine own papa awakes his prayers,
But each wing'd hour he prays for thee,
While bounding o'er the deep blue sea."

Then gaze upon the bright-eyed stars, my son,
My motherless, my blue-eyed one;
They'll tell thee, in their hymn, my sweetest boy,
Thou art thy father's only, earthly joy!

LETTERS FROM BLESSED HOME.

It is the first budget of letters when one has been a time from home, which he awaits with the greatest impatience,

and receives with a joyousness that no one but the traveler can duly estimate, who has left behind him those with whom his heart, in its memories, often stays, and for whom, in his most hallowed hours, he often prays. In the chances and the changes of this life, often so sudden, no one knows what a day, a week, a month, may write of grief for him. Once, it was an occurrence in my own experience, that a package of letters reached me abroad, which conveyed the intelligence of the death of thirteen acquaintances, a number of whom were kindred. Six months had intervened between the time of the letters which I had before received, and those I was then perusing. And I remember, at the same time, there were those in the squadron who had their hearts broken by the news of the death of those who were near and dear to them, to an extent of mournful intelligence, that a good Providence but seldom metes out on similar absences. As our own ship was expected to touch at Pensacola, from Boston, on our way to Vera Cruz, one or two vessels left Pensacola for our fleet, without bringing our letters. But on the 29th of March, the steamer Mississippi was descried in the offing, coming steadily in, and all hearts of our frigate bounded in expectation of those blessed messengers from home, which so delight the wanderers on their necessitated track, which leads them distant from those they love. And when the noble vessel came in, gliding under the pressure of steam, and presenting the fine proportions of a noble frigate, she had but a moment anchored, before a well-proportioned letter-bag was borne to the Flag Ship, and its contents, in right good quantities, were poured out. My own budget assured me, that however my own heart may often bleed, there are friends and kindred who would gladly bind it up and make it happy. I had preached on board the John Adams, during the morning, a signal having been made from our frigate, saying that "the Chaplain would hold ser-

vices on board that ship to-day ;” and, on my return to the Cumberland, found the good pile of communications awaiting me. And then, it was on the 29th of March, a day that has for me associations, which made the perusal of my letters, coincident in their reception, on that day, yet more feeling, as I read their contents, and learned that my cherub boy was well, and happy in his glee, unconscious of sorrow, while he has yet to learn his loss on earth, unless, in the guiding providence of the Eternal, his angel-mother, in heaven, may yet influence his steps on earth for his greater happiness, though all unconscious now, that his is a motherless infancy. God be praised, that he is well, my cherished boy.

A MOVEMENT OF THE SHIPS.

The FLAG SHIP of a squadron is always regarded as holding the most favorable position in a fleet, both for information and convenience. She is the Commodore's ship. From her all orders issue. To her all communications are made ; and she is deemed the centre of all the news that reaches the station, or which is conveyed from it. It is from the Flag Ship that all signals are made, by which all the vessels of the squadron direct their actions. And when lying at anchor, and within signal distance, even to the loosing and the furling of sails ; sending up and sending down yards ; general quarters for exercising the men at the guns ; and, in fine, every evolution throughout the fleet, is directed by signals from the Flag Ship ; and in the omission of signals the motions of the Flag Ship are to be followed by all the other ships of the squadron. This, of necessity, requires a continued look-out on the part of all the vessels in the fleet ; and, of consequence, there are many glasses pointed continually, by day and by night, towards the FLAG SHIP.

It is often the policy of the Commodore, who is the Commander-in-chief, to preserve the strictest silence and secrecy as to any intended movement of the ships; and a signal, at any moment, may be made "to prepare for sailing," without a person, save himself, knowing the destination of the squadron—those on board the Flag Ship being as ignorant of the Commodore's intentions as any other officers of the squadron, though the wise ones, if any where, are expected to be found on board the ship of the Commander-in-chief.

Thus lay our squadron on the 18th of April—the Saint Mary's having been sent with despatches to Pensacola, with instructions soon to return and bear us the letters that may have accumulated there for our squadron. A land breeze was setting off the shore sufficient to fill the canvas of any vessel which chose to gain an offing and take her course northward. But the different ships at the anchorage lay at their moorings, as if they would sleep there for ever, so quiet were they in their rest and unconcern as to all expectation of soon lifting their anchors. A few pieces of different colored bunting, however, each one standing for a number, were seen to be run up to the mizzenmast-head of the Cumberland. That death-sleep, that seems so entirely to have settled on a man-of-war, as she is usually viewed in the distance at her moorings, of a sudden was now broken. Several of the vessels were seen passing up their sheets and tacks, which had been unshackled for the easier handling of the sails while exercising in harbor; and another signal crossed the yards—the top-gallant and the royal yards—which is, as a general thing, a sure indication that a ship is designing to put to sea. Ere long the Falmouth, lying at a distance at which her different evolutions could be seen, and orders, as they were given, heard, was perceived to be heaving in her cable, as link after link could be seen, by the glass, to rise from the water and recede by the hauser-hole;

and occasionally, a note of the fife, by which the tramp of the men marked the time as they bore around the capstan, came over the water to the ear. Ere long the men lay aloft, the sails fell, the anchor was weighed, and the Falmouth was standing out from her late moorings to the wide ocean, which lay to the north of us, in its sheen and wide expanse. Still the frigates and the John Adams slept in their places. But ere long, a few more of those spotted and striped pieces of bunting, so quickly read by the quarter-masters and deciphered by the flag-officers of the distant ships, were run up; and now the two frigates, the Potomac and our own Cumberland, were all action. The bars of the capstan were manned, the stanchions having been triced up, the gratings shipped, and three hundred and more men walked around with the capstan, as the messenger was wound around it and brought in the iron clanking chain, fathom after fathom, until the anchor was apeak; and then the order to pall the capstan came from the First-Lieutenant who now had the deck. The capstan palled, thus keeping home all the chain that had come in, the seamen laid aloft to loose the sails. In unison they fell, top-sails, top-gallant-sails, and courses, when the head sails being laid aback to the mast, the ship kept her rest until the men, again on the deck, walked around with the capstan, tripped the anchor, and the ship paid off. The gib was run up to facilitate her movement; and soon the royals and the flying-jib were set, and the noble Cumberland, in her full dress of white, was standing north, directing the frigate Potomac, which had followed our movements, and the Falmouth, to follow our course. The three ships, leaving the John Adams still at anchor, stood north, but to what point they were destined, few of either ship's company knew. But we had not long been on the wing, the wind handsomely filling our sails, before a large vessel, evidently, from her tall spars, a man-of-war, was seen

standing down directly for us. Nearer and still nearer the ships came—the Cumberland in advance of our party—and the distant ship as if she feared nought stood yet boldly on, until her distinct proportions declared her to be of a class with ourselves—a noble frigate, handsomely handled, and exhibiting herself a beauty of her class as she came yet nearer. It was a fine exhibition, and a beautiful presentment of two frigates bearing down for action. She was known and was hourly expected, and she evidently recognized ourselves; for, ere long, the flame came forth from her sides and the loud thunder of her cannon came over the sea, as the smoke rolled away and afar to the leeward, while our own guns returned the fire. It was the U. S. frigate Raritan, Captain Gregory, saluting the BROAD PENNANT of the Cumberland. A signal was soon run up to the mizzen head, that told this new comer “to take her place on our starboard quarter” and keep us company. The four ships having made a short sail together, put back to an island farther out to sea than Sacrificios, and there came to anchor, under the lee of this little islet, known as Isla de Verde or Green Island.

As expected, another goodly proportioned bag of dispatches and letters ere long made its appearance from the Raritan, and the night was spent in reading of the health, and the happiness, and the love of endeared ones. Such were the grateful epistles received by myself—I hope they were equally acceptable, the many received by others.

The next morning broke; and its earliest beam as it came over the sea, lighted up our decks, while the sound of “up anchors ahoy!” was piped through the ship. The three frigates and the Falmouth were again soon to sea, standing on a northerly course—the frigates taking their places, the one on our larboard, the other on our starboard beam, in a line with our front, while the Falmouth followed in our

wake. With the dusk of evening, the Falmouth was lost to the sight. No one expected the Falmouth to sail long in company with us, unless the frigates should shorten sail for her; and she was no more seen until the point to which our course was directed was nearly reached, when this ship was found to have made her way ahead of us, and lay at anchor off Takoluta, the place of our destination, which she had reached twenty-four hours before us.

TAKOLUTA.

The ships had come here for water. The French fleet, during their difficulties with the Mexicans, some few years since, resorted to this place for watering their ships. We lie off the shore, some two miles. The green foliage that extends quite down to the beach, and the profile of the more distant mountains in the interior, together present a pleasing view to the eye, far more inviting, as contemplated from the ship, than the sterile sand banks in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz. It is the tropical scenery over again—an old acquaintance of mine—the cocoa-nut tree, and bamboo, and the rich luxuriance of green, mellowing the view in the distance, but like many poetic objects, more beautiful oftentimes in the distance than at the nearer approach.

The ships came to anchor on the 23d of April. The next morning, with other officers, I visited the shore; and was gratified with a ramble among green foliage, and to breathe, on the ocean beach, with a free expanse of chest, which the walls of a ship sometimes seem to forbid to the heaving lungs. The boat, on leaving the ship, was pulled some two miles, to the narrow mouth of the Takoluta river, across which stretches a bar, and the breakers, at this time unusually high, rolled quite athwart the passage. Lieutenant Brasher took command of the boat, as we reached near the entrance and

saw the rollers breaking around us. With an eye that was practiced in the critical circumstances of a boat's landing through the surf, he at once took in our position and gave his orders.

"Look to yourselves there, men ; and take care that you catch no crabs with your oars, as the surf breaks. Lay on your oars and bear the blades above the water, as the rollers break," he cried, while the men continued to give way with a strong arm, and shot the boat still farther in towards the entrance of the river.

"Let her run now, and lay on your oars"—again cried the officer, as the boat was borne in on the top of a mighty roller, which was now making its way from the outer sea into the narrow pass of the river and over the shallow sands of the bar. In another moment, the heavy roller fell beneath its own weight, and dashed its foam, and froth, and fury, around our cutter, as if we were boiling in an immense caldron; and the surge, on whose green back we had been borne, had now sunk beneath us in its treachery and left us to be engulfed in the mad whirlpool of waters about us.

"Give way, men, give way!" again came from the officer, as another swell lifted the stern-sheets of the cutter, and the men again plied their oars, and shot the boat still further on, assisted by another careering billow, that still held itself together, as it rolled further in ; but, ere long, like its predecessor, broke, and left us amid a cataract of boiling waters, and nearly submerging our stern-sheets, as the surge put its curling lip over the stern of the boat, and more or less wet the officers in their places on the seats. Again the men lay on their oars, or applied them manfully at the moment of safety ; and, after a few moments had passed, we were in smooth water, gliding up the mouth of the little river in safety and in cheer, having only dampened ourselves among the foam and spray of the breakers,

enough to give a hot sun the opportunity of dissipating the salt water from our well-sprinkled garbs.

The boat ere long was beached, after we had gained a short distance up the river. A short walk took us to the small collection of bamboo shantees, which compose this settlement of some two hundred persons.

I passed through the place, receiving ready access to the houses, which are constructed of bamboos either split or whole, and generally smeared with mud, and whitewashed midway up from the ground to the thatched roof. There were few implements of comfort or utility presenting themselves, as I entered the different dwellings. Rough benches and a few chairs, made of wood and skins dried with the hair on, afforded seats for guests. The women were gently spoken—dressed with a petticoat, and a handkerchief affixed to the waist in front, with two corners tied on the back of the neck, thus covering the breast. Many of the children were naked, and many of the elder mothers and fathers were less dressed on the day before I visited the shore. One peculiarity of furniture, in most of the houses, was a swinging hammock suspended from a bamboo above, and serving as a cradle for their babies. Should they tumble out, their first landing would be upon the earth, the houses having no other flooring.

I called on the Alcalde, a kind of magistrate of the settlement, and he gave his nephew the keys of the church, and directed him to accompany me, having understood that I would like to enter it. The church is also a bamboo building, with its walls smeared with mud and straw inside and out, quite to the thatched roof. The principal and only ornament of the altar was a group of waxen images—one of the figures representing John the Baptist in the attitude of baptizing the Saviour. The Baptist holds a scallop-shell in his right hand, pouring the water on the Saviour, who is bending

before him; and in the other hand he holds a cross. A little anachronism I thought in the time of introducing *the cross*, as the Saviour, as yet, was not crucified, and it is rather probable that John the Baptist did not bear with him a cross on the occasions of his baptisms. I asked the person who accompanied me, if the second figure was intended to represent Jesus Christ: He said no, and insisted that it was a common man (*Mozo*), which suggested to my mind to ask him who was Jesus Christ? He replied, he did not know. But this is God, he said, taking a small image that stood on the front part of the altar, representing Christ upon the cross, with blood on his brow. I could hardly think that my attendant could be so entirely ignorant of the person of Jesus Christ, and I repeated the question, and received the same assurance, that he knew not who he was. And were there any Bibles in the place, I asked; could I find one? "No," he replied, "there was no Bible—there was no school. The priest came here once a year, and brought a Bible with him, (I doubt if this Mexican Indian did not mean the missal,) and he took it away with him again." But these people generally have a *cross* suspended about their necks, which, I suppose, the priest regards quite as good for them as a Bible, and yet more so. At least, they could not read the Bible, if they had it; and the cross, they think, will charm away all manner of evils. And though the priest comes here once a year, I was told that the people are married without any ceremonies of the church, if married at all; a matter which seemed to be quite equivocal in the mind of my informant, as to very many of them who had numbers of children.

I took a sail up the river in a canoe with an Indian; and had our ships remained at this anchorage a few days longer, I should have endeavored to make the passage of the river for some miles, to a city, within a day's journey, called Papantla, containing some 8000 inhabitants. And not far from its

neighborhood, it is said, there are interesting antiquities, giving a fair specimen of the developments made in other parts of Mexico, and showing that the ancient people of these regions were advanced in civilization and the arts to an extent of much interest to the antiquarian of this day, and of considerable architectural merit in the execution of some of their buildings. But after a bath from the Indian's canoe, and a swim in the fresh water stream, I again returned to the little bamboo village, and ere long to the frigate.

Previously, however, to the coming off of the sundown boat, I took a stroll on the beach, east of the shantee settlement, and in full view of the different ships of the squadron, which lay off the shore, in their beauty and grandeur, as their masts, in their unrest, indicated the gentle groundswell which moved their heavy masses. But what is the mass of all the navies of the world on the bosom of the mighty ocean? One swell of that heaving bosom, as sometimes it throws itself in some untold distress, would bury them all, unseen and afterward unheard of, far down in its deep chambers; and roll on its waves as before, and bear its sea-moan on the wing of the gale, and in the hoarse murmur of the storm. I love to roam on the beach, a single object on the lone and long shore, and hear the loud surf dash on the strand. Here, as I have elsewhere, I therefore strayed over the firm sand of the ocean's shore, and gathered shells from the beach, and other mementoes of a stroll alone, on such a day and at such an hour. There was one name, too, I wrote on the sand, with a pearl which I had found on the beach; and I watched the inroll of the surf as it came, in successive waves, and erased that name, as the broken roller passed over it and then again receded. Often have I—often do I write that name, when, alone, I thus roam on the sea shore; and thus I watch it as it fades, in the sand, away. But my thoughts, as I stand alone on the beach, go up to heaven,

where the flown spirit dwells; and I think that the God whose hand spread out the vast expanse of water, and holds the winds in his palm, and made earth and heaven in all their beauty and sublimity, hath stamped an immortality on the soul that may not pass away, but, in heaven, eternally shall live, and love, and be happy.

The wardroom boat ere long shoved off from the frigate and neared the shore, crossed the breakers, and entered the mouth of the river. I had reached the point where the boat came to the shore; and the officers having placed themselves in their seats, the cutter shoved off again, to meet the inroll of the breakers which seemed still higher to have augmented their proportions as they came in upon the bar. I had watched the last watering-boat from the beach, as she went off to the ship, loaded with casks of water, and considered it a dangerous adventure, thus to tempt destruction to a boat's crew. But nothing daunted ourselves, the men shot the cutter ahead, and soon we were amid the foaming billows, as they broke around us. But the head of the boat was skillfully kept perpendicular to the surge, as it came on to the rencounter, and broke and dashed by us, at times wetting us, and rendering the least deviation from the perpendicular to the roller as it came in, almost certain destruction. The men gave way upon their oars, as the commands of the officer reached them successively, and we were still dashing on, and were still met, and still dashed over with water, when a yet heavier roller came down upon us, and struck the bows of the boat as if it would stave her; but she rebounded and raised her bows, while the water rolled in upon either side of the cutter, as the broken surge passed along the gunwale of the boat and filled her, knee-deep, with its ourved and foaming edge, as it bent over and into the boat! It was a dangerous sea we then met and passed. It seemed the last, but there was one more. We rose upon it, and we glided

over it ; and now, with thankful hearts, and drenched coats, and wet feet, we were beyond the surf, on a sea that broke not, though the swell rose high ; and the boat, like a cork on the mimic wave, rose and fell, as we crossed the swell, and, ere long, gained the good frigate Cumberland. A cup of tea was awaiting us, which, with the agreeable chat of the mess table, rendered us again comfortable, after a ramble that made fatigue the precursor of welcome rest, and rest the contributor of a yet more invigorated system.

This point of Takoluta is made a rendezvous for smuggling, at times, the captains of vessels giving the custom-house officer some half the amount of the duty proper, and he putting as much, and only as much, of this half pay into the treasury as he may please.

On Saturday morning, the 25th, the surf still breaking on the bar at the mouth of the river, so as to render the crossing of boats for watering the ships dangerous, the squadron again went to sea. It was sooner than was expected. Only one day had been spent in conveying water to the Cumberland. But there were indications of a norther, and we were on a lee shore. Signals were made from the Cumberland to the other ships to prepare for sailing, and ere long they were all on their return course to the old anchorage of Sacrificios. Having had a pleasure sail of several days—gaining an airing—changing the scene—and proving that the Flag Ship is rather the best sailor of the squadron, we are now again along side the John Adams, which ship we left here at anchor. Our squadron is thus increased by the addition of the Raritan, while the ships, lying yet more neighborly in their places off Sacrificios, await further orders, for another movement—perhaps an attack on the Castle—or any other duty which the Government at home may deem it the squadron's duty to perform.

SALUTE ON LOUIS PHILIPPE'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 1, 1846.

The French bark-of-war, this morning, dressed herself out in her gaudiest colors of bunting. The flags streamed from every spar of the ship, and presented an abundance of stripes, and spots, and crosses, declaring some gala-day of the French people. This day was the birthday of the king of the French. At 8 o'clock, all the ships at the anchorage ran up French colors to the foremast head, and their own flags at the main and mizzenmast, in compliment to the day. It is usual, in naval etiquette, for all vessels lying in company to notice the national days of other nations, when a war-ship of any particular nation, in company, observes the day herself. Such is the scene presented to-day. The Spaniards vie with the American squadron in the compliment to Louis Philippe, and the English ship also throws out the French colors. The whole fleet looks gayly in the display of a multitude of beautiful and gaudy bunting. As the 8 o'clock bells were struck, and the ships' flags were thrown out on the morning breeze, the French ship fired her national salute of twenty-one guns. She was followed by the Spaniard. But our ships and the English sloop delayed their compliment until 12 o'clock, meridian. The French ships fire three salutes on the birthday of the king; one in the morning, another at meridian, another at sundown. But as the first gun of the French ship boomed over the water at noon, our own ships also commenced their fire; and the Spaniards and English at the same moment added their twenty-one guns, which together presented a scene of great grandeur and sublimity. Each of our ships fired her twenty-one guns; and as gun succeeded gun, and blended their reports, and smoke, and flame, the squadron presented a fine display of a fleet engagement, without its

blood. Ere long, the more than one hundred guns fired from the different ships at the anchorage ceased, and the smoky cloud drifted to the leeward, and again left the gayly-robed fleet distinct to the view, while silence, deep as before, brooded on the scene around. But, when the sun began to reach his evening decline, though his rays still sent back his crimson beams on the floating clouds, and the squadron made it sundown, the French ship again threw out from her broad side the flame, and the smoke, and the noise of twenty-one cannon, while the Spaniards' loud pieces added their thunder to the report that went over the sea. The evening hour added interest to the final salute, as the flames from the mouths of the cannon were rendered more distinct, and gave an exhibition of the fearful destruction that those same noisy pieces could and would do, if, in anger and strife, they were pointed at each other. Again all was still. The flags throughout the fleet, in unison, had fallen to the decks and gathered to their stoppers, to remain in their place until some other occasion of strife, or signal, or holiday-show shall throw their folds once more to the breeze. Peace, then to thee, Louis Philippe, king of the French, and an honorable destiny to thy worthy family! Thou hast presented to the world a commendable example of domestic harmony, and a well-trained offspring, that now do honor to thy gray hairs; and doubtless shall cause thy last hour to go down as the resplendent sunset this day, in an effulgence of glorious, and beautiful, and peaceful light.

SHIPS AGAIN UNDER WAY.

The captains of the different ships were on board the Cumberland last evening, and after their departure, there seemed to be a general stir in the squadron, as if something was in the wind, and some movement of the ships would soon take place.

The officers began to talk about expeditions in boats for cutting out Mexican steamers and other vessels—perhaps, we were going to Pensacola—perhaps, we designed to move the squadron from near Vera Cruz to an anchorage off the river Bravo del Norte to co-operate with General Taylor's army, upon whom there were rumors that the Mexicans, with considerable reinforcements gathering at Matamoras, designed to make an attack, if they had not already done it. Paredes had issued a proclamation, declaring that he could not, by the constitution, *declare war* against the North Americans, but he could repel invasion; and the time was come to do that, as the Mexican territory had been invaded; and he should take upon him, without delay, to repel the enemy. A person standing on the poop-deck of the Cumberland could see different indications, which prognosticated some movement, without much delay, by the squadron. Some one or two men had crept out upon the lower yards of the Potomac. The tacks and sheets were discoverable as rising, in a coil, to the tops, and were now shackled, having been unshackled during the frigate's rest at anchor, for the easier exercise of the sails in loosing and furling. And boats, occasionally, were passing from ship to ship. The Falmouth's launch seemed to be about to take an additional supply of water, from some of the vessels of the squadron, which indicated to the knowing ones that she would be left behind. Thus passed the latest hours of the day; and the crimson sun, deeper than ever, in his red dyes, went down, a prognostic of war and blood, leaving our ships yet sleeping at their moorings, and the gentlemen of the wardroom discussing the chances and the probabilities of reaping glory; of living through the fight; or of being borne to the rest of a soldier's grave, or left uncovered on the field. Yet all were eager for the opportunity to engage in some military expedition which should have excitement about it. Danger, however much it may

exist, is a consideration that deters not from action, if it indeed is ever dreamed of, by young gentlemen of the profession, who gather around the ward-room table of a noble man-of-war. The night passed away, and some dreamed of one thing, doubtless ; and others of other things, doubtless ; and I, of my blessed boy, in his happiness and health. But the earliest beam of day broke on our crew as they were winding in the iron cables of the frigate ; and the other vessels of the squadron, except the Falmouth, were following our example. The sea breeze ere long, as the sun went up on his tireless course, came in ; and that bright orb, as early as his tenth hour of the day, saw our squadron under way, and standing directly in, on the course to the Castle of San Juan de Ullua, though our design was to get to sea by the inner passage, which would take us near and in full view of the city and the fortifications of Vera Cruz. In the present state of affairs between the Mexican government and the United States, there must have been an apprehension, on the part of the occupants of the Castle, that we were standing down to lay the ships along side the fortification, and to bombard it, with the intention of taking this strong-hold of the Mexican forces. But we veered off to seaward, and went out through the reefs, in beautiful order, each ship following our motions and coming on in our wake ; and, all together, presenting a beautiful exhibition of five war-ships, sailing in unison and company. Our course was north, with a little westing, the breeze stiffening, and the ships careering finely over the blue surges, as they cleft them, and bounded on their way—whither ? This still remained with most of the officers a matter of conjecture. But, with fine breezes, that enabled us to measure a long line, by the log, during each twenty-four hours, we found ourselves, after a few days' run, off the mouth of the *Bravo del Norte*, the assumed boundary on the south of the United States, which the government, in the an-

nexation of Texas, seem determined to maintain as the line that shall mark the division between Mexico and her lately rebellious and troublesome province.

The advocates of Texas, in their anxieties for uniting her destinies to the Union, have deemed it a measure that should cost nothing but a few words, in the shape of enactments, in congress assembled at Washington. But the development is yet to be made. The Mexicans may be a people which the U. S. Government may affect to despise, in their apparently low ebb of power, and internal dissensions, and the poverty of their treasury. But the love of country glows at least in the speeches of their chief men, and loud indignation towards their neighbors of the north. The United States Minister has been sent home, the great unacknowledged. An army has been gathered on the frontier of the Mexican boundary ; and battle and blood may be nearer at hand than the peaceful speech-makers suppose, who seem to think war an impossibility, with so grand a nation as the great and powerful United States. Great and powerful the United States most surely are. And a people, too, blessed in their public institutions, and domestic resources, and privileges, far beyond most other people of the earth. But there is a retributive justice, which *the hand of heaven* sometimes metes out, on nations as well as on individuals. And if we will remain a great and happy people, it behooves the rulers of our nation, in our legislative councils, to pursue the line of justice and morals. The ill-fated Mexico is at this moment lying beneath the frown of the Eternal, it would seem, for the high-handed course which their progenitors pursued in subjugating a peaceful and apparently an innocent and happy people. And under the apology of a hateful system of religion, misnamed the Christian, with the cross of the *merciful and tender-hearted Jesus* as the emblem borne on their standards, they sacrificed thousands and hun-

dreds of thousands of the population, while trampling the rightful possessors of the country under their feet as their conquerors, and beneath their still severer cruelties as the inquisitors of the Church. The destiny of a people, so offending, seems to me to be legibly written, in the indistinct but certain loomings up of the onward in the future of their history ; and that destiny is—**DISMEMBERMENT AND CESSATION TO BE !** May our own government take warning, and let justice and moderation attend on her counsels.

SECTION V.

BATTLE OF THE BRAVO DEL NORTE.

THUS had I written, and thus was I ending the preceding section, while our fleet was anchoring off the Brazos de Santiago or the Arms of Saint James—a few miles north, and in full view of the mouth of the Rio Bravo del Norte. We had been at anchor but a few moments, when the news spread through the ship that hostilities, if not already commenced, could not long be delayed ; and that a small party of our troops had been surprised and taken. The U.S. brig Lawrence was lying off the mouth of the Bravo del Norte, blockading the river, and her captain, Commander Mercer, was already aboard of us, and detailed the news. A vessel had been dispatched to Vera Cruz for our squadron, and our arrival was most opportune. Had it been on the evening previous, we should have found General Taylor, with most of his army, at Point Isabel, which he had left the afternoon before our arrival, which was on Friday morning, the 8th of May. This Point Isabel is a fortification, constructed by General Taylor for the reception of his army, on his vacating his encampment at Corpus Christi, and for a depot for the provisions of "The Army of Occupation," having advanced by order of the Government to the river Bravo as the southern boundary between Mexico and Texas, that lone star, which yet is destined to make many a heart lonelier

still in the bereavements which the fortunes and the incidents of war bear in their desolation and havoc to the widowed and the orphan. This point is in full view of our ships, but some five miles from them, projecting into the lagoon or lake, which is a beautiful body of water, entered from the sea by a narrow pass, called the Brazos de Santiago, or Arms of St. James.* A small steamer was soon discovered coming out to us, through this narrow pass, from the lagoon, and also, a small boat, which, ere long, hailed us, saying that an officer from the fortification at Point Isabel wished to speak to the Commodore; and soon a boat sent from the frigate to the sail-boat, brought him aboard of us. His long beard would have graced the chin of the profoundest Turk; and it seemed not so much out of keeping with the times here, for they find us amid the associations of a border war, and on Texas grounds, with the sound of cannon from the battle-field, just booming on our ears. Indeed, before this officer had left the frigate, the report of artillery came off to us, distinct and frequent, awaking the greatest interest on board, and an eagerness of solicitude for all the intelligence that could be communicated. The amount of this intelligence was, that General Taylor had left Point Isabel the preceding evening, with a large train of baggage-wagons, laden with provisions for the army, and attended by the main body of his forces, amounting to about twenty-five hundred men. He had, a few days previously, left his entrenchments on the north bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte, opposite Matamoras, where he had constructed a fortification, and committed it to a force of five hundred men for its defence, while, with his main force, he marched back to Point Isabel, for provisions for his army. The Mexicans, it was known, had collected in considerable

* See the Frontispiece.

force at Matamoras, amounting, it was supposed, to the number of 7000 men. And when General Taylor had taken up his line of march but for a short distance from his encampment opposite Matamoras for Point Isabel, the Mexicans at Matamoras opened their fire upon the American fortification. This cannonading was heard by General Taylor as he continued his march, while it awakened his anxiety to the highest pitch for the safety of this force of 500 men, which he had left for the defence of the entrenchment. Whether it had fallen or not, it was now difficult for him to ascertain, as the main force of the Mexicans had crossed the river, soon after he had taken up his line of march, that they might cut off his return, and by a sudden attack, with their overwhelming numbers, destroy the American army. In this emergency, a dragoon of General Taylor's army, well mounted, undertook to ascertain if the American fortification opposite Matamoras still held out. If it did not, but had been forced to capitulate, General Taylor felt his position to be such, that he would not attempt to move back until he should be reinforced. But this courageous horseman, finally, after periling his life, and making many narrow escapes, came back to General Taylor, who had now reached Point Isabel, with the acceptable intelligence, that the fort still maintained its hold, and had silenced the Mexican batteries at Matamoras. Thus relieved and encouraged, General Taylor, on Thursday evening, the 7th of May, commenced his march back from Point Isabel, with his heavy train of baggage-wagons, and all the available force he could command, after leaving a small body of troops for the defence of Point Isabel, where the provisions for the army were in depot. His force now mustered about 2100 men, on whom he felt he could fully rely ; but it was still a small army, to meet a body of Mexicans, presumed to be six or seven thousand strong, and well equipped, with artillery, and a body of a thousand cavalry

or lancers. Thus he left the fortification at Point Isabel, and advanced some six miles that night and encamped. No farther news had been heard of General Taylor. Our ships had been anxiously looked for, and needed for the defence of this point, in case of an attack. There was evidently *a deep felt solicitude* for General Taylor and his army, it being deemed very certain, that he would be met by the Mexican forces, with an attempt on their part to cut him off; and if successful against the main body of General Taylor's army, an attack on the fort of Isabel was a certain consequence, and the greatest disaster would thus overwhelm the American army.

Such was the feeling, at this moment of our arrival at this anchorage, a day or two sooner than was expected, as the boat dispatched for us, had not had time to reach Sacrificios, to communicate the intelligence of General Taylor's critical position. This news of the situation and fear for the army had not long been communicated on board ship, before the report of artillery was distinctly heard in the direction where General Taylor's army, it was presumed, at this moment, would be found. The firing continued—at times, louder and quicker—and now, the smoke rose in clouds, distinctly on the view. The land spreading from Point Isabel to Matamoras over which the march lies, is an extensive plain; and the prevailing conviction on board the ships, was, that this point, from which rose up the pillars of smoke, *was the field of battle*, some twelve miles distant; and that General Taylor had there been met by all the Mexican forces. The fate of the day, which could not yet be told, was now to be awaited, with anxiety and the greatest solicitude. Indeed, as the hours advanced, the reports of cannon seemed to be yet more distinct, and yet more near, and the volumes of smoke yet more dense, and receding nearer towards ourselves and Point Isabel; and if General [Taylor's army

was indeed retreating, we could fancy we heard, the repeated and rapid discharges of artillery, and the successive volleys of musketry, as the rear guard covered the retreat. I have seldom seen greater sympathy and ingenuous solicitude lined on the faces of a collection of officers, than were now traced in the features of numbers, gathered on the poop-deck of the Cumberland. Every one seemed to feel that they would hasten to the rescue, and add their force to the army, in its critical circumstances. "*I can land 250 men in fifteen minutes,*" said one of the captains of one of the smaller ships of the squadron. Other ships could send their complement; and had the order come, every heart would have leaped for the shore, and volunteers have amounted to more than the ships could spare. The order, before the sun went down, did come, to land a number of the ships' crews, with all the marine guard of the squadron, to give defence at the encampment* at Point Isabel, should it be needed. A steamer came off, and the ships' boats took the men to the steamer—all being enthusiastic for the expedition. And when the number selected for the shore had all been safely embarked from the ships to the steamer, the boat put her wheels in motion and rounded by the stern of the Cumberland. The remainder of the crew, still aboard the ship, as the steamer approached us, were ordered to lay aloft, "to cheer ship."† Nor had the order fallen from the lips of the officer of the deck, before the shrouds of the frigate were literally covered by our men, with their faces outward.

"Stand by," cried the Lieutenant—"Cheer away!" and a volume of voices was sent over the waters, as the men swung their hats above their heads, and gave the three times hurrah to their leaving shipmates and comrades. The frigate

* At this time, the recently constructed fortification at Point Isabel had not received its name—since, called Fort Polk.

† See Frontispiece.

Raritan, at our windward, watching our motions, had also sent her men to the rattlings, and their voices joined in with the loud echo of a thousand hurrahs, which sent a thrill home to the heart, such as hardly aught else of earth may equal, as back came the three cheers of the mass of men now crowding the decks, above and below, of the steamer, and told the enthusiasm, and the excitement, and the sublimity of the moment! Onward the steamer went, bearing these heroes, in imagination at least, and in reality, if the opportunity should present for displaying their deeds, even to a recklessness before any opposing enemy. Without accident, they were soon disembarked, at the encampment on Point Isabel.

But still came down on the air those distant reports of cannon, and the volumes of smoke rose as before; while the men in the tops, as evening drew nigh, affirmed, that the successive flashes of the field-pieces could be seen, and the smoke rolling up at each discharge on the distant field. But as the sun went down, the reports of the distant field-pieces and musketry, if the latter were heard, ceased; and the stillness of night, with its usual hush of a war-ship, held the scene, while the imagination dwelt on the field of blood, which no one doubted, during the day had been yielding up its victims to the havoc and the barbarous massacre of war. This was Friday, the eighth of May. Saturday was passed without any further information from the army; and during the day no guns were heard, unless it was an occasional report that seemed doubtfully to reach the ear. No stragglers had come into the fort at Point Isabel, from which all seemed to argue that General Taylor's army had not been defeated; and hope strengthened, as each hour advanced, that the General had succeeded in cutting his way through the Mexican forces, and had reached his camp which he had left opposite Matamoras, on the first of May.

The hour had reached near sundown ; the sky had been clear, and look-outs from the mizzen-tops had reported every sign of moving beings and animals that the glasses could make out over the level country, which could be contemplated for many miles in the interior. I had myself spent a good deal of the morning in the mizzen-top, from which two companies of men had been seen, at one time, moving with baggage-wagons, evidently Mexicans, and also a drove of cattle of considerable number, ranging the field, but apparently under the care of people who were driving them to the south. But the sun still delayed the hour of his final departure, while he yet was sinking fast in the horizon of the west, when, as a few officers still occupied the poop-deck of the frigate, and with eyes that often turned towards a flag-staff on the shore, a signal was seen suddenly to open on the air ; and as the glasses eagerly read it, the welcome intelligence said :

“ THERE HAS BEEN AN ENGAGEMENT AND THE AMERICAN ARMY HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL ! ”

Every one breathed more freely, and congratulated each other on the intelligence. The look of solicitude for the fate of our land forces was succeeded by a gratified assurance of the success of our arms, and a generous eulogy on General Taylor and his army *burst from every lip*. But the particulars were yet unknown ; and whether General Taylor had made his way through the Mexican forces to his camp or only had held his ground, we could not learn during the night. And whatever had been the success of the United States army, it was certain that great havoc must have resulted during a battle between two armies, carried on without intercession for so many hours, and with such uninterrupted succession of firing of artillery. And while we yet anxiously waited the intelligence on Sunday evening, another signal from shore declared that *another battle had*

been fought, and again the American arms were triumphant! A boat was dispatched to the flag-staff on shore for the particulars. They came, and they were the most gratifying in their details of complete success to our own troops, and to the entire routing of the Mexican forces.

General Taylor, it was said, having left the encampment at Point Isabel, on Thursday afternoon, marched about six miles that evening, and encamped with his army for the night. In the morning, he took up his line of march, retracing the same route by which he had marched to Point Isabel. While thus advancing towards his encampment opposite Matamoras, he had succeeded in reaching forward with his train about seven miles further; when, as he had been hourly expecting it, he was met by the Mexican forces, drawn up, with their front occupying a small entrenchment thrown up by General Taylor himself, on his march down to Point Isabel. General Taylor continued to advance, until the two armies confronted each other at a distance for the successful action of their artillery. The battle commenced and continued to rage for hours, carrying destruction into the ranks of each army. With the shades of night the fight ceased, and the veil of darkness was thrown over the field of blood—the wounded, the dying, and the dead. General Taylor encamped on the field which he had occupied. The Mexicans showed a large body of lanceers in the morning; and General Taylor again offered battle to the Mexican army; but they retired, and both armies seemed willing for a moment to rest, and bury their dead. But, during the day, General Taylor again took up his line of march, now leaving his baggage-train behind, with a small guard, and advancing, it is supposed, with about 1900 men, and ere long came up with the Mexican forces at a point where they had selected their own position, and where General Taylor expected to find them advantageously posted. The battle was

now renewed with greater desperation. It was *the action* which should decide for the glory of the two armies, and the military fame of the campaign. Should the Mexican army triumph, no matter what were their superior numbers, it would be a defeat to the American arms, and the results of that defeat would add glory and encouragement to the Mexican army, as the news should spread through the Mexican republic, and probably enable the government to increase their forces to any desirable numbers. On the contrary, if the American arms gained a victory, with such odds against them, the die would be cast, the Mexican army be dispersed, with little expectation of its being again concentrated, the people discouraged, and *the glorious triumph of such a victory at such a moment*, being the first battle fought when the eyes of the two nations, as well the nations of England and France, and the Southern Republics were looking on, would assure all that the army of the United States would be equal to any emergency with its augmented forces, when so unequal a force, opposed to a well equipped body of Mexican troops, thrice their number, could rout, and had routed, and entirely defeated them on a field, in fair engagement, and in positions of their own selection. And thus shall these two battles of the Rio Bravo del Norte be recorded as brilliant achievements by this army of occupation. And it has justly surprised one of the principal Mexican Generals, who is now a prisoner to the American arms, how such a result has been accomplished.

The Mexican army having been thus entirely routed, and falling back, General Taylor took up his encampment for the night, some two miles below his fortification opposite Matamoras, but in full and free communication with it. And such was the panic which the defeat of the Mexican army had created, it is said that General Taylor might have

crossed the river that night, and without opposition have occupied Matamoras.

The reports as to the number killed and wounded, on either side, will be variously stated. The most probable estimate is, that the Mexicans lost 1200 wounded and killed. The American forces lost 120. Among the dead, Major Brown, one of the most accomplished officers of the whole army, fell while defending the American entrenchment, opposite Matamoras. Three others were killed by the many round shot and shells which the Mexicans threw into this fortification. Major Ringgold, who has been returned with others, wounded, to Point Isabel, is also dead ; and many—how many sleep in their unnoted graves, on that field of blood and death ! And while our hearts rejoice over the success of the American arms, it is an exultation over the very graves of hundreds dead ! And may God, if a righteous God may be invoked above a field of such havoc, and desolation, and death, help the widow and the orphan, whom those two days' doings and strife have left with broken and desolate hearts !

I enter not, here, on a disquisition, as to the justice of this war. Had our forces remained on the north side of the river Nueces, Mexico, I think, would have had nothing of which justly to complain. Her province of Texas had become independent. Texas had, for years, maintained her independence ; and other nations had entered into treaties with her, after they had acknowledged that independence. And Mexico herself had made a proposition to Texas, guarantying that maintained independence, on certain conditions. But there is a large space of country between the river Nueces, formerly regarded as the southern boundary of Texas, and the Rio Bravo del Norte. It had been a wise policy, doubtless, in the Mexican government, to have allowed the United States possession of this boundary of the Bravo, on the south,

and received from them an equivalent, and bound them by treaty, to advance no further. But they have not done it. And, just or unjust, the United States have taken up their position on the Bravo del Norte, and there, they will henceforward maintain their boundary. There is no power in the arm of Mexico to withstand the approach of the northern Republic, at least to this point. And now, Mexico will probably further lose California, without an equivalent, which she might, by negotiation, have secured to herself. It will be well for the people of the United States, that they yet adhere to the dictates of justice, rather than power; and in the negotiations that yet must come, to act with a conscience that can appeal to the God of nations, for the equity of their demands.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S OFFICIAL REPORTS.

General Taylor having made his reports to the Department, I shall here appropriately insert these official papers—brief, and modest, and characteristic of this brave and now universally eulogized leader of the American arms. I commence with his dispatch, written at the moment of his starting with his main force, on his return march from Point Isabel to his entrenchments opposite Matamoras.

BATTLES OF PALO ALTO AND RESACA DE LA PALMA.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Point Isabel, Texas, May 7, 1846. }

SIR: I respectfully report that I shall march this day with the main body of the army, to open a communication with Major Brown, and throw forward supplies of ordnance and provisions. If the enemy oppose my march, in whatever force, I shall fight him. Occasional guns are heard in the direction of Matamoras, showing that every thing is right in that quarter.

Yesterday the recruits under Lieutenant McPhail arrived here. After filling up the companies of the permanent garrison, (A 1st art'y and G 4th art'y) the remainder of the detachment, with its officers, was placed under Major Munroe's orders, to assist in the defence of the depot. The men are yet too raw to take the field, though efficient for garrison defence. They will be permanently assigned as soon as practicable.

The four companies of the first infantry are hourly expected, and will be a seasonable

reinforcement. The first shipment of volunteers from New Orleans may also soon be looked for. Their arrival will enable me to open the river and free our communications.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A. Com'g.

The ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Army, Washington, D. C.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Camp at Palo Alto, Texas, May 9, 1846. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that I was met near this place yesterday, on my march from Point Isabel, by the Mexican forces, and after an action of about five hours dislodged them from their position, and encamped upon the field. Our artillery, consisting of two eighteen-pounders and two light batteries, was the arm chiefly engaged, and to the excellent manner in which it was manœuvred and served, is our success mainly due.

The strength of the enemy is believed to have been about six thousand men, with seven pieces of artillery and eight hundred cavalry. His loss is probably at least one hundred killed. Our strength did not exceed all told twenty-three hundred, while our loss was comparatively trifling—four men killed, three officers and thirty-seven men wounded, several of the latter mortally. I regret to say that Major Ringgold, 3d artillery, and Capt. Page, 4th infantry, are severely wounded. Lieutenant Luther, 2d artillery, slightly so.

The enemy has fallen back, and it is believed has repassed the river. I have advanced parties now thrown forward in his direction, and shall move the main body immediately.

In the haste of this first report, I can only say that the officers and men behaved in the most admirable manner throughout the action. I shall have the pleasure of making a more detailed report when those of the different commanders shall be received.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A. Com'g.

The ADJUTANT GENERAL U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Camp at Resaca de la Palma, 3 miles from Matamoras, }
10 o'clock, P. M. May 9, 1846. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that I marched with the main body of the army at 2 o'clock to-day, having previously thrown forward a body of light infantry into the forest, which covers the Matamoras road. When near the spot where I am now encamped, my advance discovered that a ravine crossing the road had been occupied by the enemy with artillery. I immediately ordered a battery of field artillery to sweep the position, flanking and sustaining it by the 3d, 4th, and 5th regiments, deployed as skirmishers to the right and left. A heavy fire of artillery and musketry was kept up for some time, until finally the enemy's batteries were carried in succession by a squadron of dragoons and the regiments of infantry that were on the ground. He was soon driven from his position, and pursued by a squadron of dragoons, battalion of artillery, 3d infantry, and a light battery, to the river. Our victory has been complete. Eight pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of ammunition, three standards, and some one hundred prisoners, have been taken; among the latter General La Vega, and several other officers. One General is understood to have been killed. The enemy has recrossed the river, and I am sure will not again molest us on this bank.

The loss of the enemy in killed has been most severe. Our own has been very heavy, and I deeply regret to report that Lieut. Inge, 2d dragoons, Lieut. Cochrane, 4th infantry, and Lieut. Chadbourne, 8th infantry, were killed on the field. Lieut. Col. Payne, 4th artillery, Lieut. Col. McIntosh, Lieut. Dobbins, 3d infantry, Capt. Hooe, and Lieut. Fowler, 5th infantry, and Capt. Montgomery, Lieuts. Gates, Selden, McClay, Burbank, and Jordan, 8th infantry, were wounded. The extent of our loss in killed and wounded is not yet ascertained, and is reserved for a more detailed report.

The affair of to-day may be regarded as a proper supplement to the cannonade of yesterday; and the two taken together, exhibit the coolness and gallantry of our officers and men in the most favorable light. All have done their duty, and done it nobly. It will be my pride, in a more circumstantial report of both actions, to dwell upon particular instances of individual distinction.

It affords me particular pleasure to report that the field work opposite Matamoras has sustained itself handsomely during a cannonade and bombardment of 160 hours. But the pleasure is alloyed with profound regret at the loss of its heroic and indomitable commander, Major Brown, who died to-day from the effect of a shell. His loss would be a severe one

to the service at any time, but to the army under my orders, it is indeed irreparable. One officer and one non-commissioned officer killed, and ten men wounded, comprise all the casualties incident to this severe bombardment.

I inadvertently omitted to mention the capture of a large number of pack mules left in the Mexican camp.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A. Com'g.

The ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Army, Washington, D. C.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Resaca de la Palma, May 11, 1846. }

ORDERS No. 59.

1. The Commanding General congratulates the Army under his command upon the signal success which has crowned its recent operations against the enemy. The coolness and steadiness of the troops during the action of the 8th, and the brilliant impetuosity with which the enemy's position and artillery were carried on the 9th, have displayed the best qualities of the American soldier. To every officer and soldier of his command, the General publicly returns his thanks for the noble manner in which they have sustained the honor of the service and of the country. While the main body of the army has been thus actively employed, the garrison left opposite Matamoras has rendered no less distinguished service, by sustaining a severe cannonade and bombardment for many successive days. The army and the country, while justly rejoicing in this triumph of our arms, will deplore the loss of many brave officers and men, who fell gallantly in the hour of combat.

2. It being necessary for the Commanding General to visit Point Isabel on public business, Col. Twiggs will assume command of the corps of the army near Matamoras, including the garrison of the field work. He will occupy the former lines of the army, making such dispositions for defence and for the comfort of his command, as he may deem advisable. He will hold himself strictly on the defensive, until the return of the Commanding General.

By order of Brigadier General Taylor,

W. W. J. BLISS,
Acting Adjutant General.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Point Isabel (Texas), May 12, 1846. }

SIR: I am making a hasty visit to this place, for the purpose of having an interview with Commodore Conner, whose squadron is now at anchor off the harbor, and arranging with him a combined movement up the river. I avail myself of the brief time at my command, to report that the main body of the army is now occupying its former position opposite Matamoras. The Mexican forces are already disorganized, and I shall lose no time in investing Matamoras, and opening the navigation of the river.

I regret to report that Major Ringgold died the morning of the 11th inst. of the severe wounds received in the action of Palo Alto. With the exception of Capt. Page, whose wound is dangerous, the other wounded officers are doing well. In my report of the second engagement, I accidentally omitted the name of Lieut. Dibbins, 3d infantry, among the officers slightly wounded, and desire that the omission may be supplied in the despatch itself. I am under the painful necessity of reporting that Lieut. Blake, topographical engineer, after rendering distinguished service in my staff during the affair of the 8th inst., accidentally shot himself with a pistol on the following day, and expired before night.

It has been quite impossible, as yet, to furnish detailed reports of our engagements with the enemy, or even accurate returns of the killed and wounded. Our loss is not far from 3 officers and 40 men killed, and 13 officers and 100 men wounded; while that of the enemy has in all probability exceeded 300 killed; more than 200 have been buried by us on the two fields of battle.

I have exchanged a sufficient number of prisoners to recover the command of Capt. Thornton. The wounded prisoners have been sent to Matamoras—the wounded officers on their parole. General La Vega and a few other officers have been sent to New Orleans, having declined a parole, and will be reported to Maj. Gen. Gaines. I am not conversant with the usages of war in such cases, and beg that such provision may be made for these prisoners as may be authorized by law. Our own prisoners have been treated with great kindness by the Mexican officers.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A. Com'g.

The ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Army, Washington, D. C.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Fort Polk, Texas, May 12, 1846. }

ORDERS No. 60.

As a mark of respect to the chief magistrate of the republic, the work constructed at this place, to cover the main depot of the army, will be known as "Fort Polk."

The Commanding General takes this occasion to express his satisfaction with the dispositions made for the defence and protection of this point, so vitally important to the efficiency and security of the army. To Major Munroe, the commanding officer, Captain Sanders of the engineers, Majors Thomas and McRee, and Captains Sibley and Hill of the quartermaster's department, Captain Ramsay of the ordnance, and Lieutenant Montgomery of the subsistence departments, credit is especially due for their zeal and activity. The General returns his thanks to the numerous citizens who volunteered their services in defence of the depot. Their assistance added materially to its strength, and to his confidence in its ability to resist an attack. The reinforcement from the brig "Lawrence," under Lieutenant Renshaw, and the large force of seamen and marines so promptly furnished by the squadron on its arrival, require a special acknowledgment to Commodore Conner and Commander Mercer of the navy. The army is deeply grateful for this support and co-operation from a kindred branch of the public service.

By order of Brigadier General Taylor,
W. W. J. BLISS,
Acting Adjutant General.

The following letter, written by one of the surgeons of our squadron, is given in this connection. It was intended to send for the Chaplain of the squadron, to perform the burial service on shore, at the funeral of the lamented Ringgold. But the surf running high during the day or other cause prevented. I sent word by Major Saunders, that while the squadron remained at the anchorage, I should be in readiness to give my attendance, should any further occasion call for my services, and they should be desired.

THE LATE GALLANT MAJOR RINGGOLD.

CAMP ISABEL,
Near the mouth of the Rio Bravo del Norte, }
11th May, 1846. }

The numerous friends of Major Ringgold will doubtless be anxious to know the particulars attending his melancholy end, and I hasten to give them to you. The engagement of the 8th was entirely in the hands of the artillery, and Major R. took a most active and important part in it. About 6 o'clock he was struck by a six-pound shot. He was mounted, and the shot struck him at right angle, hitting him in the right thigh, passing through the holsters and upper part of the shoulders of his horse, and then striking the left thigh, in the same line in which it first struck him. On the evening of the 9th he reached this camp under charge of Dr. Byrne of the army. He was immediately placed in comfortable quarters, and his wounds dressed. An immense mass of muscles and integuments were carried away from both thighs. The arteries were not divided, neither were the bones broken. I remained with him all night. He had but little pain, and at intervals had some sleep. On dressing his wounds in the morning, they presented a most unfavorable aspect, and there was but little reaction. During the night he gave me many incidents of the battle, and spoke with much pride of the execution of his shot. He directed his shot not only to groups and masses of the enemy, but to particular men in their

line; he saw them fall, their places occupied by others, who in their turn were shot down, pointing his guns to the same place, and he felt as confident of hitting his mark as though he had been using a rifle.

He had but one thing to regret, and that was the small number of men in his company. He said that he had made use of all his exertions to have his company increased to one hundred men, but without success. From the small number of his men, as they were disabled at their guns, he was without others to take their places. During the day he continued to lose strength, but was free from pain and cheerful. He spoke constantly of the efficiency of his guns, and the brave conduct of his officers and men.

He continued to grow worse, and a medical officer remained constantly by his side. Dr. Byrne remained with him during the night, using every means which could be devised to save his valuable life, but without effect. He continued to grow worse until 1 o'clock last night, when he expired. He survived his wounds sixty hours; during all this time he had but little pain—conversed cheerfully, and made all his arrangements for his approaching end, with the greatest composure and resignation. He will be buried to-day at 3 o'clock, P. M., lamented by the whole camp. The wounded are generally doing very well.

I am your obedient servant,

J. M. FOLTZ,
Surgeon United States Navy.

A more detailed account of the two battles of PALO ALTO and RESACA DE LA PALMA having been made by General Taylor, accompanied by specific reports from the officers in command of the different divisions of General Taylor's army; together with an account of the defence made by the fortification opposite Matamoras; with other associate particulars of these two brilliant engagements, they might all be appropriately inserted in this place, for their connection and thrilling interest. But space will only admit of introducing General Taylor's detailed report of the two actions, and the bombardment sustained by the American works opposite Matamoras.

REPORTS OF GENERAL TAYLOR'S ARMY.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Camp near Matamoras, May 16, 1846. }

SIR: I have now the honor to submit a more detailed report of the action of the 8th inst.

The main body of the army of occupation marched, under my immediate orders, from Point Isabel, on the evening of the 7th of May, and bivouacked seven miles from that place.

Our march was resumed the following morning. About noon, when our advance of cavalry had reached the water-hole of "Palo Alto," the Mexican troops were reported in our front, and were soon discovered occupying the road in force. I ordered a halt upon reaching the water, with a view to rest and refresh the men, and form deliberately our line of battle. The Mexican line was now plainly visible across the prairie, and about three quarters of a mile distant. Their left, which was composed of a heavy force of cavalry, occupied the road, resting upon a thicket of chaparral, while masses of infantry were discovered in succession on the right, greatly outnumbering our own force.

Our line of battle was now formed in the following order, commencing on the extreme right:—5th infantry, commanded by Lieut. Col. McIntosh; Major Ringgold's artillery; 3d infantry, commanded by Capt. L. N. Morris; two 18-pounders, commanded

by Lieut. Churchill, 3d artillery; 4th infantry, commanded by Major G. W. Allen; the 3d and 4th regiments composed the 3d brigade, under command of Lieut. Col. Garland; and all the above corps, together with two squadrons of dragoons under Captains Ker and May, composed the right wing, under the orders of Col. Twiggs. The left was formed by the battalion of artillery commanded by Lieut. Col. Childs, Capt. Duncan's light artillery, and the 8th infantry under Capt. Montgomery—all forming the 1st brigade, under command of Lieut. Col. Belknap. The train was packed near the water, under direction of Capts. Crossman and Myers, and protected by Capt. Ker's squadron.

At 2 o'clock we took up the march by heads of columns, in the direction of the enemy—the 18-pounder battery following the road. While the columns were advancing, Lieut. Blake, topographical engineers, volunteered a reconnaissance of the enemy's line, which was handsomely performed, and resulted in the discovery of at least two batteries of artillery in the intervals of their cavalry and infantry. These batteries were soon opened upon us, when I ordered the columns halted, and deployed into line, and the fire to be returned by all our artillery. The 8th infantry, on our extreme left, was thrown back to secure that flank. The first fires of the enemy did little execution, while our 18-pounders and Major Ringgold's artillery soon dispersed the cavalry which formed his left. Captain Duncan's battery, thrown forward in advance of the line, was doing good execution at this time. Captain May's squadron was now detached to support that battery, and the left of our position. The Mexican cavalry, with two pieces of artillery, were now reported to be moving through the chaparral, to our right, to threaten that flank, or make a demonstration against the train. The 5th infantry was immediately detached to check this movement, and supported by Lieut. Ridgely, with a section of Major Ringgold's battery and Captain Walker's company of volunteers, effectually repulsed the enemy—the 5th infantry repelling a charge of lancers, and the artillery doing great execution in their ranks. The 3d infantry was now detached to the right as a still further security to that flank yet threatened by the enemy. Major Ringgold, with the remaining section, kept up his fire from an advanced position, and was supported by the 4th infantry.

The grass of the prairie had been accidentally fired by our artillery, and the volumes of smoke now partially concealed the armies from each other. As the enemy's left had evidently been driven back and left the road free, as the cannonade had been suspended, I ordered forward the 18-pounders on the road nearly to the position first occupied by the Mexican cavalry, and caused the 1st brigade to take up a new position still on the left of the 18-pounder battery. The 5th was advanced from its former position and occupied a point on the extreme right of the new line. The enemy made a change of position corresponding to our own; and after a suspension of nearly an hour, the action was resumed.

The fire of artillery was now most destructive—openings were constantly made through the enemy's ranks by our fire, and the constancy with which the Mexican infantry sustained this severe cannonade, was a theme of universal remark and admiration. Capt. May's squadron was detached to make a demonstration on the left of the enemy's position, and suffered severely from the fire of artillery to which it was for some time exposed. The 4th infantry, which had been ordered to support the 18-pounder battery, was exposed to a most galling fire of artillery, by which several men were killed, and Captain Page dangerously wounded. The enemy's fire was directed against our 18-pounder battery, and the guns under Major Ringgold in its vicinity. The Major himself, while coolly directing the fire of his pieces, was struck by a cannon ball, and mortally wounded.

In the mean time the battalion of artillery under Lieut. Col. Childs, had been brought up to support the artillery on our right. A strong demonstration of cavalry was now made by the enemy against this part of our line, and the column continued to advance under a severe fire from the 18-pounders. The battalion was instantly formed in square, and held ready to receive the charge of cavalry; but when the advancing squadrons were within close range, a deadly fire of canister from the 18 pounders dispersed them. A brisk fire of small arms was now opened upon the square, by which one officer, Lieut. Luther, 2d artillery, was slightly wounded; but a well-directed volley from the front of the square silenced all further firing from the enemy in this quarter. It was now nearly dark, and the action was closed on the right of our line, the enemy having been completely driven back from his position, and foiled in every attempt against our line.

While the above was going forward on our right, and under my own eye, the enemy had made a serious attempt against the left of our line. Captain Duncan instantly perceived the movement, and by the bold and brilliant manœuvring of his battery, completely repulsed several successive efforts of the enemy to advance in force upon our left flank. Supported in succession by the 8th infantry and Capt. Ker's squadron of dragoons, he gallantly held the enemy at bay, and finally drove him, with immense loss, from the field.

The action here and along the whole line, continued until dark, when the enemy retired into the chaparral in rear of his position. Our army bivouacked on the ground it occupied. During the afternoon the train had been moved forward about half a mile, and was packed in rear of the new position.

Our loss this day was nine killed, forty-four wounded, and two missing. Among the wounded were Major Ringgold, who has since died, and Captain Page, dangerously wounded; Lieutenant Luther slightly so. I annex a statement of the casualties of the day.

Our own force engaged, is shown by the field report, herewith, to have been 177 officers and 2111 men—aggregate, 2288. The Mexican force, according to the statements of their own officers taken prisoners in the affair of the 9th, was not less than 6000 regular troops, with 10 pieces of artillery; and probably exceeded that number; the irregular force not known. Their loss was not less than 200 killed and 400 wounded—probably greater. This estimate is very moderate, and formed upon the number actually counted upon the field, and the reports of their own officers.

As already reported in my first brief dispatch, the conduct of our officers and men was every thing that could be desired. Exposed for hours to the severest trial—a cannonade of artillery—our troops displayed a coolness and constancy which gave me, throughout, the assurance of victory.

I purposely defer the mention of individuals, until my report of the action of the 9th. when I will endeavor to do justice to the many instances of distinguished conduct on both days. In the mean time, I refer, for minute details, to the reports of individual commanders.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. Army, Commanding.

The ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Army, Washington, D. C.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
Camp near Fort Brown, Texas, May 17, 1846. }

SIR: In submitting a more minute report of the affair of "Resaca de la Palma," I have the honor to state that early in the morning of the 9th inst., the enemy who had encamped near the field of battle of the day previous, was discovered moving by his left flank, evidently in retreat; and perhaps at the same time to gain a new position on the road to Matamoras, and there again resist our advance.

I ordered the supply train to be strongly packed at its position, and left with it four pieces of artillery—the two eighteen-pounders which had done such good service on the previous day—and two twelve-pounders which had not been in the action. The wounded officers and men were at the same time sent back to Point Isabel. I then moved forward with the columns to the edge of the chaparral or forest, which extends to the Rio Grande, a distance of seven miles. The light companies of the 1st brigade, under Captain C. F. Smith, 2d artillery, and a select detachment of light troops, the whole under the command of Captain McCall, 4th infantry, were thrown forward into the chaparral to feel the enemy and ascertain his position. About 3 o'clock, I received a report from the advance that the enemy was in position on the road, with at least two pieces of artillery. The command was immediately put in motion, and at about 4 o'clock I came up with Captain McCall, who reported the enemy in force in our front, occupying a ravine which intersects the road, and is skirted by thickets of dense chaparral. Ridgely's battery and the advance under Captain McCall were at once thrown forward on the road, and into the chaparral on either side, while the 5th infantry and one wing of the 4th, was thrown into the forest on the left, and the 3d and the other wing of the 4th, on the right of the road. These corps were employed as skirmishers to cover the battery, and engage the Mexican infantry. Capt. McCall's command became at once engaged with the enemy, while the light artillery, though in a very exposed position, did great execution. The enemy had at least eight pieces of artillery, and maintained an incessant fire upon our advance.

The action now became general, and although the enemy's infantry gave way before the steady fire and resistless progress of our own, yet his artillery was still in position to check our advance—several pieces occupying the pass across the ravine which he had chosen for his position. Perceiving that no decisive advantage could be gained until this artillery was silenced, I ordered Captain May to charge the batteries with his squadron of dragoons. This was gallantly and effectually executed, the enemy was driven from his guns, and General La Vega, who remained alone at one of the batteries, was taken prisoner. The squadron, which suffered much in this charge, not being immediately supported

by infantry, could not retain possession of the artillery taken, but it was completely silenced. In the meantime the 8th infantry had been ordered up, and had become warmly engaged on the right of the road. This regiment, and a part of the 5th, were now ordered to charge the batteries, which was handsomely done, and the enemy entirely driven from his artillery and his position on the left of the road.

The light companies of the 1st brigade and the 3d and 4th regiments of infantry, had been deployed on the right of the road, where, at various points, they became briskly engaged with the enemy. A small party under Captain Buchanan and Lieutenants Wood and Hays, 4th infantry, composed chiefly of men of that regiment, drove the enemy from a breast work which he occupied, and captured a piece of artillery. An attempt to recover this piece was repelled by Captain Barbour, 3d infantry. The enemy was at last completely driven from his position on the right of the road, and retreated precipitately, leaving baggage of every description. The 4th infantry took possession of a camp where the head-quarters of the Mexican general-in-chief were established. All his official correspondence was captured at this place.

The artillery battalion (excepting the flank companies) had been ordered to guard the baggage train, which was packed some distance in rear. That battalion was now ordered up to pursue the enemy, and with the 3d infantry, Captain Ker's dragoons, and Captain Duncan's battery, followed him rapidly to the river, making a number of prisoners. Great numbers of the enemy were drowned in attempting to cross the river near the town. The corps last mentioned encamped near the river—the remainder of the army on the field of battle.

The strength of our marching force on this day, as exhibited in the annexed field report, was 173 officers, and 2049 men—aggregate, 2222. The actual number engaged with the enemy did not exceed 1700. Our loss was three officers killed, and twelve wounded; thirty-six men killed, and seventy-one wounded. Among the officers killed, I have to regret the loss of Lieutenant Inge, 2d dragoons, who fell at the head of his platoon, while gallantly charging the enemy's battery; of Lieutenant Cochrane of the 5th, and Lieutenant Chadbourne, of the 8th infantry, who likewise met their death in the thickest of the fight. The officers wounded were Lieutenant Colonel Payne, Inspector General; Lieutenant Dobbins, 3d infantry, serving with the light infantry advance, slightly; Lieutenant Colonel McIntosh, 5th infantry, severely, (twice); Captain Hooe, 5th infantry, (right arm since amputated); Lieutenant Fowler, 5th infantry, slightly; Captain Montgomery, 8th infantry, slightly; Lieutenants Gates and Jordan, 8th infantry, severely, (each twice); Lieutenants Selden, Maclay, Burbank, and Morris, 8th infantry, slightly. A statement of the killed and wounded is annexed herewith.

I have no accurate data from which to estimate the enemy's force on this day. He is known to have been reinforced after the action of the 8th, both by cavalry and infantry, and no doubt to an extent at least equal to his loss on that day. It is probable that 6000 men were opposed to us, and in a position chosen by themselves, and strongly defended with artillery. The enemy's loss was very great. Nearly 200 of his dead were buried by us on the day succeeding the battle. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing, in the two affairs of the 8th and 9th, is, I think, moderately estimated at 1000 men.

Our victory has been decisive. A small force has overcome immense odds of the best troops that Mexico can furnish—veteran regiments, perfectly equipped and appointed. Eight pieces of artillery, several colors and standards, a great number of prisoners, including fourteen officers, and a large amount of baggage and public property, have fallen into our hands.

The causes of victory are doubtless to be found in the superior quality of our officers and men. I have already, in former reports, paid a general tribute to the admirable conduct of the troops on both days. It now becomes my duty—and I feel it to be one of great delicacy—to notice individuals. In so extensive a field as that of the 8th, and in the dense cover where most of the action of the 9th was fought, I could not possibly be witness to more than a small portion of the operations of the various corps; and I must, therefore, depend upon the reports of subordinate commanders, which I respectfully enclose herewith.

Colonel Twigg, the second in command, was particularly active on both days in executing my orders, and directing the operations of the right wing. Lieutenant Colonel McIntosh, commanding the 5th infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Garland, commanding the 3d brigade, Lieutenant Colonel Belknap, commanding the 1st brigade, Lieutenant Colonel Childs, commanding the artillery battalion, Major Allen, Captains L. N. Morris and Montgomery, commanding respectively the 4th, 3d, and 8th regiments of infantry, were zealous in the performance of their duties, and gave examples to their commands of cool and fearless conduct. Lieutenant Colonel McIntosh repulsed with his regiment a charge of lancers in the action of Palo Alto, and shared with it in the honors and dangers of the following day, being twice severely wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Belknap headed a charge of the

8th infantry, which resulted in driving the enemy from his guns, and leaving us in possession of that part of the field.

Captain Duncan and Lieutenant Ridgely deserve especial notice for the gallant and efficient manner in which they manoeuvred and served their batteries. The impression made by Captain Duncan's battery upon the extreme right of the enemy's line at the affair of Palo Alto, contributed largely to the result of the day; while the terrible fire kept up by Lieutenant Ridgely, in the affair of the 9th, inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy. The 18-pounder battery, which played a conspicuous part in the action of the 8th, was admirably served by Lieutenant Churchill, 3d artillery, assisted by Lieut. Wood, topographical engineers. The charge of cavalry on the enemy's batteries on the 9th, was gallantly led by Captain May, and had complete success.

Captain McCall, 4th infantry, rendered distinguished service with the advanced corps, under his orders. Its loss, in killed and wounded, will show how closely it was engaged. I may take this occasion to say that, in two former instances, Captain McCall has rendered valuable service as a partisan officer. In this connection, I would mention the services of Captain Walker, of the Texas rangers, who was in both affairs with his company, and who has performed very meritorious service as a spy and partisan.

I must beg leave to refer to the reports of subordinate commanders for the names of many officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, who were distinguished by good conduct on both days. Instances of individual gallantry and personal conflict with the enemy were not wanting in the affair of the 9th, but cannot find place in a general report. The officers serving on the staffs of the different commanders, are particularly mentioned by them.

I derived efficient aid on both days from all the officers of my staff. Captain Bliss, assistant adjutant general; Lieut. Col. Payne, Inspector General; Lieut. Eaton, A. D. C.; Captain Waggaman, commissary of subsistence; Lieut. Scarret, engineer; and Lieutenants Blake and Meade, topographical engineers, promptly conveyed my orders to every part of the field. Lieut. Col. Payne was wounded in the affair of the 9th, and I have already had occasion to report the melancholy death of Lieut. Blake, by accident, in the interval between the two engagements. Major Craig and Lieutenant Brereton, of the ordnance department, were actively engaged in their appropriate duties, and Surgeon Craig, medical director, superintended in person the arduous service of the field hospitals. I take this occasion to mention generally the devotion to duty of the medical staff of the army, who have been untiring in their exertions both in the field and in the hospitals, to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded of both armies. Captains Crossman and Myers of the quartermaster's department, who had charge of the heavy supply train at both engagements, conducted it in a most satisfactory manner, and finally brought it up, without the smallest loss, to its destination.

I enclose an inventory of the Mexican property captured on the field, and also a sketch of the field of "Resaca de la Palma," and of the route from Point Isabel, made by my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Eaton. One regimental color, (battalion of Tampico, and many standards and guidons of cavalry were taken at the affair of the 9th. I would be pleased to receive your instructions as to the disposition to be made of these trophies—whether they shall be sent to Washington, &c.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A. Commanding.

The ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Army, Washington, D. C.

A SQUALL.

The lightning of this evening, May 11th, is flashing incessantly around the horizon, and throwing wide its sheet of electric light at times over the whole heavens; and the wind sweeping heavily over the sea is chafing it to a fury. The heavy surge comes on in its high swell and dashes

against the bulwarks of the frigate, as if, in a wild rage, it sought for its own dismemberment, while it breaks in froth and foam, which again drift by, and mingle in the boiling waters, on their career of tempest, and amid the lurid glare of the threatening heavens, and the mystic shades of a wild night on the sea. Our ship is riding at two anchors. Her yards are pointed to the wind. And thus, probably, she will ride out the gale, unless the sea gets up a swell too heavy for her to hold on to her moorings on this lee shore, with land not far off under our lee. Nothing could present a wilder scene than met the eye as I stood on the poop deck, a few moments since. The winds raged with a fury that made the rigging of the ship like so many strings on some grand and wild Æolian harp, but a harp that sings alone of storms, and gives forth no note but such as wails for the distressed and the wrecked, the drowning, and the dead. And then, the *waves* of light in the heavens. They seemed to be undulations of the air, as if the whole element above were flames of different shades, as it rolled and heaved, like another higher ocean, illuminating the darker sea beneath, which gathered wildness yet more fearful from the unnatural light that rested on its troubled bosom. And the ships of our fleet about us, like ourselves, are rolling and pitching, with top-gallant masts down, and presenting a scene of a squadron half wrecked. The scene as presented in the glare of the lightning to-night, assisted right well the imagination to call up all the terrors which attend the mariner on an unknown and barbarous coast, where the storm in its wildness gives him to the beach, and if he survive the wreck of the ship, delivers him to the captivity of wild men and the merciless. How in keeping, I thought, is this night with the scenes of desolation that have been enacting on the battle field in our neighborhood, for the last three days. And the yonder camp on Point Isabel, where the lights may almost be seen from our ships, and where, to-

night, lie some of the dead and many more that are wounded and dying, seems to receive the sympathy, this hour, which Nature gives in its exhibition of kindred elements of destruction and desolation, as they mourn for the dark spirit of man, and over the dying and the dead.

It was a sweet contrast of yesterday, when a little beautifully plumed bird came flitting into the air port of my room, and there perched in his rest, and piped his sweet note for me—rather, called to his gentle mate, somewhere flying about the sides of the ship, as if they were unwilling ever to be far apart from each other. Sweet, happy birds—gentle and loving! Love on then, and be happy; for to love and to be loved is earth's greatest gift of happiness. Live on *together*, for the heart is broken beyond any power of balm to heal it, when the hour of separation comes to those who have loved, as God giveth love to the truthful and the devoted. Happier far, sweet birds, if ye die together!

SUNDAY, THE 17th OF MAY,

I preached on board the *Raritan*, a beautiful frigate, commanded by Captain Gregory. As she lies on the sea, she fills the eye of the sailor as a model ship. As I went over her gangway I was reminded of the fine deck of the frigate *Columbia*, spacious and free from the incumbrance of a poop-deck, which cuts off the after part of the spar deck, and diminishes the apparent size of a ship as you board her. Captain Gregory is a fine specimen of the old school, making the officers about him comfortable. Captain G. with the officers of the wardroom was courteous in his reception and attentions, and the crew manifested attention during the services and the sermon. Indeed, it is characteristic of a well disciplined ship, for its company, whether interested or not, to yield respectful attention during the religious worship of the Sab-

bath. And there are times when the hard features of a long sea-going mariner are seen to relax into memories of better hours, than many, may be, he has spent in careless neglect of his God and of his duty ; and the heart that would brave all dangers, sometimes swells with a sigh of tenderness, while the eye moistens with the tear of penitence. Man is a being that cannot help feeling on the subject of religion, when it is presented to him in an hour of stillness, kindly, and with a heart and accent that declare the sincerity of the speaker, and the unaffected solemnity and importance of *present preparation* for a future life of happy immortality. We all long to be happy—now and for ever ; we act, daily and ever, on this longing of the soul, which is the moving motive of all our course of life. Make a man feel that this longing to be happy shall go with him into the coming world, and that millions of years hence it shall swell his spirit, even with greater intensity than now, and show him further, that the possession of this happiness now depends on *his own* mental and moral action under the influences which God brings to bear upon him • to induce this action, and man must deeply feel, and acknowledge as he feels, that it is wisdom, without delay, to make a preparation for that happiness for eternal years. As this desire of happiness is common to all bosoms, and the system of religion, given us by Jesus Christ, is addressed to this native element of our immortal being, that system is, therefore, of interest alike to all—to the seaman as well as to the landsman—to the sinful in their far wanderings, as well as to the more moral in their more befitting course—to the abandoned as well as to the decent—to mankind of every class, grade, and condition. The heart may be steeled by many causes, but this element of desire of happiness still remains with man on his whole course of life. Make him then *feel that he must himself act as a moral being*, and that, at farthest without much delay, if he will hereafter, in the long and

endless life which he is to live, be happy, and you gain his interest ; and though he be a deep sinner, he will wake to the consideration of his responsibilities to his God, as therein lies his only hope of happiness to himself, in the years of an eternity which he is yet to spend. The difficulty is to make men *think* of the relationships between their own spirits and their God. Let them much think of these relationships, and responsibilities, and their onward desires for happiness, and they must be painfully agitated, or gain a peace of soul by giving up their hearts to the discipleship of Jesus Christ.

ONCE MORE ON THE WING.

On Wednesday morning, May the 20th, the boats of the Cumberland and the Potomac returned from an expedition up the Rio Bravo del Norte. The object of the expedition was to co-operate with a land force of the volunteers and Major Saunders of the engineer corps, in securing a position some few miles up the river, for constructing a fortification which shall command the river below Matamoras. This would secure the passage of boats up the river, from molestation, from the Mexicans ; and admit of transporting provisions for the army by water, from Point Isabel to Matamoras. The position fixed upon is a high piece of ground, and is almost the only one of its kind on the banks of the river nearer the mouth than Matamoras, suitable for a fortification. It was occupied by a small village of Mexicans. There was, however, no opposition made to its possession by the Americans, and the army were already throwing up their entrenchments on the arrival of our boats at the point selected for the works. It will be a complete key to the river ; and being on the Mexican side, it will enable a sally at any moment to be made to any point on the banks of the river, where the Mexicans might present any force to annoy

the boats, as they may be passing up the river to Matamoras. The ships' boats returned on Wednesday morning, having been absent two days. The frigate *Raritan* had already got under way and stood to the south, having been preceded by the steamer *Mississippi* and the *Saint Mary's*. The *John Adams* had gone to Pensacola. The boats of the ships were soon stowed—the anchors were up—and the two frigates, with the brig *Somers*, now were under way—leaving the brig *Lawrence* as before, to guard the mouth of the *Rio Bravo del Norte*. The *Somers*, ere long, was lost sight of, and the *Potomac* in the mist of the night and the tacking of ship, made her escape. The *Cumberland*, by consequence, is now on her lone track, making her way to Pensacola.

We go to Pensacola for water ; and there we expect to intercept the *Adams*, before she shall have borne away our letters from blessed home. The ship during the day, has been rolling and pitching at her leisure, on the swell that heaves the bosom of the gulf, indicating that there has been a heavy blow at the east of us, while the winds are now lulled, and the ship rises and falls, with her sails flapping at her masts, as some huge monster of the deep may be supposed to come up to the surface of the ocean, on a calm day, and sport at his leisure, in the sun-beams above the surface of the blue deep. It is no pleasing rest to the sailor—this calm on the ocean, when its wide bosom is as rippleless as the sleeping lake, hemmed in by the still wood, where no breath of air is stirring among its foliage. But not as the surface of the lake does the bosom of the ocean sleep, though its surface be unbroken—it still heaves in its eternal unrest ; and the long roll of the sea, as it chases on its preceding swell, or crosses the heavy undulations of diagonal billows, creates cavities in the deep, resembling vallies and hills on the land, though ever moving, and changing, and forming new crea-

tions of figure, and height, and depression. Birds too, in this calm that surrounds us, appropriately come to our ship to make us a visit, and gain a rest for themselves we presume, as they have most probably been trying their wings on the gale which has blown them from the shore. One little bird, aboard of us, with yellow and beautiful plumage on the tail, is as tame as a pet pigeon; and like a true fly-catcher, turns his somersets in all manner of graceful curves, while he replenishes his repository with the insects which he hunts over our decks.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

It is the 23d of May, and the evening that ends the week. A gentle breeze has sprung up, just sufficient to give steerage way to the ship. As I stood on the poop-deck, inhaling the soft breeze, and gazing, as oft I do, on the night scene that spreads out before me, when the heavens have thrown out their beautiful curtains of night, inwrought with gems that speak in sympathy to the heart that loves to muse, as the eye gazes on their brightness and beauty, I beheld, on a sudden, that beautiful constellation—the southern cross. It was long since I had before beheld it; and now, my memories and many associations wandered to the eastern waters of southern latitudes, where I had looked at it—with whom—and amid what circumstances, anticipations, and hopes! The cross is formed of four brilliant stars, placed in their arrangement at the four extreme points of an imaginary cross. By drawing imaginary lines from these four stars, they intersect and form the cross. The two stars, forming the perpendicular, are farther apart than the other two; and the line joining the two horizontal stars, would be a little oblique and shorter than the perpendicular. It serves the navigators of the southern hemisphere the same purposes as

does the north star to the voyagers in the hemisphere north of the equator—its position being due south—with the same variations allowed for the compass as are noted between the compass and the north star. It is, indeed, a beautiful constellation. And how full are the associations it justly may awake, to the Christian, to the voyager, to the denizen of a world which has so much in its history and its dearest hopes, connected with this emblem of the religion of Jesus Christ. This constellation is low, as contemplated in this latitude; our reckoning placing us to-day, between 25 and 26 degrees north latitude. I have seen it, high up in the sky, when I have coursed the southern seas, as the north star appears to a beholder in the high northern latitudes. But then, the north star was lost to me, and had gone far down below the high elevation of the intercepting equator. And how joyously does that same north star come again on the view as an olden friend, when it has for a while been lost, but of a sudden re-greets the voyager, as he returns from his far southern course. So, to-night, these southern stars recalled scenes that are dear to me in memory, and I was glad to be surprised by the recognition of an olden friend, that had so often greeted me in southern seas, and on southern lands.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

The monotony of a star-lit sky never tires the gaze of a spirit that loves contemplation. The ocean soon loses its interest to the voyager, save when it takes on some of its sudden changes, and is thrown into some new tumult, and lashes itself into convulsion and frenzy. But the heavens, of a cloudless night, however the bosom of the ocean may be throeing, is always serene. The eternal stars shine on in their brightness and calm, and pour out their sympathy to the heart of him who loves to muse under their soft influences.

What intensity to emotion they add, whether the heart be joyous or sad. It is like the soft strains of plaintive music to the feelings, coming from some distant bower, and borne by the gentle gale of evening to the ear of the listener, while his own thoughts are on their own peculiar course of happy or sad association. Or it is like the gentle power that comes over one, as he stands amid the autumn wood, while the breathless air is hushed into one of nature's deep still-calms, when the rustling of the leaves among which footsteps are moving, is heard far off on the path of the wood. The soul is happy even in its grief at such an hour; and happier still, (Oh, how much more happy!) if joy is meting out to him thoughts of those he loves, who themselves are blessed and happy. Besides the beautiful stars above, to-night, shining in their sheen of glory, the sea is more phosphorescent than I have witnessed it before in the Gulf. The flakes of light are dashed out from the bows of the frigate, and illumine the dark surge, as the phosphorescent sheets overlay the nearing billow, coming down in its otherwise roll of darkness to the ship. But, what to me is still more beautiful, is the *beaded line* of light that lies along the sides of the frigate, as *she* glides gently and evenly through the sea. It is like a zone of strung stars, encircling the frigate's waist. And still out from the ship, for the space of a narrow plane, the phosphorescent globules gleam and scintillate, or evanesce on the dark surface of the deep, as the stars of night illumine and twinkle, and vanish, in the deep field of the heavens. But it was upon *the stars* and not the seas, to-night, on which I longest gazed; and on that southern constellation of the cross, I lingered last, and mused, until my thoughts reached towards the mid-watch of the night. I then sought my room and penned the following lines:—

COMMUNION OF SPIRITS;

Or, Musings while gazing on the Constellation of the Southern Cross.

Sweet stars, that lay your cross of light
On yon blue field, at hours of night,
Your emblem, calmly streaming there,
Doth win my soul to tears and prayer.

To tears, as in the calm of night
I gaze upon your sheen of light,
And think of joys that once were mine,
The joys I deem so like divine.

So like divine, but gone for ever,
As heart from heart was called to sever,
And mine was left to bleed alone,
While hers to yon bright heaven was borne.

Was borne, to find a spirit's rest,
My angel-love, the purest, best;
The loved one God to me had given,
Nor hope I dearer gift in heaven!

In heaven, where hearts that loved as ours
While passed on earth our blissful hours,
Shall fear no griefs of parting there,
Where deep fruition hath no prayer.

Prayer, that wakes, in tears to Thee,
As now that star-gemm'd cross I see,
For thou, my Saviour, know'st full well,
The billowed griefs my bosom swell:

My bosom swell. And none like thee,
Hath given for me deep sympathy;
And yon bright emblem tells of woe,
Thy feeling heart for me didst know:

Didst know. And thou wilt hear my prayer,
As up mine eye looks through its tear,
And asks, what heaven alone can give,
That with my loved one I may live.

May live, when all those stars have gone
To starless night, without a morn,
And immortality be mine,
With her I loved, in bliss divine.

In bliss divine—it must be such,
When hearts so meet that loved so much ;
And makes a world all shade appear
When hearts so bound are parted here.

Here—where alone the weeper goes,
And tear on tear the eye o'erflows ;
And though for all I wake a smile,
No cheer my sorrow may beguile.

Beguile ! ah, no—the grave alone
Hath spell to cheer my heart forlorn :
And there, a voice doth wake for me
As seraph's sweetest symphony.

Symphony—and dearly soft as hers,
My loved one's, 'mong the slumberers ;
And tells me now, "*'tis sweet to die,*
And lay the weeping body by :

" The body by. And thou shalt come
Where spirits have their happy home ;
And we will love, how dearer still,
Where time no passage knows, nor will :

" Nor will. And all shall safety be
Through blest, through dear eternity ;
And memories and all we were,
Or hoped to be, together share.

" Together share and oft review ;
And those sweet loves so dear renew ;
As we shall be each other's own,
In that dear, blest, eternal home :

" Eternal home. And we will weep
No more, but smiles our spirits keep,
And heart against each other's beat,
As each dear hour is dearer yet :

" Is dearer yet. Come, then, my love,
When God shall call for thee, above,
And I will be thine angel given
To fly with thee, from earth, to heaven :

" To heaven ! Oh what a heaven 'twill be,
My own, *my own* again to see ;
And love as we have loved before,
And be beloved for evermore.

" For evermore on heaven's bright shore ;
Where all is for thee, love, in store,—
Thy full, dear longings that I've seen,
As in thy dreams, sweet dreams I've been.

" I've been, and seen thy bleeding heart
Since we were called of heaven to part,
As o'er thee I have hung full oft,
And whispered thee so sweet, so soft.

" So soft—as spirits from above
Do whisper those they seek and love ;
And oft I've kissed thy tears away,
As thou upon thy pillow lay :

" Upon thy pillow lay. Oh weep
No more for me, awake, asleep ;
But love—for heaven is made of love,
Such love as thine—'twill live above.

" 'Twill live above, and mine for thee,
How pure, how deep, eternally !
And we will be as if but one,
As we shall worship by the throne.

" As we shall worship by the throne,
Where all the pure of heart are known ;
And praise our father God above,
Who made us for each other's love."

So muse I—weep—so love—so pray,
As on that Cross my gaze will stay,
And in the hours of waning night,
Behold that star-lit cross of light.

ARRIVED AT LAST, THOUGH NOT LAST OR LEAST.

Our passage from the mouth of the Rio Bravo del Norte has been against head winds, and amid calms, so as to render us impatient, at times, under the expectation that the John Adams may have had a quick run to Pensacola, and may again have sailed, with our letters, before we shall have reached the same port. The Cumberland, however, made the best of her capabilities, under disadvantageous circumstances; and every puff of favoring breeze yielded its impulse to a spread of canvas, that courted its influence. At six bells, the first watch, the night breeze bearing us along at a respectable rate, the cry from the tops announced the Barrancas' light, two points on our lee bow, and declared us to be within a few miles of the anchorage off the Navy Yard, Pensacola. The frigate, impatient of the comparatively long delay on her course, had spread some unusual sails, wide wings and high kites—having set all her studding-sails, high and low—sky-sails—gaff top-sails—and main-top-gallant-stay-sail—for she was unwilling to be another night at sea. The surface of the deep was even, and the motion of the ship hardly perceptible, as she cut her way on her night course. Nor was she long, before the desirable depth of soundings was found—the anchors let go—and a gun boomed over the water, to tell the Potomac (she having joined us during the day) that we had anchored, and to follow our motion, and with us, wait for the break of day and pilots, to take the ships over the bar, and put them in their berth, off the Navy Yard. And all this entrance into the inner bay was accomplished as the beautiful morning of May 29th advanced, with its sunshine and its breeze. The pass over the bar and entrance into this inner bay, formed by Santa Rosa island and the main land, is defended by heavy fortifications, which showed us, as we con-

templated their bearings and threatening fronts, how securely the entrance is defended against an enemy, and how certainly it proffers protection to friends. The passage is beautiful and unique. What is strikingly peculiar, is the appearance of the beach, as it extends its white lines along the shores. The sand, as stainless and colorless as the *new fallen snow*, in contrast with a green and sparse scrubby growth, presents the appearance of long lines of surf, dashing on the beach, every way and every where—on point and on the longer ranges of the shores of both the island and the main. We passed handsomely in, followed by the *Potomac*—making a “flying moor,” and swinging around, in our place, with the *Adams* again, as our beautiful but smaller neighbour. Thus had the *Adams* *not* left the harbor; and though, having started five days before us, and we ourselves having had a long passage, she had arrived only two days previous to the *Cumberland*. The *Adams* had met a gale; and like ourselves, had beaten against head-winds; but all, at last, successfully reaching this frequent rendezvous of THE HOME SQUADRON.

SECTION VI.

PENSACOLA.

LETTERS—they are the blessed angels (*ἄγγελοι*) which we expect to come on their wings to meet us, as the messengers that bear to us the salutations, for which we turn and long, on our arrival at a new port, before we look for new friends or circumstances of any new interest. Are those we love, well—has God protected them—and are they happy? If the breaking of seals and the perusal of communications from home, tell us all this, we, also, are comparatively happy and well, and then, turn to other scenes, which may be new, and inquire for their interest and what bearing they may have, to add knowledge to our observation—pleasure, in the formation of new acquaintances—and for the agreeable passage of time, while the ship shall be lying at her moorings on the bosom of some new bay, that washes the shores of some before unvisited region.

But these neighboring shores and these surrounding waters, which are contemplated from the deck of our frigate, I have before seen. Yet it was some years ago, and before I had been quite around the world, in my wanderings. It was among the earliest and wildest adventures of my youth; and yet, was accomplished for observation of my own country, in its length and in its breadth, before I sought for observation, in countries abroad. And I then thought,

what I have since continued to believe, that there was one feature in the scenery of this region, that the world beside, nowhere else presents. I allude to the apparent *snow island of Santa Rosa*. It is literally, in appearance, snow banks and snow valleys, formed by the drift of the sands, which are as stainless and as brilliantly white as the clearest field of snow which has laid its crystal flakes over the expanse of an undulating surface in a wintry clime. I have seen extensive wastes of barren sand, and felt their heat and glare beneath a tropical sun. But nowhere else as here, has the pure white surface sent back its reflected light from so stainless an expanse, resembling in all its features the surface of the purest driven snow. On the part of the island the most south and near to the fortification, there is considerable verdure of shrubs, and a small growth of pine. But further up, opposite, and yet more north than Pensacola, no vestige of herbage, for miles, is seen upon this peculiar island; and there are two elevations of considerable height, called the *Virgin Hills*, which present a beautiful appearance, as they throw back the reflected rays of the sun from their pure and stainless sides. Around their bases the high tides of ocean seem to have rolled, as they have broken over their usual barriers of the sea-beach, and left in the eddy-vales which they have formed, thousands of shells, to bleach on the sand, or when, after a long interval, the tides again come in, to be chafed by them to powder. All other sand than this of which the island of Santa Rosa is mostly formed, which I have elsewhere seen, has been tinged with yellow or brown. But this is without a stain, without a tinge; and the artist Catlin, who has sketched a scene on one part of this island of Santa Rosa, representing this island sand like the barren snow regions of the north, must be deemed extravagant in his picture by any eye that has never seen the original. This same island of Santa Rosa has long laid in my me-

mory as one of the peculiarities of physical nature, which has not its associate in the world beside. So are the grand prairies of the west, in their extent and their plains. So is Niagara. They stand *alone*, by themselves. And though no one could stand without emotion on the lone beach of this island, which becomes yet more profound for its waste and expanse, without an herb or tree for miles upon its surface of peculiar white, yet few, perhaps, would dignify this island with its coast of barren sand, as one of nature's wonders. And yet, as one stood upon the Virgin Hills, and gazed on the ocean far out, and on the unequalled scene around him, he could not but *feel*, while he yet should scarce believe that it was the combinations of nature around him, which threw such sublimity of emotion into his swelling bosom. *It is the sublimity of nature's desolation.* Go ye then, and look at it, from the top of the Virgin Hills, where the snow around you remains eternal, though beneath an almost torrid sun.

This peculiar island of Santa Rosa, with its long line of many miles, forms the extensive and beautiful bay of Pensacola, which is the best, and the only harbor along the western shores of the Gulf, for large vessels. The town of Pensacola is situated some seven miles from the inlet to the bay, north, and on the main shore; and the bay itself would afford safe anchorage for a thousand ships. The Navy Yard is about five miles from the town; and off the Navy Yard our ships are now lying. On Monday, June 1st, I made a visit to Pensacola, to renew some olden associations—review olden localities—and, again, to breathe the land breeze, on shore. The town I found as I had before seen it, some years ago; the same monotonous rectangular streets—the same one or two story wooden houses, with light piazzas—some prettily embowered in green foliage and luxuriant shrubs and flowers—but many were dilapidated or patched up and comfortless, as the hot sun was reflected back from the arid sand

of the streets. The climate is favorable for the growth of shrubbery; and the althea and the flowering myrtle reach almost the size of forest trees; while the fig trees richly laden with their luscious fruits, and the orange trees, and the pride of China, tend to absorb the hot rays of the sun, and give shade and beauty to the premises where they are cultivated. There is but little thrift, however, apparent throughout the town—but little that is new and in repair, or of interest to the eye, save the few pretty cottages, found, like birds' nests, secreted among the deep shades of the embowering trees. And in some of these there are—what for ever interest—sweet songsters, and at the evening hour the soft strain of music may be heard, coming on the mild air from different points, and borne along in harmonies as well as sound, to the listening ear. Among the calls I made, one of these sweet singers gave me music, which I was glad to hear. The words were known to me, and were sweetly sung. And one trill of the composition recalled a remembered kindred strain in Handel's water music, which none but one could strike, as it awoke beneath the touch of her snowy hand and gave forth the perception of her beautiful spirit.

And in this town, years ago, I heard music which now will wake no more. Many, whose names I could recall as associated with this place though they were not all of it, have gone to a world where is all harmony or is all discord. The ill-fated PULASKI, that was wrecked off Cape Hatteras, bore some of them to a grave in the sea. Judge Cameron was one. And his accomplished daughter, who sung "Love Not" with incomparable sweetness and simplicity, has also gone to a world where spirits "love" for ever, and "die" not. And J. Loring Woart, who was my travelling companion when I was here before, also perished in that ill-fated steamer, with his devoted companion. I had heard them ex-

press a wish that *they might die together*. But then, did they little dream of the manner and the suffering that should be attendant on their passage to a common and billowed grave. His heart was made up of generous sympathies, and his mind of beautiful perceptions, and his language, often, in public discourse, of a pleasing and placid eloquence. When I heard of the catastrophe of the wreck of the *Pulaski*, attended by the loss of so many lives, I was half way around the world—at Canton, in China. And I then felt I had cause to deem it one of those mysterious providences which seems at times, if not always, to direct one's individual steps, that I was not a sharer of the fortunes and the grave of the passengers of this vessel, which proved the coffin of thirteen of my acquaintances.

Judge D. is now in Pensacola, and opens his first court on Monday, under the new Constitution of the State of Florida. I was happy to renew an acquaintance with a gentleman of so much interest of character, both in his profession, and as a Christian. After my second discourse on Sunday, in town, he delayed for a moment, to request me to open his court by prayer on Monday morning. I did so—the Judge, in an appropriate and interesting address to the bar and persons in court, premising that it was his usual practice, and it would continue to be, on the first morning of the session of his courts, to have them opened by prayer. He did this because he thought the custom eminently calculated to impress the people that there was a connection between the administration of the laws and the responsibility of those who assisted in carrying them into execution. There was a Providence, he continued, which presides over nations as well as over individuals. And though in this ancient place, where the law has long been administered by the courts, there might be less reason for the adoption of this custom, to awaken these impressions, yet he felt the propriety of the proceeding on such occasions

of acknowledging our dependence on the Supreme Being, and he therefore asked the attention of those present to the prayer that would be offered. I could not but feel how appropriate was this proceeding of Judge D., and politic as it was Christian, as it would enable him always to take an elevated stand, and give a high moral tone to the administration of justice. And I am sure that both equity and law will receive such an administration from his bench, that both justice and piety shall approve.

On Monday evening I took tea with Dr. and Mrs. A. Judge D. is their guest. Mrs. A. is a lady of interesting manners, and a clever woman. She somewhat prides herself on housekeeping, and *likes* it, I presume, agreeably to one of Bonaparte's complimentary axioms, that persons always like that in which they excel. The evening was very agreeably spent; and the moon seemed rapidly to have travelled on her course, in these transparent heavens, as I passed out through a path of pomegranates, having bade adieu to my agreeable friends.

The next morning I finished my purchases of many nice things, to add comfort to an expected cruise of some three, four, or five months longer in the Gulf; and with a pretty bouquet from a hand which I thanked for gathering it for me, I found my way to the steamer which was to take the stragglers to the frigate ere she should sail on the morrow.

The steamer was a long half hour in making her way from the town to the Navy Yard. Some of the ladies from the officers' families attached to the yard, were on board, and navy officers themselves, in any quantities, from both the ships and yard.

The ship having delayed her departure for twenty-four hours, I re-visited the shore, at the Navy Yard, to make my adieus to the families there.

The Navy Yard itself is neatly laid out, and some atten-

tion has been paid in ornamenting it with shrubbery and trees. The Spanish bayonet, at this moment in full blossom, presents a peculiar and interesting plant to the eye not familiar with it. The plant itself grows as tall as a man, slim, and with bayonet leaves. The blossom is one large collection of adjusted bells, like immense snow-drops or lilies of the valley, so arranged, that they form together an immense white blossom, as large as a common sized sugar-loaf, and somewhat resembling it, in its conical shape, as it is supported by the stem of the plant, which rises out of its centre, and bears the blossom aloft above the foliage of the plant, like the musical instrument sometimes seen in a full band, elevated above the rest, adjusted with bells, and known by the name of the Turkish Cymbal.

The house of the Commandant of the yard, now occupied by Captain Latimer, is embowered by well grown trees, and surrounded by a multitude of flowering shrubs and plants. Either way, the house of the Commodore is flanked by five handsome dwelling-houses, surrounded by a double range of piazzas, particularly appropriate for this latitude, and highly ornamental in their architectural arrangement. These houses are occupied by the different officers stationed at this place.

The Chapel is a prettily arranged upper room, in one of two octagonal buildings, which are ornamental to the yard, but as intercepting the view from the dwelling-houses, not most wisely located.

Notwithstanding there is much that is pleasant in the arrangements of the Pensacola Navy Yard, it is still an out-of-the-way place ; and to me, there seems a deep desolateness hanging about it, as if it were more of a foreign than a home station ; as if one were here cut off from all communication with the world beside. And it is a good deal so. If the families here are fortunate enough to number a collection of persons

of interest among themselves, their circle may be considerable, and sufficient for the time being to afford them society. But at best, it is one of the out-of-the-world locations. And yet it is a most important station in view of the national interests which it embraces as a station for our navy, both in peace and in war, and especially in this Mexican war.

Here, too, I heard the "Messenger Bird" sung by two young ladies, with voices that were sweet and pathetic in the execution of this little song, which, for its sentiment, may justly be deemed a sacred ballad :

" Tell us, in heaven, do they love us yet,
And do they not, in heaven, forget ?"

Having said farewell to those whom I had briefly met, and now as briefly, and almost hurriedly, have parted with, I came off to the ship, in *the sundown boat* ; the sun's own glorious self, to-night, putting on all his gorgeousness, in which in this climate he sometimes robes himself for his sunset display. I often bless him for his glorious exhibition in coloring ; and always, however gorgeous, he yet so mellows his drapery of illuminated clouds as to preserve a beautiful harmony, that makes the heart soft in its musings, and better for its contemplations at such an hour, while beholding nature's most glorious object as seen from this earth. How often do my thoughts go back to the scenes I have witnessed, at the sunset hour in the eastern world, as I have marked hundreds of the *reverential Parsees* sitting, after their Persian manner, on the green grass of the promenade at Bombay, and gazing on the glorious orb of day, as he bathed himself at eve in the western ocean, and they adoring him as *their glorious god*. If nature has any object inanimate, to call forth the devotion of the heart in its adoration and veneration, it is surely the sun—that splendid orb—as he goes down to his western bed, in his robes of all glory

and magnificence, but solemnly—almost as solemnly as the judgment day—yet throwing back his beautiful light, in softening, and encouraging, and even winning loveliness, that melts the bosom to pathos and tears.

The Cumberland, accompanied by the Potomac, put to sea on Thursday, the 11th of June; the Cumberland for Vera Cruz, the Potomac to stand on and off, and wait a few days longer for despatches and letters. The Adams had already gone to the Isla de Verde, and thither we follow. God speed us, with favorable breezes, continued health, and thankful hearts.

SECTION VII.

THE ORIGIN AND REVIEW OF THE DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN
THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cumberland, having filled up with provisions and water sufficient for a four months' cruise, is now again at sea. As the FLAG SHIP of the Gulf Squadron, it is a matter of some importance, that her station should be at the nearest point of communication with the Mexican government, in case any overtures should be made by that government to the United States, for adjusting the unfortunate difficulties that now exist between the two nations. These difficulties, as has been seen by a preceding section, have reached a climax; and open war is now waging between the two republics. At the same time, the Flag Ship should be at a point where orders may be readily issued to the different ships composing the squadron, as the emergency, from time to time, may require. Off the harbor of Vera Cruz, the principal seaport town and the nearest accessible point to the city of Mexico, will, of course, be the principal rendezvous of the fleet. And at that point as a consequence, the BROAD PENNANT of the Cumberland will be seen to float. While, therefore, our fine frigate is making her passage through the Gulf, to find again her olden anchorage, though a little further out to sea than before off the castle of San Juan de Ullua, and under Green Island, it will not be inappropriate to the title and the general subject of this work, to state the origin, and

to review the difficulties between the United States and Mexico, which have led to the present state of open war between the two republics.

The Mexican spoliations and the annexation of Texas to the United States, are evidently the remote causes of the war that is now waging between the two republics. The spoliations mostly occurred between the years 1831 and 1837. A treaty of commerce and navigation had been formed between the two countries as early as 1831; and American citizens, relying upon protection, in accordance with the stipulations of this treaty, had engaged in commerce with Mexico, and many had settled within its limits in the prosecution of their businesss. But, in numerous instances, these residents were deprived of their personal liberty, and plundered of their property by the Mexican authorities; and on several occasions the flag of the United States was openly insulted. Without reference, particularly, to specific cases by further allusion, the following statement will show the extent of the deprivations, which were committed by Mexico.

The amount of demands on Mexico for spoliations, which were finally adjudicated under the convention, entered into by the two governments, dated April 11, 1839, is \$2,026,189 26. (Auc. Washington Union.) The claims referred to the umpire, upon a disagreement between the American and Mexican commissioners, but which were not finally decided by the umpire, are \$928,627 88. The amount of claims submitted to the board too late to be considered, according to the estimate of the claimants themselves, is \$3,326,837 65. Seventeen claims, filed in the Department at Washington, since the adjournment of the board, and according to the estimate of the claimants themselves, amount to the additional sum of \$1,147,989 55. These amounts, together, make a total of \$7,489,594 34. Besides this amount,

there are other claims filed since the adjournment of the convention, on which the claimants themselves have placed no estimate.

Of this seven and a half millions of dollars, which an impartial estimate would probably reduce to five millions, nothing has been paid, with the exception of *three* quarter-yearly instalments out of the twenty quarter-yearly instalments, into which the first adjudicated item of \$2,26,139 68 was divided, together with the addition of a small sum of interest.

It is believed not to be injustice to Mexico, to affirm that she has at different times resorted to many shifts and evasions, in order to avoid the payment of these claims; and there are some circumstances of peculiar aggravation, which have marked her conduct. In 1837, General Jackson, then President of the United States, declared in his message of that year, the sentiment of the government, in connection with these unsettled claims against Mexico. "The length of time since some of the injuries have been committed, the repeated and unavailing applications for redress, the wanton character of some of the outrages upon the persons of our citizens, upon the officers and flag of the United States, independent of recent insults to this government and people, by the late extraordinary Mexican minister, *would justify, in the eyes of all nations, immediate war.*" Instead, however, of appealing to such an alternative, or making reprisals on Mexican commerce, as was advocated at the time by some, the American Congress was controlled by milder counsels, and the result was, that a *special messenger* was sent to Mexico, to make a formal demand for "justice and satisfaction," agreeably to the provisions of the treaty. Nothing, however, but promises were obtained; nor has any thing, with the exception of the instalments, as previously stated, been secured since. And while it may be remarked that the obligations which the Mexican government have thus laid itself under to the govern-

ment of the United States, consequent on a long series of injuries to the persons, and spoliations to the property of many of her citizens, is a debt, if possible, of yet deeper obligation than that of private contracts; and that, although Mexico was long indulged by continued forbearance on the part of the United States government, in view of the unsettled affairs and supposed embarrassment of the treasury of the Mexican republic, yet the final plea on which the Mexican government has suspended its payments, is not *inability* but *indisposition*.

The origin of this feeling, and the subsequent action on the part of Mexico, in her relations with the United States, conduct us to another and the principal point of the controversy between the two nations. I allude to the ANNEXATION OF TEXAS TO THE UNITED STATES. This, evidently, must be considered as the principal cause of the open rupture between the two governments. Mexico, at least, seized on the occasion as an opportunity for making a bluster before the world, and where the matter was better understood, in a smaller way, before the United States. She was called on, in her own esteem, to vindicate her wounded dignity, and to express national indignation at a proceeding which she declared involved the integrity of the Mexican empire. But it may be a just inquiry, whether there did not lie a deeper reason—if not various reasons—beneath this action of expressing national displeasure at the reception of supposed indignity from the United States. The Act of Congress of March 1st, 1845, for the annexation of Texas, at least, has been made a *pretext for withholding the indemnity already agreed upon, and for resisting all overtures for an adjustment of the claims which have not as yet been jointly investigated*. The Mexican minister, on the passage of this resolution of annexation, by Congress, demanded his passports; and the American min-

ister in Mexico was notified that no further diplomatic relations could be continued between the two countries.

That Mexico had no right to complain of this simple act of the American Congress, annexing TEXAS, *without specification of boundaries*, is doubtless the correct view of the matter, in connection with the prevailing code of national law as generally maintained by the nations of Europe and America. Texas had declared her independence; and for years had successfully maintained it. It had been acknowledged by the United States, by Great Britain, and by France; and most certainly, therefore, had Great Britain and France, no just voice to raise, in opposition to the movement, in the counsels between the United States and Texas. Still, the opposition to the measure on the part of Mexico was made to the *bare act* of the annexation of Texas, for, *the boundaries* between the Texan and Mexican territories were left, by the Act of Annexation, to be adjusted by future negotiation between the Mexican government and the United States. Mexico claimed all of Texas, as a revolted province; and all of her public acts, so far as they have been developed to show her displeasure towards the United States up to the time of the withdrawal of the Mexican minister, and the measures attendant on that act of non-intercourse between the two nations, were predicated on her assumed right to *all of Texas*, as if that province was still an integral part of the republic of Mexico. Therefore, up to this period of the controversies between the two countries, the question of *boundaries* entered not among the causes of complaint against the United States by the government of Mexico.

Diplomatic relations between the two countries having now terminated, by the withdrawal of the Mexican minister plenipotentiary from Washington, and passports tendered to and received by the American minister at Mexico, a state of

non-intercourse succeeded, while the American consuls yet held their places, both at Mexico and Vera Cruz.

The policy of uniting Texas to the United States has been amply discussed before the American people. That it shall tend to augment SLAVERY in the United States or generally, for one, I do not nor ever have believed. On the contrary, it has always appeared to me, that the natural tendency of the measure will be to relieve Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, of their slave population, and to hasten the period when these States shall be reckoned among the free States of the Union. This, not because annexation will produce a change upon the public sentiment of public men in those States, as to the moral bearing of the question of slavery, but the true and best policy for these States will be to send their slaves south, and to fill up their own territory with a free population; and *therefore, self-interest* will dictate the final consummation of this result.

But this measure of annexation, whether for good or for ill, has certainly given to the American people, a feeling that their destiny is to spread over an extent of territory, which is not as yet possessed by them. And that conservative principle, which has heretofore controlled the public councils of our nation, namely, that our truest interest lies in confining our national limits within the territory already possessed, has given way before a feeling, if not of ambition, yet of a species of self-complacency, at the idea that the best welfare of the North American continent is connected with the universal establishment of our institutions over its length and its breadth. But regardless of lessons taught by the history of the past, which it must be confessed should be modified in the application of their natural deductions to ourselves in this era of the world as to the extending of the boundaries of a Republic, yet there are elements that will be introduced by extending ourselves much beyond

our present limits, which will tend to endanger the stability of our Union. And yet, to counteract these, the facilities of association, and other developments that science is making in this age of our world and republic, present their counterbalancing considerations and encouragements. A Southern Republic looms up in the visions of some, in view of our probable onward extension and aggrandizement. And if the final annexation of all of Mexico could enter into the wild dreams of the North American republic, and be consummated, there would be something to be apprehended in the effect which the Papal system of religion would have upon the political interests of our country, directed as that system is by the body of Priests who are connected with it; and controlled as the masses sometimes are or may be, through the confessional, and under other political influences connected with the Roman Catholic adhesiveness, were it not, that the country would be thrown open, *by the constitution*, to the ingress of Protestants, whose greater energy, generally superior intelligence, and final accession to the wealth of the country, would check and control the effects of an otherwise to be apprehended institution, with its political-meddling priesthood.

But to return to the progress of the difficulties between the two governments of Mexico and the United States, as resulting from the annexation of Texas to the American Union. The Mexican minister having left the country on the consummation of the act of annexation by the United States Congress, and passports having been tendered by the Mexican government to the American minister then resident at the city of Mexico, with the declaration that diplomatic intercourse could no longer be continued between the two governments, it, of course, in point of etiquet, became necessary for Mexico to make the first overture, whenever diplomatic relations should be renewed or desired. Matters had

remained in this state of non-diplomatic intercourse, from March until September. The President of the United States being desirous that all difficulties should be amicably settled, was willing to waive mere forms, and even to concede something to the petulance of Mexico, in the hopes that difficulties, daily increasing, might yet be adjusted by diplomacy, and the alternative of war be avoided. He therefore made the initiatory advance, for renewing a friendly diplomatic intercourse with Mexico. This action of the President, through the American consul, at Mexico, was apparently kindly met, and there was great hope on the part of the Executive of the United States government, that these matters would be finally adjusted, by amicable negotiation. The various steps in this movement, on the part of the two governments, may be seen by a reference to the papers that passed between the functionaries of the two nations, but which, for their volume, cannot be inserted in this place.

This correspondence, however, led to the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary, with full powers to adjust *all difficulties* amicably, which existed between the two governments. That Minister appeared in Mexico, and asked an audience. But it was denied. The good faith of an apparently well-meaning government under Herrera, was falsified and broken by the succeeding revolution under General Paredes, whose motto was "war against the North Americans." By the government which this revolution established in power, the American Minister, who sought their coast on an errand of peace, was dismissed. Mr. Slidell's correspondence shows where the responsibility which defeated the purposes of the mission lay—and it *was* with the Mexican rulers.

The American Minister having been unceremoniously dismissed, after a solemn engagement, as Mr. Black's correspondence will show, on the part of the Mexican government that an Envoy from the United States should be re-

ceived, the only alternative now remaining, seemed to be a resort to arms. Nothing else could be expected, in the collisions that must of necessity occur in the onward action of the two nations, without the means of explanation, and where the interests of the two nations in the esteem of each were so decidedly conflicting.

The careful reader, moreover, of the correspondence referred to, will have observed that there seems to have been *a determined design* on the part of the Mexican government, to maintain her sovereignty over her revolted province, and to invade Texas. This will more especially appear in the language both of the Pronunciamento and the Inaugural of General Paredes; the one, given at the head of his army, the other, on his accession to power. And this, Texas being now annexed to the United States, involved an invasion of the territory of the northern republic. To meet any exigency that might occur in case of the failure of negotiation, and forewarned by the overbearing language of the Mexican government, the President of the United States pre-occupied the southern boundary of Texas by an armed force under General Taylor, which was ordered to move still nearer the Rio Bravo del Norte; and finally, to hold its left bank as the boundary between Texas and Mexico, or until that boundary should be adjusted. All prospect of amicable negotiation daily diminished, and finally ceased; and, instead of it, a threatened invasion presented itself on the frontier of the Mexican territory, with designs which, on their part, ceased to be concealed.

General Taylor's command, having moved forward under the orders from the Department to the Rio Bravo del Norte or Grande, now amounted to some 3500 men.

Already the Mexican forces had been collecting near the same point, making Matamoras their head-quarters. And here the two armies were now confronting each other, their

separate batteries having been thrown up, and their distance from each other being nearly within rifle shot.

To this pass, then, had the public affairs between the two countries been brought, in the month of March, 1846. On the 28th of that month, we have the following interesting

MINUTES

Of an interview between Brigadier General W. J. Worth, U. S. A., and General Romulo Vega, of the Mexican army, held on the right bank of the Rio Grande.

On exhibiting a white flag on the bank of the Rio Grande, a boat with two officers, represented as cavalry officers, together with an interpreter and a fourth person, crossed from the right bank of the river.

It was stated through an interpreter, Mr. Mitchell, that a General officer of the U. S. Army had been sent by his commanding General, with dispatches, to the commanding General at Matamoras, and to the civil authorities; and that an interview was requested.

After some conversation explanatory of the above, the Mexican party recrossed the river, to report to the commanding General at Matamoras, and return with his reply. An open note for the American Consul at Matamoras, with an endorsement on the back in pencil, was delivered to the Mexican officer. He replied that he should hand it to the commanding General. "Certainly, of course," was General Worth's remark in reply.

On the return of the same party, General Mejia sent word, that if the commanding General of the American force wished a *conference* with the commanding General of the Mexican forces, it would readily be acceded to; but as a junior to the commanding General, on the part of the American troops, had requested a *conference*, General Mejia could not entertain such a proposition; but that an officer of corresponding rank and position, in the Mexican forces, would be ready to receive any communication sent by General Taylor.

It was perceived that the relation of the parties was misapprehended, they supposing that a conference was requested; this was corrected immediately, and it was reiterated that General Worth was merely the *bearer of dispatches*, with authority to relate verbally certain matters of interest to the commanding General at Matamoras.

The proposition of General Mejia was then acceded to, with the remark, that this was a mere question of form, which should not be permitted to interfere with any arrangements necessary to the continuance of the friendly relations now existing between the two governments.

The Mexican party recrossed to the right bank, and after a short absence returned, stating that General Romulo Vega would receive General Worth on the right bank of the river—their own selection—for the recep-

tion of any communication which General Worth might have to make from the commanding General.

General Worth then crossed the river, accompanied by Lieutenant Smith, Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenants Magruder, Deas and Blake, attached to his staff; together with Lieutenant Knowlton as interpreter. On arriving at the right bank of the river, General Worth was received by General Vega with becoming courtesy and respect, and introduced to the "Authorities of Matamoras," represented in the person of the Licenciado Casares. On the Mexican part were present, General Vega, the Licenciado Casares, two officers—represented as cavalry officers—an interpreter, with a person named Juan N. Garcia, Oficial de Defensores.

After the usual courtesies on meeting, it was stated by General Worth, that he was the *bearer of dispatches* from the commanding general of the American forces to General Mejia, and to the civil authorities of Matamoras. A written and unsealed document was produced, and General Vega desiring to know its contents, it was carefully read, and translated into French by Lieutenant Knowlton, and afterwards retranslated into Spanish by the Mexican interpreter. General Vega then stated, that he had been directed to receive such communications as General Worth might present from his commanding General; going on to say, that the march of the United States troops into a part of the Mexican territory, Tamaulipas, was considered as an act of war.

General Worth. "I am well aware that some of the Mexican people consider it an aggressive act, but" (interrupted by the Mexican interpreter; and after a slight discussion of the international question on the part of General Vega), General Worth repeated the above remark, adding that it was not so considered by his government; that the army had been ordered *there* by his government, and that *there* it would remain; whether rightfully or otherwise, *that* was a question to be settled between the two governments." General Vega, still disposed to argue the merits of the case, was told by General Worth, that "he came to state facts, not to argue them."

General Worth then stated that he had been sent with dispatches from his commanding General to General Mejia, that General Mejia had refused to receive them from him personally, adding, with emphasis and some degree of warmth, "I now state that I withdraw this dispatch, having read it merely as an act of courtesy to General Vega; that, in addition to the written despatch to General Mejia, I am authorized to express verbally the sentiments with which the commanding general proposed to carry out the instructions of his government, in which he hoped to preserve the peaceable relations between the two governments, leaving all questions between the two countries to be settled between the two governments; and if hereafter General Mejia wished to communicate with General Taylor, he must propose the means—assuring General Vega that, should General Mejia present himself or send his communications by a subaltern officer, in either case, he would be received with proper courtesy and respect. The question of right of territory was again opened by General Vega, who asked how the United States government would view the matter should the Mexican troops march into or occupy a portion of the territory of the United States? General Worth

replied, that General Vega might probably be familiar with the old proverb, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and that "it would be time enough to consider such matters when the act was perpetrated."

The proverb did not appear to be translated by the Mexican interpreter, but was received by General Vega with a smile and slight shrug.

General Worth. Is the Americal Consul in arrest or in prison?

General Vega. No.

General Worth. Is he now in the exercise of his proper functions?

General Vega, after apparently consulting with the Licenciado Cárdenas for a moment, replied that he was.

General Worth. Then, as an American officer, in the name of my government and commanding General, I demand an interview with the Consul of my country.

No reply.

General Worth. Has Mexico declared war against the United States?

General Vega. No.

General Worth. Are the two countries still at peace?

General Vega. Yes.

General Worth. Then, I again demand an interview with the Consul of my government, in Matamoras—in presence, of course, of these gentlemen, or any other that the commanding General in Matamoras may be pleased to designate.

General Vega reiterated, that the Consul was in the proper exercise of his functions; that he was not in arrest, nor were any Americans in Matamoras in arrest; that he would submit the demand to General Mejia, adding that he thought there would be great difficulty. This demand was repeatedly made, in the most emphatic manner, and a reply requested; General Vega stating that the Consul continued in the exercise of his functions, and that the demand would be submitted to General Mejia.

Here the interview was suspended, while the Licenciado left the party to submit, as we understood, the demand for an interview with the Consul to General Mejia. While engaged in friendly intercourse, General Worth stated to General Vega, in an informal manner, as an evidence of the good faith, intentions, and dispositions of his commanding General, that he was well aware of the importance of the Brazos de Santiago to the commerce and business community of Matamoras; that he would respect their laws and customs, and freely grant entrance and exit to all Mexican and other vessels trading with Matamoras on the same terms as before its occupation by the United States, leaving all questions arising therefrom to be settled hereafter by the two governments. At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour the Licenciado returned, and reported that General Mejia would not accede to the request for an interview on the part of General Worth, saying nothing, however, relative to the question of the Consul.

General Vega was then again informed that the dispatches intended to be delivered to General Mejia by General Worth, in person, would be returned by him (General W.) to his commanding General, considering any other disposition of them as disrespectful to him, repeating that they had been read to General Vega in courtesy to him, and that General

Mejia must take his own means of communicating with General Taylor ; that whether General Mejia sent a superior or subaltern officer to General Taylor, at all times accessible, he would be received with becoming courtesy and hospitality, presenting, at the same time, a written and sealed document for the civil authorities of Matamoras, which was received by General Vega, and immediately transferred to the Licenciado Casares.

General Vega. Is it the intention of General Taylor to remain on the left bank of the Rio Grande?

General Worth. Most assuredly ; and there to remain until directed otherwise by his government.

General Vega remarked that "we" felt indignation at seeing the American flag placed on the Rio Grande, a portion of the Mexican territory.

General Worth replied, "that was a matter of taste ; notwithstanding that, there it would remain." The army had been ordered to occupy its present position by its government ; it came in a peaceful rather than a belligerent attitude, with a determination to respect the rights and customs of those on the right bank of the Rio Grande, while it offers protection to all on the left bank within their own territory.

No reply having been received from General Vega relative to the demand for an interview with the American Consul, the question was again introduced by General Worth, and the demand for the last time reiterated.

General Vega promptly refused to accede to the demand, replying, without waiting for the interpretation, "No, no."

General Worth. I have now to state that the refusal of my demand to see the American Consul is regarded as a belligerent act ; and in conclusion, I have to add, that the commanding General of the American forces on the left bank of the river will regard the passage of any armed party of Mexicans in hostile array across the Rio Grande, as an act of war, and pursue it accordingly.

The interview here terminated, and General Worth and staff returned to the left bank of the river.

The above contains the substance of the interview between Generals Worth and Vega, and, as far as possible, the exact words and expressions used on the occasion. Lieutenants Knowlton and Magruder, of the first Artillery, Lieutenant Deas of the fourth Artillery, Lieutenant Blake of the Topographical Engineers, and Lieutenant Smith of the eighth Infantry, were present at the interview.

General Ampudia arriving at Matamoras at this period with additional troops, superseded General Mejia. He soon addressed a letter to General Taylor, (April 12th,) stating it to be the definitive orders of his government, to require the American General with his forces to retire beyond the Nueces. And to allow General Taylor to do this, General Ampudia gave him twenty-four hours. And unless done,

an appeal to arms would be had, and the usual rules of war would guide him in his operations.

General Taylor replied, deprecating the alternative proposed, but under the orders of his government he could not do otherwise than hold his present position, while he would wish to avoid all offence to the Mexican government, and leave all difficulties, for discussion and settlement by the governments themselves. He however held himself in readiness, in case of any aggression, to meet arms with arms.

On the morning of the 3d of May General Taylor took up his line of March, with the main body of his forces, from his intrenchments which he had rapidly thrown up, opposite Matamoras, for Point Isabel. The object of General Taylor in marching to Isabel, was, to gain supplies for his army, a measure absolutely necessary, though, in the apprehension of an attack from greatly superior numbers, it was deemed to be attended by difficulty and no inconsiderable hazard. General Taylor reached Point Isabel without interruption.

General Taylor having procured his train of baggage wagons, and leaving a small force for the defence of the depot at Point Isabel in case of an attack by a detachment from the Mexican army, with his remaining forces, now amounting to about 2100 men, he commenced his return to the field-work opposite Matamoras, which, as has been described, was so gallantly defended by the unfortunate Brown, whose name is now for ever to be associated with the fortification, within the intrenchments of which, and in its defence, he fell. But on his way to regain his position opposite Matamoras, as we have seen in preceding sections, and under circumstances which, in their results, have thrilled the American Union, Gen. Taylor met the Mexican army, which sought to cut off and expected to destroy the entire force under the American General. But in the battles on the 8th and 9th of May, on which the two armies met and measured

their arms, the American forces triumphed ; and the Mexican army, with a terrible overthrow, was routed and dispersed. Thus far, have we given a sketch of *the difficulties*, as they have originated and advanced to a crisis, between the two Republics.

And now, we will leave our gallant little army, for a moment, to repose on its well-earned laurels, while we inquire further for the *responsibility* of commencing these hostilities. *Which nation struck the first belligerent blow ?*

The consent of the Mexican government to arrange the existing difficulties by amicable negotiation, was, doubtless, sincere. And that the project of the two governments failed, in consequence of a revolution favored by General Paredes, then at the head of the Mexican army, seems equally true. This very proceeding on the part of the two governments favorable for peace, was made one of the principal motives, addressed to the Mexican people, for effecting a revolution. The Manifesto adopted by the Mexican army of reserve, then at San Louis Potosi, where the revolution of December 14th first developed itself in form, justified the movement of Paredes, on the ground that President Herrera's administration, then existing, "had repeatedly thwarted the purposes of the army to move on Texas, and at the same time allowed the army to be vilified for its inaction by official journals ; and it had admitted a Commissioner, (referring to the American Minister,) with whom it was endeavoring to arrange for the loss of the integrity of the republic ; that it had reduced the country almost to a state of anarchy, in the midst of which it existed without revenue, without power, and almost without will ; that these evils demanded an immediate remedy, and that the administration confessed its total incapacity and powerlessness ; that it had lost its respectability, so necessary to a government, and had allowed a Plenipotentiary of the United States to set foot in the coun-

try, and reside in the capital, with a view to bargain for the independence and nationality of the country, for which there have been made so many sacrifices."

And all this declaration of principles of the newly projected revolution was made by the finally successful party, while the American army were still at *Corpus Christi*, and before the order had at all been given by the Department at Washington for the American army to move further towards the Rio Bravo del Norte. Besides, the reference in the Manifesto that Herrera's administration had repeatedly "thwarted the purposes of the army to move upon Texas," obviously referred to *Texas generally*, as the revolted province against which they had before advanced, and not to any mere part of the territory lying south of the river Nueces. But the order for the army of occupation did issue from Washington for its advance, on the 13th of January, 1846, while this order to General Taylor strictly enjoined that he should adhere to the defensive, and respect any Mexican post that might be established within the territory claimed by the United States, in virtue of the belief that the Rio Bravo del Norte was the rightful boundary of the State of Texas. And the ground of this supposition as to the boundary of Texas, seems, among other reasons, to have been inferred from the facts, that Texas, in her Declaration of Independence, in the year 1836, adopted this river as the boundary between herself and Mexico, in the following language of that declaration :

"Beginning at the mouth of the Sabine river, and running west along the Gulf of Mexico three leagues from land, to the mouth of the Rio Grande ; then, up the principal stream of said river to its source ; thence, due north to the 42d degree of north latitude ; thence, along the boundary line, as defined in the treaty between the United States and Spain, to the beginning."

Again, in the treaty made with Texas by General Santa Anna, then President of Mexico and heading the invading army which entered Texas, where Santa Anna was taken prisoner at the battle of San Jacinto, is the following article :

"Article 3. The Mexican troops are to vacate the territory of Texas, passing to the other side of the *Rio Grande del Norte*."

And then in the secret treaty affected so amusingly, when looked at in connection with the final developments, under the British Here-and-there-ian Captain Elliott and the associate French influence, is the following article :

"Article 4th. A treaty of commerce, amity, and limits, will be established between Mexico and Texas. The territory of the latter not to extend beyond the *Rio Bravo del Norte*."

The American army was directed accordingly to take up its most western and southern position, on the left bank of this river, in the most peaceful manner practicable ; and even if the navigation of the Bravo del Norte should be contested, the right was not to be assumed in practice until further orders, unless indeed the overt acts of the Mexican army should require open hostilities to be commenced.

The American army, consequently, with all wish and purpose to give no offence to the Mexican authorities by any acts beyond the peaceful occupancy of the territory on the north side of the Rio Bravo del Norte, advanced from Corpus Christi, first to Point Isabel, a very favorable position for a depot of provisions, and strengthened their entrenchments for its defence. From Point Isabel, the army moved forward, some thirty miles further, to its ultimate point proposed for occupation, on the left bank of the river, opposite the city of Matamoras.

From the time the army left Corpus Christi until it en-

camped opposite Matamoras, it was met, in two or three instances, more particularly on the Colorado Creek, by a small detachment of Mexicans, offering, however, no opposition to the advance of the army, but in a single instance; when, General Taylor warned them of the consequences if they should persist in their opposition. The Mexicans retired, and General Taylor assumed his position at last, and at his pleasure, on the Bravo, March 28th, 1846.

And here, it is believed, that it may be asserted, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that no Mexican was killed by the American troops, in any single instance, up to the time when Captain Thornton's command, amounting to some fifty to sixty men, was cut to pieces in a Mexican ambush some twenty miles above General Taylor's head-quarters, April 28th, whence they had gone to reconnoitre and to ascertain if the Mexicans, agreeably to a report, had in considerable numbers crossed the Río Bravo to the Texan side. And on this occasion, there appears to be no evidence, that the Americans fired a shot, or that any Mexican was killed, by this little force, which had been surrounded or entrapped into the centre of an ambuscade of some 1500 or 2000 Mexicans.

Previously to this, Col. Cross had been most barbarously murdered while riding out for exercise, a short distance from the American camp; and Lieutenant Porter, who went in search of Col. C., was fired upon and killed, together with one of his men.

The first evidence we have of any Mexican losing his life from any of the American forces, presents itself on the 29th of April, when Captain Walker, with 24 men, called the Texan Rangers, were advancing from Point Isabel, to join General Taylor's camp, opposite Matamoras. The force of the Mexicans, which this handful of Americans met, is supposed to have been 1500 men, occupying a position

between the two American fortifications. A skirmish ensued—six of Captain Walker's men fell, and a number of Mexicans were killed. The rest of the Americans made their escape back to Point Isabel. Which party fired first is not known. It would seem rather improbable, however, that 25 men should first attack a force of 1500 troops.

All these facts, reviewed in connection with Gen. Ampudia's letter, dated April 12th, in which he requires Gen. T., in the peremptory terms of 24 hours, "to break up his camp, and retire to the other bank of the Nueces," and that if not done, "arms and arms alone" must decide the difficulties between the two governments, go to prove, *beyond a reasonable doubt*, that the Mexican measures of war had been early determined on, and that *on the Mexican nation* must rest the *responsibility* of actually *commencing* the warfare between the two armies.

And now after the formal declaration of the Mexican General, if not before, it was the obvious duty of General Taylor to exercise the greatest vigilance, which, as affairs afterwards demonstrated, was none too great, lest his army should be surprised. And the necessity of seeking reinforcements presented itself none too soon to Gen T., as a wary commander, before his communication with Point Isabel should be cut off.

But notwithstanding all these occurring vexations, resulting from the proximity of the two armies—notwithstanding the preparations being made to meet the exigency that might occur—even the very act of positive war, on the part of the Mexicans, in surrounding and capturing the party under Captain Thornton, might have been pardoned as a mistake, had the Mexican General disclaimed it—and all other difficulties on the border might have been adjusted for the preservation of peace, had it not been, as the development of matters at the time and since very plainly declare, that this shooting down of

the men of Captain Thorton's command, was but the *opening scene*, in the first act of the drama that the *Mexican government* had determined should be presented before the world ; and that it was but the preliminary of a *plan already laid for the capture or the total destruction of the Army of Occupation, under General Taylor*. The language of President Paredes, in his Manifesto, dated earlier than this deed of blood occurred, contains the following language : " I have sent orders to the General-in-Chief, on the northern frontier, to act in hostility against the army which is in hostility against us ; to oppose war to the enemy which wars upon us. Our General, acting according to established usages, and the decided intructions given by my government, summoned the General-in-Chief of the American forces to retire beyond the river Nueces, the ancient boundary of Texas, and the summons has been disregarded." And he further affirms, that the revolution of Dec. 14th, which elevated him to power, was sanctioned by the people, *because they were* " waiting with impatience to rush forward to *another war*, to which they were called by the scandalous aggressions of a government calling itself our friend, but at the same time aiming to prostrate us ;" adding still further, in relation to the American minister sent to Mexico to adjust the difficulties between the two nations, by the encouragement and promises of the Mexican government itself, that it was an insult and the consummation of offences, " as if the relations between the two republics had not suffered any disturbance by the annexation of Texas." It is also certain that General Paredes, at the period of the revolution, on which he rode into power, promised, in the most public and formal manner, that as soon as he had established the new power and restored tranquillity, he would turn his attention towards Texas. And still further, just before entering into the capital, towards which he had marched with his army, he declared in the Manifesto which

he issued (these revolutions in Mexico being made up mostly of manifestoes) that, after convoking a constituent Congress, he would either retire to private life, "or ask the privilege of marching to the frontier, to encounter the usurpers of our territory, and the enemies of our independence and prosperity." The Minister of War, General Almonte, also entertaining the same sentiments, which must thus be regarded as the fixed sentiments of the administration, declared, on taking office, that he was so moved to do, by the desire to co-operate in carrying out the order "now happily re-established," for preparing "the Texas campaign."

No one, therefore, can a moment hesitate as to what were the views of the present Mexican administration, which came into power by its opposition to the North American Union, and on the proposed measure of re-invading the republic of Texas, which had thus long maintained her independence, and which had been acknowledged by France, Great Britain, and the United States—the territory itself being now received into the Union of the North American republic, with which, even Mexico, if she felt aggrieved, should have had policy sufficient to approach by negotiation, as the only recourse for gaining a reparation for her injuries. But the war-clarion had been sounded, and in a war-chariot the Chief of the Mexican Republic had ridden into power. *And that power was to be sustained by a continuation of the war-cry.* And in accordance with these war intentions—perhaps in the necessity of the case, if Paredes would still retain his power—he put himself to the gathering of troops, publishing of warlike manifestoes, making war loans—one of which, for \$2,000,000, said to be secured by the Church property—and cutting off the custom-house revenues from the disposition which had been made for the payment of old debts, on the plea of the present endangerment of the country. And at the same time, hoping

that he had (whether it be truth or not) the sympathy of England and France, he had indeed succeeded, with no small energy for a Mexican, while there were no greater resources in the public treasury, in gathering on the frontier a body of Mexicans, which perhaps few others of his contemporaries could, in equal numbers, have presented, in so short a time, ready for action and a hoped for success.

Such then was the state of matters preceding and at the commencement of hostilities between the armies of the two nations. Can any one hesitate the conviction that it had been the intention of Mexico, *for months past*, to make war on the United States; or at least, *to invade Texas, on the plea of regaining the revolted province, as Mexico deemed her?* Or, in review of the whole subject, can any one hesitate to decide that, aside from the single matter of annexing the province of Texas to the United States' sovereignty, *Mexico herself struck the first blow in this war?* And as to the right of legislation which was had by the two republics, the United States and Texas, in point of national law, (aside from their own constitutional questions,) the world, nor Mexico had justly aught of which in the premises to complain. So at least the writer of these pages is forced to believe in view of the whole question. And though I did, at first, think that there was ground of complaint against the United States, *on her assuming the Rio Bravo del Norte* as the southern and western boundary line between Mexico and Texas, yet, in view of the Declaration of Independence made by Texas in 1836 and since maintained—in view of the articles in the treaty made by Santa Anna on his capture by the Texan arms—and the article contained in the *Secret Treaty*, made and intended to be ratified by Texas and Mexico under British and French influence, and maintained by British and French arms perhaps, *all and each recognizing the Rio Bravo del Norte* as the southern and western boundary of Texas, go to assure me that the

United States did Mexico no wrong in assuming that river as the boundary, while she held out to her at the same time the overtures of an honorable and fair negotiation on that subject, and on all other difficulties existing between the two governments.

In view of these facts, which have been deduced from the correspondence of the functionaries of the two governments—the declarations of the Mexican President—his address to the Mexican Generals—and the position of the armies of the two republics which now confronted each other, and had now already measured arms to the defeat of the Mexican forces, it was not surprising that President Polk should send an extra message to Congress, then in session, which called for immediate preparations for carrying on a war with Mexico, and for a Declaration by the Congress of the United States, **THAT A WAR NOW EXISTED BETWEEN THE TWO NATIONS.**

SECTION VIII.

PASSAGE FROM PENSACOLA TO VERA CRUZ.

AFTER standing south for a day or two from Pensacola, the Cumberland fell in with a ship bound to Europe—an officer boarded her—and she being just out of New Orleans, afforded us a few papers, later than our own. The two ships were again soon on their separate and different courses. Other vessels were occasionally fallen in with, and boarded. A schooner, bearing Spanish colors, at our windward, by a gun from the frigate, was caused to change her course, and come down to us. Her papers were found to have been noted upon by a boarding officer of the Falmouth, a few days before, at the time she was ordered off from Vera Cruz, and she was now on her return way to Havana. The Cumberland deviated several times from her course to overhaul some chase descried from the tops, which, without difficulty, were generally come up with; and most frequently they proved to be Spanish vessels.

On Monday morning, the 22d of June, ORAZAVA, the high peak of the mountains ranging through Mexico, between seventeen and eighteen thousand feet high, was seen in all its distinct outlines, an object, this morning, of great beauty and sublimity. It was a rarefied state of the atmosphere, through which the distant elevations were throwing up their huge proportions and distinct outlines, strongly defined by their

irregular heights and broken curves, as they lay against the horizon. The fields of snow spread a white cap entirely over the high peak of Orazava, adding interest to the view by its contrast with the less bright ranges of the clouds which lay against the mountain side further down. And still beneath these, yet darker ranges of the blue bases of the mountains were seen, which extend north and south, in their distance and abruptness of peaks and ravines. The vapors too were hanging in their airy forms along the sides of the mountains, or reposing in their softness and fleecy volumes in some deep valley of the mountains, appearing as if they were held in some huge bowl of nature, that had been excavated from the table-land of the mountain, to contain them, in their morning repose, before the sun should dissipate them to the higher heavens above. But the snow fields on Orazava mostly attracted the gaze, as their refreshing look and wintry associations came welcomed to the view and the feeling, while we were sailing in a temperature of 84° of Fahr.

The Cumberland continued to near the land, during the day, and with a press of canvas had reached far in, before sundown, towards the anchorage, where the steamship Princeton was seen lying at her moorings, under Green Island. At length the Princeton was reported as being under way, and was now seen standing directly for us. The two ships neared each other, though as yet at a considerable distance apart. The Cumberland still held on her course, and the Princeton still came down to us, like some phantom ship with no sails set, no appearance of smoke, a dark object, noiseless, and yet against the wind, and with her bows directly on.

"Stand by to take in the studding-sails," cried the officer of the deck. "Haul taught—in studding sails!" continued the officer, through the trumpet; while these many sails came down, in unison, to the deck or in to the tops, like so

many feathers, scattered from the wing of some fleet bird by the shot of the fowler, as the ship seemed, for the instant, to fold her lopped pinion for its rest, and moved less nimbly on her yet even course. Or, in the present positions of the two ships, the meeting of the two frigates might seem like the preparatory evolution for an engagement, in which, in a few moments more, the two ships would be involved. No movement could have been more natural, had the Princeton been an enemy; while the dark vessel still came down in her steady and solemn course, yet more solemn and imposing, for its monotony, and steady, and slow advance.

"Stand by to take in the royals—man the flying-jib down-haul. Haul taught—in royals—let go the jib-halyards—haul down the flying-jib!"

This order still reduced the sails of the Cumberland, while the evening breeze still lightened and the sun went down; but the Princeton came still on in her monotonous and threatening course, and our own snip luffed a little as we neared her. I was standing on the Jacob's ladder, and every moment was expecting the Princeton to bear up, and pour forth the smoke and flame from her ports, and the thunder from her guns—not in defiance, but in loud salute to the BROAD PENNANT of the Flag Ship. But the sun had fallen behind the high peaks of the distant ranges of mountains, and the regulations of the service admit of no salutes after sundown. Still, the Princeton came up to us in a short time—a boat was lowered away, and her Captain came on board the Cumberland, while the Princeton moved about and around us like some mysterious thing, apparently motionless, and perfectly noiseless, while she yet reached on her way, with her sails gathered closely to her yards, now braced obliquely; and in her free, and short evolutions, showing how completely she was at the will of her com-

mander, and how easily she could take her position, at her pleasure, to annoy, and injure, and capture her enemy.

The Cumberland soon dropped her anchor for the night, not far from Green Island, which, in the lightness of the winds, she would be unable to reach, before the sea-breeze should favor us in the morning. But little news was communicated from Vera Cruz. Paredes has been re-elected President of Mexico—General Bravo, Vice-President. The Princeton, ere long, stood off to the northward, to intercept any sail that might make an attempt to get into the port of Vera Cruz, during the night; and the next morning, June 23d, the Cumberland anchored under the little island, called Isla de Verde, where we now rest at our moorings, to await the developments of the future, and to act as the exigency of the war with Mexico may from time to time suggest.

We found the United States frigate Raritan, Captain Gregory, besides the Princeton, here; and on the 28th, the steam-ship Mississippi, the John Adams, and the Somers, were added to the number of our ships now at this anchorage. The Potomac came in on the 30th, making the force of the squadron at this point, on the 1st of July, to consist of three frigates, two steam-ships, a sloop-of-war, and a brig—in all, seven sail.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1846.

The ships of our squadron put on an unusual quantity of bunting this morning, in honor of the day which declared the United States of America an independent nation. Her British Majesty's ships, with complimentary consideration of the day, hoisted the American ensign at their fore-royal-mast head. The Spaniards followed the movement of the English ships; and the French elevated our flag to the head of their

main-royal. England could not, if she would, forget the day. Spain has a less ready memory ; and France had a national interest in the transactions of the scenes of our revolution, and remembers the part she took with pride, and speaks of the ancient alliance with warmth and pleasure. Formerly, while the British nation tendered the naval courtesies to our national days, as they might be noticed by our own ships while lying in company with their national vessels, they omitted to honor, by salute, the Fourth of July. On one occasion I have heard an officer of our navy remark, an English Captain, years ago, came on board of one of our ships, on the Fourth of July, and after making his compliments and evincing his readiness in noticing all other of our national days, added, " But Captain," said he, " you will excuse me, *to-day*, for I cannot join you in the rejoicing, that the American people were ever severed from the British nation." It was a delicate compliment, and so I presume it was intended to be. Since that time, however, it has become an order of the British Admiralty, that British men-of-war shall notice the Fourth of July when they are lying in company with American vessels of war. Consequently, when our salutes of seventeen guns from each of the ships of our squadron boomed over the sea, at 12 o'clock to-day, the British, the French, and the Spanish ships of war, lying at Sacrificios, opened with the complimentary salutes.

The loud reports of all the war ships of all nations lying off the harbor of Vera Cruz, came over the waters in their loud intonations, while the clouds of smoke soon drifted to the leeward, and again left the ships as before, sleeping at their rest and distance, with their own and complimentary flags, decorating their beautiful proportions.

Having omitted to notice the compliment which our own squadron paid to Her British Majesty's ships on the 30th ultimo, some five days since, it becomes not inappropriate to mention, in this connection, the salute of our squadron on

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION DAY.

Our several ships gave the royal salute; and our own kind wishes were sincere for the best welfare of her Royal Majesty, Queen Victoria, though expressed by American hearts and republican citizens. And even now, at this moment of suspense, as to the final adjustment of the difficulties in connection with the Oregon question, there are generous feelings on the part of the American people, who would deprecate injury to the British empire. And that friendly feeling, which must and does of necessity exist between the two people, resulting from their common origin, their many relationships, even in blood, and connections of families, as well as of commercial interests, we trust shall not be disturbed; but be rendered yet more sincere in its expression, and yet more close in its amities, by the adjustment of all jarring questions on the principles of compromise and mutual forbearance.

Commodore Conner invited all the Captains in the fleet, now on the station, to dine with him, to-day. It is not a frequent occurrence for so many Captains afloat to be gathered to a dinner on the anniversary-day of our national independence.

These gentlemen, severally, present characteristics peculiar to each, as do the individuals of most assemblages, and freely develop them in conversation at a dinner-table.

Captain Fitzhugh of the *Mississippi* is a gentleman of comfortable proportions for wintry weather; and enjoys a flow of spirits with good nature, that loves to laugh, and to make others laugh. He amused me, by recounting an adventure with one of my clerical acquaintances; and professes to have been quite liberal, and is yet very favorable towards Bishop Meade's *Manufactory of Parsons*, as he designates the Episcopal Seminary, near Alexandria, D. C.

To my friend Dr. Keith, of all worthy memory, (designated as "*brother Ruel*" by Captain F)., the Captain seemed to be much attached, and spoke of him with great kindness.

Captain McCluney, of the *John Adams*, has a head which develops his character—a high brow, and that full, elevated retundity of the cranium, that designates one of the "*suaviter in modo*" of manners, benevolence, and honorable bearing—all which most certainly enters into character, where it is written in the feature, and developed in the formation of the head. The *John Adams*, commanded by Captain McCluney, is a favorite ship of mine, for her fine warlike proportions, and because she went in company with the frigate which took me, of a time, quite around the world.

Captain Engle commands the steamer *Princeton*, and hails from New-Jersey, that land of fine peaches and campaign cider, and of some other associations yet more acceptable to me, in connection with a number of years which I spent at school, in Lawrenceville and Princeton. It was an agreeable review, in making mention of some of these things with Captain E., and canvassing, besides, the merits of the steamer *Princeton*; and the steam-properties in the character of his friend Bishop Doane.*

The *Princeton* is certainly the most efficient ship we have on this station, for blockading the Mexican ports. She is a full-rigged sloop-of-war, sailing quite as well as other vessels of her dimensions and rig; and, when occasion requires, can add her steam, giving additional speed to her progress; and in case of head-winds, may keep yet on her course, and change that course at her pleasure. The propeller submerged, seems to be the most successful application of steam

* On reference to the Navy Register, since writing the above, I perceive that Captain E. is from Penn., but really, I could not willingly spoil the associations of the fine peaches by altering the paragraph; and the *Princeton* is all New-Jerseyan, in her origin and earlier command.

for a war-ship. Captain Engle assured me, that the Princeton, in a few days would be so trimmed and kept in that state of readiness, that she can at any time get under way in fifteen minutes after the signal shall be made to her. She consumes about one ton of coal a day, in the blockade here ; and her allowance, while running by steam for the whole day, is but about ten tons.

The associations connected with this ship will always render her an object of melancholy interest.. The catastrophe that occurred by the bursting of the big gun on board of her, will be remembered wherever her name is heard and her story is told—destroying as it did, the lamented Upshur, Gilmore, Cannon, Maxcy, Gardiner, and others.

Captain Forrest of our own ship, of course, was present at the dinner. He has lately joined the Cumberland, to succeed Captain Dulany. The health of Captain Dulany on his reaching Vera Cruz, became considerably affected, while he suffered much from the heat of the climate. It being generally understood that nothing could be done, or would be, by the squadron on this station, Captain D. asked to be relieved. But at that time no declaration of war between the government of the United States and Mexico was anticipated. On reaching the Brazos de Santiago, and thence Pensacola, public affairs were found to have assumed a more serious aspect, and war absolutely raging, and finally and formally recognized by the government of the United States. Captain Dulany having learned this state of public affairs, still remained by the ship, and returned with us from Pensacola to Vera Cruz, though his relief had left Boston direct for the same place. Captain Dulany is still aboard the Cumberland, *as a volunteer*, though relieved by his successor, Captain Forrest. How soon Captain D. may leave the Cumberland I do not know ; but I well do know, that his courteous manners, and his cordial and amiable nature, will

cause his departure to be regretted, and himself to be remembered, with all feelings of kindness and respect.

Captain D.'s relief, Captain French Forrest, brought me intelligence from the District which I was glad to hear; and mutual acquaintances made us soon familiar on topics of mutual interest. I doubt not Captain F. will be found a popular officer, as he seems to be a courteous and an amiable gentleman.

Captain Aulick, of the frigate Potomac, and Commander Adams, of the Mississippi, were also of the Commodore's guests; and with the First-Lieutenant, the Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Walters Smith, a most worthy gentleman, and the Chaplain, constituted, with those already named, the company of the Commodore for his Fourth of July dinner.

The dinner itself seemingly passed very pleasantly to the party; and the Commodore not only takes care of his guests, but evinces cleverness in conversation, and a creditable attainment in matters of books and subjects of taste, as well as in his own particular profession.

Few things speak more certainly of the pleasant passage of time than its rapid advance, without its being noticed or wearying. Four hours and a half were spent at the dinner-table, without any evidence presenting itself that the time was passing otherwise than agreeably to all parties present.

The band played national airs, waltzes, and operas—some soft, some sweet, some so harsh that the composers would hardly have recognized their own pieces; or, if they had recognized them, it would have crazed their system of nerves, and made them *mad*.

Having retired to my own room after the dinner was over, I had my own private thoughts for the Fourth of July. How dependent we are on the associations of the past for our joys—our sorrows—and, to me, of onward hopes.

WATERING THE PRINCETON.—BATTLE OF THE SQUIBS.

On the 7th of July, signals having been made, the Cumberland, Potomac, and Princeton got under way, and stood north and west—the ships passing the Castle near enough to give the Mexicans an opportunity to try their long guns, as we leisurely moved by the fortification, and minutely examined its line of battlements and outer batteries, and the formation of the embankments and ditches—all within the vision of the naked eye, but more distinctly read by the glasses. The embrasures showed many a threatening piece; but the Mexicans seemed to be quite satisfied with themselves by making telegraphic evolutions with wonderful facility on the top of the Castle; and our ships still glided on their course unnoticed without any solicitude being felt, and apparently to the admiration and wonder of the gazers both at the Castle and along the streets of Vera Cruz.

The Princeton, the day preceding, had taken a sail a little way along the Mexican coast, north and west of Vera Cruz, to examine a watering place, at which it was deemed practicable for the Princeton to take in water, from a small stream tumbling from the mountains. The few persons seen there promised also to have a quantity of fresh beef in readiness on the shore, for our ships, and fresh fruits besides. With these assurances the Princeton returned to the anchorage at Green Island, after having pioneered the way; and the next morning, as already stated, the three ships were put in motion, to find the *fons aquæ*, which it was not certain, might not prove “the waters of strife,” though very little of molestation was anticipated.

The ships were all anchored before sundown—the Princeton closest in, and off the mouth of the little river. The next morning, the boats from the different ships put off for the

shore, and were, ere long, crossing the breakers at the mouth of this small stream, and were soon within the fresh waters that were seeking their outlet to the ocean. Up the stream a short distance the boats wound, and commenced filling the breakers with the crystal waters, while a marine or two were sent, as scouts to the top of a hill; and they had no sooner reached the top than one of them exclaimed, "Here they are! here they are!" and turned rapidly to decamp, but bethinking of himself as a soldier, he let drive his shot, and before he reached the boats again, he is said to have discharged three shots at the enemy, whom he reported he saw, three file deep or some 2000 in number, as one report says: another, that there were some three companies. A few more shots passed between the parties on shore and in the boat. It was deemed advisable to return to the ship, and better arm the men, and procure a supply of ammunition; all which was done; and, notwithstanding the odds in numbers, as reported, the boats returned to the mouth of the river, re-entered, and commenced re-filling their breakers. The Princeton, by this time, had taken her position, from which she could throw her shot and shells into the covering said to secrete the enemy, and hit them *if there*. And if they were not there, it was evident that *some* of them had been there, and therefore the Princeton opened her fire, and threw a shell very handsomely on to the ridge of the hill, on which a few men had been seen. The shell burst with its loud report, and threw up its column of smoke, and scattered its cloud of dust, showing the accuracy of the aim from the ship, and the execution the shell would have done, had it fallen among numbers of the enemy. The Princeton threw other shells, one bursting beautifully in the air above the spot where a few shots from the Mexicans had been seen to emanate; and also discharged some round shot into different points of the ravines, woods, and sand bank, which seemed

to disperse the whole 2000 men first seen, and the three file deep of the three companies afterwards seen, and left only a few miserable and scattered wretches of the Mexicans, who now and then ventured to put the top of their crowns above the ridge of the hill, and let go a single shot upon the boats' crews, while watering in the small stream below. But as no one knew how many men, in fact, might be concealed in the bush, and behind the ridge of the hill, a single fire from a musket of the enemy now and then was just sufficient to keep the party on the *qui vive*, and a little solicitous lest a heavy volley might come down upon them, of a sudden, to their no little discomfiture, if not to the trial of the thickness of their skulls. Occasionally, discharges from the muskets of our own men were seen, in vain attempts to reach a fellow or fellows, under cover, (for at the first landing, some twenty or thirty Mexicans had really been seen,) which all afforded the spectators from the ships amusement, rather than any solicitude on behalf of the boats. Still, in the mystery of the want of all knowledge of the precise formation of the grounds which the enemy might hold, and the ambiguity as to their numbers and purpose, and knowing the many chances always attendant on the fortunes of war, there was left a most delightful opportunity for conjectures to be made by us, who were out of the way of all danger and the lookers-on. And whenever, now and then, a single shot from the enemy did show itself, as the smoke curled up, as an irrefragable argument that *a gun* had been fired, and a volley from our own men tried again to hit the daring enemy, the smoke from our guns as surely convincing us that they too had fired, it served to keep alive the interest of all kind of remarks, and every hope that the watering would be accomplished without a shameful defeat; and just so much fear existed that some random shot might by accident hit some one of our men, as to give additional oddity to every odd

remark that might be made, in view of so profound a field of battle as the one in full view of us. But at times, when more than single muskets might be fired by the enemy, the Princeton would indulge in the luxury of throwing a shell, while we of the Cumberland enjoyed the agreeable curiosity of marking its accuracy or eccentricity. But neither shells nor shot were wasted in the action ; and all things, in fact, were carried on with the greatest propriety and facility ; and, in due time, the complement of water, replenishing to the full the tanks of the Princeton, was secured. The boats, on the evening of the 9th, had all returned to their different ships, no lives having been lost, as is certainly known, on our part, and strongly conjectured to be true on the part of the Mexicans, though one of the men of the boats' crews adheres to the affirmative, that he saw a Mexican fall before one of his erratic bullets ; and although it is also true, that one of the Mexican bullets did actually graze the arm of one of our men, still, counting up all the probabilities in the contending reports, and as eye-witnesses of the general firing, we conclude that no lives were lost ; proving, however, a truth to all observers, that the fine Princeton is all that I have said of her in a preceding paragraph, as to her efficiency in case of emergency—for no other one of our ships could have gained a position to cover the boats on the watering expedition, whether needed or not ; and the well-directed aim of her shells thrown on this occasion, shows how effective they may be, whenever an occasion shall call for them in an exigency worthy of her action and capabilities.

But the boats having returned, after the Princeton had been filled up, the small arms hoisted to the deck, the cutlasses stowed, and the cartridge boxes safely deposited in the arm-chest, the marines were called on to discharge, from the poop-deck, the loaded muskets at an empty junk bottle, which had been tossed in to the sea. As the marines had not

had any thing to do, in the fight of the two days, it was no more than just for them to be allowed so much in the achievements of the day as to discharge these last shots. Pop, therefore, went one musket after another, as fast as the moistened priming would allow the guns to be discharged, to the great endangering of splattering the half immersed junk-bottle ; but no one ever dreamed of its soundness, for one moment, being put in danger. And there was even expectation that the finale of the action would soon be accomplished, but the many flashes in the pans without discharging the muskets, continued to delay it ; and occasionally, squibs in the burning of the wet priming occurred, until at length, a straggling jack-tar came up on the poop-deck, with the very last gun ; and at the junk-bottle, or at something else, I know not which, Jack levelled his musket, for all the world as if he would be the death of somebody, in the sea or on the decks, when, snap went the cock, and *frix* went the priming, and crack, snap, *frix*, and a prolonged sissing came from the muzzle of the gun, like a scintillating rocket, or a boy's mammoth squib, to the great astonishment of Jack, and the alarm of some others, and the profound amazement of all on the poop-deck. The contagion diffused itself even to the main body of the crew, so ridiculous was the scene, and so conclusive the evidence, that guns loaded with *water* and powder, and primed with the same material, would tend very much more to the burning of one's neighbor than the blowing out of the brains of a Mexican. But the squib had its effect, and terminated the "little brilliant affair." I cannot, therefore, hesitate to *dignify the whole action*, in honor of the courageous attitude of Jack, the final flare-up, and the scintillations of Jack's wonderful shooting-iron, as **THE GRAND BATTLE OF THE SQUIBS.**

PREACHING ABOARD THE STEAMER MISSISSIPPI.

The steamship Mississippi, the sister-ship of the unfortunate Missouri lost by conflagration at Gibraltar, is a fine vessel of her class, and is said to have one of the finest engines ever constructed for a sea-going vessel. She is a very long ship, and cost the government half a million of dollars, has a fine armament, and is commanded by Captain Fitzhugh, of Virginia, of whom I have before spoken. On Sunday, the 19th of July, I preached aboard the Mississippi, and found the crew, spread over her fine deck, attentive, and the audible responses from Captain F. and his officers, indicated their familiarity with the Prayer-Book. Could I have penetrated but a few days into the future, as I urged those before me to a compliance with their immediate duty of becoming the disciples of Jesus Christ, I might have added another enforcement of the persuasion by reference to a sad catastrophe, which, but a few days more would occur, in exposing some of this ship's company to suffering, danger, and drowning. The succeeding Friday, "sail, ho!" was cried from the topmast cross-trees of our ship, to indicate the appearing of some vessel in the offing; and a signal was made for the Mississippi's launch to go in pursuit of the chase. The launch, a fine sailing boat, soon got under way with sails, and stood out to sea, and ere long the strange sail was seen to be the Saint Mary's. The wind came up during the night—the launch not having returned—and a heavy squall, with rain, struck and capsized the boat. The Saint Mary's had passed the launch during the night, and was near running her down, but this was before the squall and heavy blow came on. The boat was in command of a Lieutenant, accompanied by Midshipman Pillsbury. As soon as practicable, after the launch had been upset, and the crew of the boat had regained their hold, the men were mustered, and

all were found to be present, clinging to the wreck. But the sea was running high, and the night was dark ; and one of the heavy swells of the sea breaking over them, again dashed them from the boat, which all regained that could. Again, the names were called, and all answered, save *Midshipman Pillsbury and one of the men*. They had not regained their hold ; and it was evident, that they had been borne by the heavy roll of the surge, that broke above them, far off, and now far down in the deep beyond a hope of recovery. It was a sad consciousness that came upon the rest, that two of their number had thus been severed from them, and were now drifting in the low currents of the sea, and the survivors still unknowing how many more of their number should be given to a like fate before the morning should break upon them. In the morning, however, at about 11 o'clock, the United States brig Porpoise, discovered the launch and her crew, and picked them up from their perilous position, after they had been in the water twelve hours. Midshipman Pillsbury is spoken of as a worthy officer, and was from the state of Maine. How true is it, and of no other class of men more certainly so than of seamen, that "*in the midst of life we are in death.*"

On our way from Pensacola, a man fell from one of the fore-yards of the Cumberland, struck in the bunt of the fore-course, and bounded into the sea. The ship was driving ahead, under a top-gallant breeze, the sea running high, and the cry of "a man overboard," always thrilling, yet often repeated from the deck of a man-of-war, came on every ear. The sails of the ships were thrown aback—the life-buoy cut adrift—the boat lowered away—but, after the cutter had pulled for an hour and more, where it was hoped the poor mariner might be found, the frigate filled away, and stood down for the cutter. The crew hoisted the boat again to the davits, and again we went on our way, and

left the sailor-boy to drift from wave to wave unentombed, save in his own element of the sea—untold of, perhaps, save in the log-book—unwept, though perhaps the sigh of some mess-mate may have mingled in the gale, that added impulse to the surge, which rolled above the course of his ship-mate, who, a moment before, laughed at his jokes, or joined in his songs, or listened to his yarns, but now recked not as he rocked in the deep.

Again, a few nights since, in the mid-watch, a splash in the water, directly beneath my own air-port, woke me from my sleep; and amid the bustle on deck, I heard a voice give the order to “lower away the boat”—another order, to “throw him a line”—and, at once, I knew that a man was overboard. The ship was at anchor, and the sea was smooth. A line was thrown to the man, and he seized it, when he was drawn, spouting, to the side of the frigate. A bowline being dropped to him, he was drawn up by the ship’s side to the chains. “He deserves a dozen,” was the cry of one, “for being out there, and washing his shirt against orders.” “He deserves a couple of dozen,” added a grummer voice, “the fellow, for making such a noise overboard, in such a calm sea and moonshine.” “Ay,” thought I, as the poor fellow, greatly frightened, was drawn up the side of the ship, choking with the salt water, “how thankful should he be that his hours of probation are continued to him; and, at some proper moment, I will endeavor to improve the incident to his best welfare.” “*Sat cito si sat tuto,*” *quick enough if safe enough*, may be a just motto in earthly action; but how often is the “sat cito” deferred in religious action, until the “sat tuto” is passed for ever, by some momentary incident, which places us beyond the possibility of the moral action, which is needed to secure us the felicity of unending years.

THE FLAG SHIP AND THE CORAL REEF; AND SOMETHING LESS
BEAUTIFUL THAN A REEF OF CORAL.

On Tuesday, P. M., the 28th of July, the Cumberland, with the fleet at her beck and in her wake, was under way, for the mouth of the Alvarado river, east and south, on the coast, from Vera Cruz. The passage through the reefs, off the point of Anton Lizardo, having been mistaken, the Commodore ordered the ship to be tacked. It was three minutes too late—for the evolution, to have been handsomely performed, needed, at least, some twenty feet more space. For the want of this immaterial superficies in most other positions than just in the neighborhood of a coral bank, our ship struck on the rocks, and the tide and the wind both drove her on, as far as her careening and the honey-comb bottom of the shoal would allow. And the wish, and the attempt, for a moment, to drive the frigate past the shoal, with all sails on, tended yet further to locate her firmly on the reef; and, by consequence, as ships' keels are not made for ploughshares, she found it difficult to make head-way or side-way or any other way whatever, any longer. Having come to a dead stop, it was deemed proper to make all due calculation as to her position, circumstances, and the best mode of giving the ship a future movement. With the assistance of the sea-swell inrolling not heavily from the broad ocean, (for we were on the sea-side of the reef,) the good frigate succeeded in working her keel quite successfully, some two or three feet down in the coral formation; and, after a short while, she stood as perfectly upright as a tightly-laced maiden, and left the powers in command at leisure to give orders—calculate chances—hope—despair—and hope again, as to the final success of finding deeper water for our noble craft.

A signal was made for the Mississippi, as we were yet within signal distance of Green Island, where we had left

the steamer at anchor ; and requested her to come down and give us a tug off the reef, as we were certainly on a coral bank, beyond the power of a demonstration to the contrary. But the Mississippi, with all her usual and amiable disposition to oblige, took rather a long time, to bring down to us a personal expression of sympathy for our distresses of position. And the poor coral insects, in the mean time—I cannot tell or pretend to know all their grief at the demolishing of their palaces in the sea, as the ship ground down their arched roofs, and double corridors, and green saloons, and beautiful chambers, and ornamental fretwork, and frieze, and architrave, and pillar. Have you, reader, ever looked at a coral city in the deep—its garden groves and pleasure grounds—its avenues and forest fields—grottos and dwellings—fantastic and gorgeous in shape and coloring, surpassing the imagination and the invention of man ? And have you deemed nothing on earth or in the sky so beautiful, in formation or coloring, save the tints of the clouds and the rainbow ? Then, can you know what devastation among the palaces of these zoophytes, the frigate at each heave of the sea was making, while the steamer yet lingered on her way ; and Captain Fitzhugh, I dare presume, will have quite enough to do, if he shall satisfactorily apologize to these submarines, in their coral halls, for his delay, while the Cumberland at each lift and fall of her huge mass of beam and plank, crushed down whole avenues of the beautiful city of the deep, to which the industry of ages had been devoted, for its building. But the mid-watch of the night came before the Mississippi had come down on our larboard bow ; and it had been madness to come nearer to us, in the darkness of the night, with shoals all about us, and ourselves on our starboard-quarter having but fifteen feet of water. The frigate now rested firmly in her coral bed, quite the length of her keel ; but there was deep water a

few feet off on her larboard bow. The morning broke, and with the first stream of daylight, a hawser was got aboard the Mississippi, while she took her position at near right angles to our ship, with an anchor ahead, but bearing a little on our larboard bow. Then came the tug of war, (the principal one we have experienced, during the belligerent state of affairs in the Gulf,) and a few moments only were necessary for the noble steamer to snap the hawser, as a giant waking from his slumbers would part a sapling with, which had been wound about his limbs in his sleep. With the parting of this big twist of hemp, away went half a dozen silken strings, which hope, with its fine webwork of excited expectation, had woven around the heart, as the steamer taunted the heavy line between the two ships. But the Cumberland budged not, even a perceptible part of a point, from her broadside berth upon the reef. Whether it was an inanimate stubbornness not before developed to her friends; or whether, owing to her broken rest of the past night, she was unwilling to be disturbed at an hour so early in the morning, I pretend not to decide; but still, she slept on, in her now more than ever quiet bed, as the sea swelled less and the tide had fallen some inches, perhaps two feet; and, rest awhile longer, whether or no, seemed the dreamy purpose of the beautiful frigate.

"What next, then, was to be done," was the natural question, after the parting of the hawser and the sinking with it, all the hopes which had been attached to it. I may not develop too freely the different action of spirit and muscle, as the bosoms of some seemed to fall, and the chests of others equally to dilate as they inhaled the oxygen of the exhilarating sea-breeze. "Shall the *chain cable* be carried out to the Mississippi?" This question conjured up all the ghosts of the boats' crews of the unfortunate Missouri, who were borne down to their watery graves, as they were taking out a kedge

with a heavy chain attached to it, for dragging her from an oyster bank in the Potomac. But the Captain was ready to pledge his commission, that the effort to lead the chain to the Mississippi should be successful. The First-Lieutenant too, an officer of worth and endurance, stood with the trumpet in his hand, ever ready to convey the orders to be executed by the men ; and the two Masters were diligent and laborious in carrying out the orders now especially devolving upon their station ; and the men, without a murmur, and unwearied in their yet exhausting efforts, cheerfully put themselves to the execution of every order. The Cumberland's launch at length was hauled up to the bows of the frigate. A hawser by another launch was led from the steamer to the frigate, and made fast to the end of the chain cable of the Cumberland, which was passed out of the hawser-hole of the frigate, and veered out, link after link, as the Mississippi roused in upon the hawser, rounding in the launch which supported the end of the iron cable. When a festoon of a number of fathoms of the chain cable had thus been veered out from the Cumberland, the first cutter was next brought to the bows of the frigate, and another portion of the chain cable was fastened to her stern sheets, and again they roused in upon the hawser, on board the steamer, and yet more fathoms of the chain cable were veered out from the hawser-hole of the Cumberland, until the cable, thus buoyed up by the boats, to save its becoming entangled among the coral rocks, was conveyed from the bows of the Cumberland to the stern of the Mississippi. The end of the iron cable being now shackled to the iron cable of the Mississippi, passing through her stern hawser-hole, the boats were cut loose, and the two ships were held in union by a chain, whose iron links, we doubted not, should defy the power of steam even readily again to sever them. This was a moment when a huzza might justly have arisen from the decks of both ships ; but, " All's fast, sir !" was the only

sound that came over the intervening space of water between the two vessels ; and "Haul taught !" sent back in reply. Ere long the wheels of the Mississippi were seen to move—dark clouds of smoke in heavy volumes rolled away from the huge pipe of the steamer—the chain cable sustained the purchase, but the Cumberland moved not ! Ere long a message came from the Captain of the Mississippi, that "He was doing his best." The Commodore replied, "It is very well—continue thus ;" and the steamer's wheels rested not—the heavy columns of dark smoke still floated to the leeward—the chain cable continued to sustain the strain—and the frigate still rested in her coral bed. *Stubborn thing, that she was !*

The water was now being pumped overboard—thousands of gallons had been discharged from the tanks during the night—sixteen guns from the upper deck were plunged into the deep—the spare spars, usually stowed by the main hatchway and in the chains of the ship, were made into a raft, and anchored off on the reef—the top-gallant and topsail yards, and top-gallant masts had been sent down—the topmasts housed—the shot, round, grape, and canister, and the provisions of beef and pork, were sent on board the Potomac and the Mississippi—and still the steamer tugged at the chain. The officers and men had been up during the whole night, and laboring incessantly during the day ; and the sea began to come in with heavy swells, that now and ever lifted the bows of the frigate, and the Cumberland herself, at times, seemed to regain some additional animation, lifting her fore foot ever and again as the sea-swell came in. Some hours had passed in the day, and the ship was found to have veered *half* a point—now, a point—now, a point and a half—now, three points and a half—but they were long intervals (how long they seemed !) that intervened between the occurrence of these perceptible points, at different periods, while there

was no perceptible movement of the ship felt at any one particular point of time. But still the sea-swell came in, and the frigate seemed to have more life; yet at the three points and a half she long stopped, after all the lightnings that had been given her, of most of her moveable equipment. "She will *not* go—it is all in vain—she will leave her bones on the reef—the rest of the guns must go overboard, and, before now, they should have been given to the deep if we will save her hull." Such, and a thousand other expressions, came from the croakers—the wise ones—the *idlers*, who always have more to say than to do—the blustering—the despairing—and the *laughing*—all with good hearts, but all as was the characteristic of each one's own constitutional make. I had marked at different hours of the day, the change of the ship by the points of the compass. The soundings, too, on her larboard bows, beam, and quarter. And during the day, I had gone down the Jacob's ladder at the stern, and examined the honey-comb formation of the coral rock—down many of the caverns of which the lead would sink half a fathom and more. But as the sun began to fall now quite too fast in the west, and had already almost reached those grand mountain heights that throw their blue line of curves high up in the horizon, the good frigate evinced a little more elasticity in her movement; and at every lift of her bows she seemed, under the impulse of the steamer, still tugging at her taunted chain, to veer towards her sister ship, which, all the day long, had endeavored to woo her to her companionship in deeper waters; and as her keel came down she crushed the yielding coral to powders. Thus had she done, grinding the coral, inch by inch, quite as far as she had moved around during the day, under the power that veered her to the left, and by the lifting of the sea-surge from the ocean. There was deep water now under her bows. She had come round five points. But yet she hung firmly—discouragingly—and

small parts of her keel had drifted up at her side, telling the contention that had been going on between the powers below.

I know not why—but the Commodore, at this point, seemed to have settled down with the idea that the effort was useless—the *frigate must be lost!* “Come, Forrest,” said he to the Captain, “it is in vain—let us take it quietly—and now get a cup of tea;” and in a moment more, they were at the table in the cabin, as the Commodore added, “the Department shall be informed, Captain Forrest, that it was *no fault of yours*, that the ship went ashore.” Captain Forrest soon left the table, and was again on deck. I had a little earlier reached the upper deck; and as I passed the binnacle, I perceived that the frigate had changed her position, in all, six points, and at this moment lay at right angles with the position of her keel in the morning, and was nearly in a line with the steamer, which had not changed her position during the day, having had her anchor directly ahead. I sprang to the poop-deck; and in a moment more, I felt the noble ship shoot from the reef. “She is afloat!” exclaimed half a dozen voices. “Stand by to let go the larboard anchor!” cried Captain Forrest, as the order rolled along the gun-deck; and the echo reached the ear of the Commodore, still seated at the table, with the cabin doors thrown wide. The truth in an instant was realized, as he sprang from his seat; and, ascending the ladder and standing on the upper-deck, he clapped his hands and exclaimed, “Thank God, she’s off! Thank God, she’s off!” It was an echo of gratitude that bounded at the same instant, if not from the lips, yet from the hearts of five hundred souls!

The Mississippi now shot ahead, with the Cumberland in tow, until the steamer had reached the length of her cable, when she unshackled the chain cables that now united the two ships, and let the end of our own fall into the deep. At the same moment, our larboard anchor plunged into the deeper

fathoms of the sea ; and at anchor our ship rode during the night, as she rose and fell, in her freedom and grace, on the yielding bosom of the sea ; and our own hearts, in their free and grateful breathings, rested undisturbed as the dark night succeeding, with its thunder-storm and winds, passed over us. We were again safe in deep waters.

The next morning the Mississippi took us in tow, still further from the reef ; and gave us an anchorage far enough in its distance from the lee-shore and coral shoals. The steamer then went down for the Potomac, which ship, having followed our motions, came near to a berth on the reef, as unenviable as our own had been. A signal had been made to her but a few moments before we struck, to take her place directly in our wake, as we were about passing through the narrow channel between the two reefs on our starboard and larboard bows. But seeing our difficulty in time, the Potomac wore ship and saved her copper if not her hull, from the destiny that, for hours, seemed inevitably to await the Cumberland. It was a kind Providence that had stilled the winds during our grounding on the reef. Had a norther come down upon us, and a heavy swell rolled in from the open sea, which had a full sweep upon us, our ship must have gone to pieces. Instead of this, however, the gentle heaving of the sea during the day served only to assist the steamer as she pulled the frigate, inch by inch, from the coral rocks. Had not the steamer been available for our relief, we had been beyond the power of removing the ship from the reef, as it is now believed, however long the effort had been made.

A few days only sufficed to regain the frigate's guns, spars, shot, provisions, and whatever had been cast overboard or conveyed to the different vessels of the squadron. The guns were replaced, as if they had been toys, upon their carriages, though each one weighed from twenty-three to twenty-seven hundred pounds. They were soon in gear,

scraped, and re-painted. The spars of the ship again occupied their places, at the sides, midships, and in the tops. The rigging was re-rove—some sails re-bent—and all things repaired—and now, the fine frigate Cumberland looks as clean about her decks, as neat in her hamper aloft, as perfect in her armament, and as complete in her equipment, as any show ship could desire which felt boastful of her faultless order, or proud in her conscious power to meet the enemy and to conquer him.

At the end of the few days spent in refitting and repairing ship, the steamer Princeton, that gem of our service, arrived from Pensacola, the bearer of many letters,—having accomplished her passage hither and back, and supplied herself with coal and water, in a very short space of time. She can make the passage from this to Pensacola in four days and a half. With the Princeton added to our number, we again started, on Friday morning the 7th of August, for the mouth of the Alvarado. The Flag Ship, the Potomac, the Mississippi, the Princeton, the Falmouth, the Somers, the Reeper, the Bonito, and the Petrel, constituted our fleet of nine sail. The wind being light, the Princeton took the Cumberland in tow; the Mississippi towing the Potomac. The other vessels had made an earlier start; and all, in good time, arrived off the Alvarado, ready for immediate action. The ships took up their position at different points, commanding the fort and the hill-sides along the shore and back of the fort. The water was deep enough to enable the frigates to go very much nearer than they did. The three schooners were within musket shot of the shore, and in range of the fort, at a distance across a point of land, within the reach of their large guns. Indeed, all things, save the rapid tide running at the rate of three or four knots out of the river, was favorable for the success of the expedition. There were quite a number of people, many and the most of them probably

spectators, on the hill-side, quite within reach of the shells of almost every ship of the squadron, which now lay in a crescent, before the mouth of the river—the three schooners and the Falmouth, in shore north of the fort and in full view of all the people, who spread themselves on the hills and along the road nearer the base of the hill. Half a dozen shells would have dispersed every soul of them, as it seemed to me, as I contemplated the position and the formation of the land. The fort was within the bar, and a quarter of a mile from it up the left bank of the stream. The ships could have approached quite up to the bar, as there were six fathoms within half a mile of the small fort.

The Commodore ordered a signal to be made for the Mississippi and the Princeton to fire, but did not designate the direction—whether against the fort, or into the collection of soldiers and spectators on the right of it, as contemplated from our ship, and where it would have been natural for a shot to have been directed. It seemed a matter of indifference, however, to the Commodore, which way the missile should be thrown, and the Mississippi and the Princeton each sent a shot towards the fort. The shot were seen to fall short; and another signal directed them to cease firing; and a succeeding signal ordered the schooners to open. They did so, on the fort, over which the shot passed by ricochet, or without first touching the sand-bank. The shot and succeeding shells were handsomely thrown, even at the fort in the distance, while, at the same moment, they might have scattered to the four winds of the heavens the collection of people and a hundred or two of soldiers almost within a stone's throw of the muzzles of their guns. Yet, following the example of the steamers, they only fired at the fort; and it was now becoming dark, and a signal was made to cease firing. But, in the mean time, a Mexican on a black horse, pranced the animal down to the edge of the water, bearing a red flag,

while he waved it high and low, and with right cut and left cut of the horse's neck, either bidding defiance, or inviting the heroes of the ships to a bloody meeting on shore. So near was this mad-cap or drunken cavalier, that it was believed a musket from the schooners might have picked him off. The Captain of the Bonito hailed him ; and the horseman returned the hail, but he was not understood, when asked what he wished. After a while, a volley of musketry fired into the schooners ; and as the schooners had read a signal made from our ship to move off sufficiently far from shore, to avoid the musket-shot that might be levelled at them, the schooners only returned a single discharge of grape and canister from an eighteen pounder, which silenced the fire of the shore squad ; and, in truth, ended the *bloody* but bloodless battle ! I say "*bloody battle* ;" for, I would not wish to indulge in terms nearer approaching the profane denunciation, in which the deep chagrin and disappointment on the part of many of the officers and men, caused some of them to indulge ; when, the next morning, signals were made from the Flag Ship for the fleet to get under way and follow the motion of the Cumberland, as we stood back again for this anchorage, where we now lie, off the point of ANTON LIZARDO.

Although a non-combatant myself, and a preacher of *peace*, yet I felt mortified at the termination of this expedition, which, it is believed, might and ought to have been so conducted as to give additional consideration to the Gulf Squadron, and do especial honor to the officers of the fleet, while it should place the name of the Navy, in its mention, along side the Army, which has so covered itself all over with glory, in this Mexican war.

SECTION IX.

SANTA ANNA.—PRONUNCIAMENTOS IN HIS FAVOR.—HIS
RETURN TO MEXICO.

DURING all the revolutions which have involved Mexico in a state of political disquiet, ever since her declaration of independence and severance from Spain, no General seems to have occupied a more conspicuous position and consideration in the republic, than GENERAL SANTA ANNA. He, like other public men, has had his reverses of good and ill fortune, in the esteem and in the denunciations of his countrymen. At one time he draws his sword for the support of the Constitution ; at another, overthrows it, and tramples its provisions beneath his feet. At one moment he is the President of the republic, again, its Dictator ; again, a prisoner, an outlaw, banished, and in exile. The frequent equivocation which has marked his course, and many of his public acts, and some of his private transactions, have justly called in question his patriotism, his honor, and his virtue. He is reputed to have accumulated a large estate, during his public career, and amid the great misfortunes of the republic ; and, in common with other Mexican generals who have been borne on the top of the political billows, which have so perpetually agitated the Mexican people, he is accused of having made too free, for private emolument, with the public purse.

For months past, he has been residing at Havana, in Cuba, amusing himself in his exile, as report says, in cock-fighting, and indulging a careless ease, which seemed to preclude the idea of ulterior political aspirations. And yet those who think they understand the character of the Mexican General, and the present state of Mexican affairs, believe that Santa Anna is less indifferent to the political state of things in Mexico, than by others he has been supposed to be; and that he has had his friends continually watching the opportunity to further his political interests in Mexico, and finally, to secure his recall and accession again to political power. Already, some of the provinces of Mexico have declared in his favor; and the Pronunciamento, which forms the model of the new revolution against President Paredes of the present government, is said to have been drawn up by Santa Anna himself; and private letters develop his purpose to return to Mexico, if the Castle of San Juan de Ullua and the city of Vera Cruz pronounce in his favor. This has already been done; and the last British mail steamer, from Vera Cruz to Havana, conveyed to Santa Anna the intelligence of these incipient revolutions in his favor. These rumors, the proceedings at Vera Cruz, and at different parts in the interior, have created the general expectation that General Santa Anna, ere long, will make his appearance off the harbor of Vera Cruz, for the purpose of entering the Castle of San Juan, and thence, as political movements in the country may encourage, advance to the Capital, and assume the chief power of the republic.

In accordance with the general expectation, as to Santa Anna's intended movements, the British steamer, which was to arrive here on the 15th of August, was looked for with some interest. It was believed, further, that Commodore Conner would not allow the steamer, under these circumstances, to pass the blockade, as usual, until the fact should be ascer-

tained whether General Santa Anna was a passenger. There might be reasons why he should be in the power of the American government at this stage of the political movements in his favor, throughout the Mexican provinces. It is also rumored that such being the determination of Commodore Conner, his proposition to the commander of the British force, has been, or the mutual understanding between the Commanders of the two squadrons is, that the British Commander shall stop the steamer, and if Santa Anna is found to be on board, the steamer shall be ordered to our fleet, and an interview be had between Commodore C. and Santa Anna, before the steamer shall be allowed to go into Vera Cruz. Such were the expectations generally prevailing in the squadron, the day preceding the arrival of the British steamer of the 15th of August; and the more so, as the English ships had moved from their anchorage off Anton Lizardo, where they had been lying for a few days, to their older anchorage ground, under the island of Sacrificios, more nearly commanding the entrance to the Castle and the town of Vera Cruz.

The day for the arrival of the British mail steamer, running between Vera Cruz and Havana, came. It was believed the Mexican General would be in her. A smoke, in its long, low line, just above the horizon, and out at sea, at about the hour expected, was seen. To the experienced eye of the quarter-master, as well as to the novice of but little experience in reading objects far off at sea, it left the fact no longer as doubtful, that a steamer was standing in, from sea, and making for the port of Vera Cruz. Still there was no movement of the British ships. Nor did the Princeton, which ship was now lying at Sacrificios, with the British and French squadron, give any evidence of her moving, though her steam seemed to be up and herself ready to start at any moment. The steamer from the sea still came in, as

the long line of smoke rose still higher up on the sky ; and ere long the hull and the whole proportions of the well-known mailer were in view. Not long after, she entered the port of Vera Cruz, and as usual, anchored under the battlements of San Juan de Ullua. The fort slept quietly, as usual. No demonstration of rejoicing—no salutes from the town. The Princeton, alone, was now seen moving, and came down to us, after a while ; and soon it was known, that Santa Anna *had not come* in the British steamer.

But the report was, that another steamer was to leave Havana two days later than the British mailer, and it was affirmed that Santa Anna would come in that vessel.

The time passed by, and the steamer, as expected, made her appearance in the offing. Would she be stopped, was the general inquiry of those on board, who had not the secrets of the commander-in-chief. Will the British stop her ? Will the Princeton overhaul her ? The Saint Mary's is in the offing—will she speak her, and detain her, and bring Santa Anna, the lion of the day, down to us, to give us a view of the former President and Dictator of Mexico, and the late exile from his country's shores, but now the recalled General, and the probably to be chief actor in a coming and general revolution against the present government of Paredes, and will be the successor of that chief, to renewed and confirmed power ? The steamer, unheeding these inquiries and many conjectures, came still in, on her course, and without molestation or interruption, directed her way to the port. Like her sister-craft, she moored herself under the walls of the castle of San Juan de Ullua. Ere long, the cannon of that fortification opened their loud-mouthed pieces, and the clouds of light colored smoke rose above its battlements. These guns were replied to by the smaller redoubts, flanking the city of Vera Cruz, and together they declared to our satisfaction, that General Santa Anna, for weal or for woe to

himself and to his country, had again put his foot upon the Mexican shores, and was now held within the castle of San Juan de Ullua.

But our squadron—the American squadron—that pink of all that is chivalric, and resistless for its prowess—a fleet of a dozen sail of frigates, steamers, sloops, brigs, and schooners, off this port, at this moment—say ye no more of this gallant force, for the blockade of the Mexican ports; and worst of all, for the strict blockade of the harbor of Vera Cruz, if a steamer with a Mexican General on board, with hostile intentions against the American government can be allowed thus to pass through the blockade uninterrupted and unquestioned. So felt and reasoned the many, doubtless, of the officers aboard our ships, at the moment, when a further consideration rendered it probable, even if the Commodore had not received orders from Washington so to act, that the allowing of the steamer to pass as she did was a politic act, contemplating undeveloped results, which the future may or may not perfect and disclose. Santa Anna, if we possessed him, would be but a private citizen; and no promises that he might make could be deemed binding, when given while he was held in our power, and it may be, it would awaken suspicions and jealousies among his friends, which would defeat any favorable intention he may cherish towards the United States government, should he finally succeed to power. Be this as it may, the Commodore had ample means to cut off the steamer—to have secured the person of Santa Anna, and held it, if it had been meditated and designed. And it is since known, the St. Mary's *did speak* the steamer while in the offing, and did learn that General Santa Anna was on board of her, and yet allowed her, notwithstanding this knowledge, to pass on her way—an evidence sufficiently strong to assure the uninitiated that it was not contrary to the wishes, but in accordance with the consent of

the American government, that Santa made his entrance into the Castle of San Juan de Ullua and the city of Vera Cruz. Santa Anna then is again on the Mexican soil; and whether it shall be for good or for ill, future developments must disclose.

WAR STILL CARRIED ON BETWEEN THE SQUADRON AND THE CORAL REEFS.—THE BRIG TRUXTON “ANNIHILATED.”

This morning, August 19th, at five bells, a ship was seen standing down to our fleet, under full sail, with a fair but light breeze. Ere long, her fore-royal was dropped, and a signal run up.

“It is the Saint Mary’s,” was the murmur on the poop-deck, “and she is making signals.”

The glasses were directed yet more minutely towards the advancing cruiser, still a long way in the distance, but yet sufficiently near for the quarter-masters and others, to read the numbers made by the flags, which she run up to her foremast-royal head.

“Number —,” *blank* (I may not tell the numbers, here, as that would be contrary to orders, and might be giving the enemy a familiarity with the signal-book.)

“Number —,” cried the quarter-master, which being satisfactory to the officer as to the accuracy of the reading, he directed the “*answering pennant*” to be run up, to say to the distant ship, that we had made out her signal, and were ready for her to proceed with others.

By reference to the signal-book, opposite the number which had been made, it gave the letter T.

The next signal-number emblomed forth the letter R.

Again, the answering pennant was run up, and again the signal was hauled down on board the St. Mary’s, and another was set. The number was made out, and it gave the letter U.

"A truce—a truce, by Jove!" exclaimed the Captain, who now held the Signal Book. All we want are the letters C and E, and it will be the indication of the welcome prayer from the Mexicans, that they desire a TRUCE.

"Be it so or not," said the Commodore, as he turned backwards and forwards, while promenading the poop-deck and watching the signals, "I happen to know this much, at least, that General Santa Anna has not met with as warm a reception at Vera Cruz as he had anticipated."

"There it is," another exclaimed, as the next signal was going up to the foremast-royal-head of the Saint Mary's, "but—no—it is not the number expected—'tis not the number designating the letter C but X.

"X?" exclaimed more than a single voice, "it is the Truxton—what of her?" and the interest increased rather than diminished. The brig Truxton had been dispatched to the north to relieve the John Adams, then blockading Tampico; and the Adams was hourly expected, on her return, while the Truxton should take her place.

The signals were now continued to be made, one after another, as they were recorded on the log-slate, and soon, the name of TRUXTON was spelt out in full.

But again, *what of her?* The signals now spoke in sentences or words.

The next signal read "is."

The next, "annihilated."

"Annihilated?—where—how—by whom—and in what circumstances—at sea or ashore?"

The next signal answered these solicitudes as it declared the truth, by giving the number that answered to the word "ASHORE."

The next signal said, "at Tuxpan."

The next, "wants a steamer."

Here, then, another of our fleet is making experiments

on the coral reef; as if the Cumberland had not given a sufficient demonstration, that nothing but vexation of spirit, alarm for personal safety, and labor and toil by anxious day and sleepless nights, could be gained by such a bootless experiment. And on an enemy's coast too—one might be finally cast ashore, and have, in this hot weather, the disagreeable necessity of making a traverse on foot to Mexico, were he to fall into the hands of the no way very amiable people of these regions, about these times of a war upon their shores.

But how is it that the Truxton wants a steamer, if she has been and is "*annihilated*?"

The very wise conclusion reached by a little more reasoning upon the matter, and with a very great desire to preserve the *rhetoric* of the signal officer on board the Saint Mary's, brought us to the conclusion, that there had been some mistake made in reading one number of the signal; and that the word "*annihilated*" had been interpolated. Therefore, the signal should be, and was so intended: "*The Truxton is ashore at Tuxpan, and wants a steamer.*" The Saint Mary's was still coming down to us, and, ere long, she dropped her anchor, not far from the Flag Ship, and a boat brought the particulars aboard.

It appears that the Truxton was standing on shore, as near as it was deemed practicable, to cover her boats in case of necessity, which were to go on an expedition for fresh provisions and water. The brig happened to reach in too far, and struck on a bar. There was no backing out of the disagreeable circumstances though attempted, and the sea at times was breaking over the vessel. Guns and shot had been thrown overboard, when a boat with Lieutenant Berryman, to take the news to the Commodore, was dispatched. This boat had been out for some four days and nights, when she was picked up by the Saint Mary's, cruising to the north and west; and the sequel of the story as to the after fate of

the Truxton, remains to be told. What it shall be we know not, only that the Princeton was immediately dispatched to render assistance and give relief. The apprehension is, however, that the brig will have gone to pieces before the steamer will have reached the point, some leagues up the Mexican coast, and not very far beyond the place where our ships watered, as has been before described, under the head and name of Takoluta.

On Saturday morning, the 22d, a little schooner was seen over the reefs, not very far from our ship, and seemed to have more than a usual complement of men for such a craft. She was apparently in some distress, not far away from where the Cumberland, whilom, was lying on a coral bed. Mr. Perry, the master, with a kedge was sent to assist the Mexican in his distress. The presumption, however, was, that she was a craft from the Truxton, making her way here, with the distressed crew of the wrecked brig. Ere long, relieved from her temporary difficulty on the coral reef, she came down and ran under our stern. A hawser was passed to her, and she now swings in our wake.

The story that she brings is yet more distressing than any expressed apprehension in the preceding paragraphs might lead one to anticipate. This little schooner has a Mexican flag flying under a *petit* American ensign, which the Jack tars manufactured out of a sailor's flannel shirt, for the red material, but for the white stripes, whether they had recourse to American cotton or a foreign fabric, I have not learned. But the craft is under command of Lieut. B. W. Hunter, containing half the number of the American sailors with which he started from the Truxton, and five Mexicans besides.

After the Truxton had struck on the bar and attempts to get off were fruitless, Lieut. H. was dispatched to capture a Mexican vessel seen in the offing, which he effected with a out-

ter's crew. It was intended to use this vessel for the relief of the crew of the *Truxton*. But the sea running so high, Lieut. H. could not get near the brig. The captain of the *Truxton*, the next day, determined to surrender the brig's company to the authorities on shore, lest the inrolling surf on the bar, at times breaking over the brig, should increase, and, with a norther or other severe blow, thump the vessel to pieces and endanger the lives of all the crew. The captain of the *Truxton* therefore filled the boat called the *Dingy*, and battening down a cover of canvas, sent her adrift through the breakers, with a note inside, leaving Lieut. H. to act at his own discretion, and telling him of the Captain's purpose to land the crew. Lieut. H. picking up the dingy, which the current setting out of the river had drifted seaward, and learning that he was left to act for himself, made for the Flag Ship, which, after sundry adventures, perils and risks, he reached as described. Lieut. H. had made a prize of another small craft on his way down, and manned her with a part of his crew. She reached the Cumberland on Sunday morning, after having been nearly swamped in a blow at sea. And thus were two Lieutenants and seventeen men, so far, saved out of the crew of the *Truxton*. The fate of the Captain and the remainder of the officers and crew must be told when the *Princeton* brings back her report.

The *Princeton* came in on Sunday evening. She reached the wreck in twenty-three hours after getting under way, but too late to find the crew aboard of her, though she still held together and had thumped herself over the bar nearer into the shore. She was boarded by officers from the *Princeton*—found to be bilged in eight feet of water—all things gone, save an unshackled iron cable attached to an anchor overboard—and lying, in her solitude and abandonment, a friendless thing, still awaiting her yet unknown and undetermined destiny. But the final soon came; and her sorrows, if she

had any, were soon to be over. Preparations were made to fire the ship, and give her the double honors of a funeral pyre and an ocean burial. A few explosive shells were lodged upon her decks, to burst in their devastation and destruction, as they should report her dismemberment, and the flames should advance, in their liquid and lurid power, from deck to deck—from port to port—from bulwark to netting and rattling, and from rattling and shrouds to masts and yards and other spars—presenting a sight to make a sailor weep, who loves his ship, and all to regret and admire, as they see a beautiful fabric of nautical skill crumble before a combination of elements, that gives her remains to the flames and the deep.

And thus was the Truxton fired and lighted up—the boats returned to ship—and the flames enveloping the brig, as the Princeton stood out again under way, to make her report to the Flag Ship, of the final “*annihilation*,” by sand-bar, wind, fire and water, of one of our squadron, and the latest one which had joined the fleet.

A flag of truce was sent on shore, before the destruction of the brig; and the officers learned from the authorities, that Captain Carpenter, the officers, and the crew, were kindly received—treated with hospitality—entertained with a ball—and then marched to Tampico. A communication has been dispatched by the Commodore to Tampico, for effecting the exchange of the officers and men, or for receiving them on parole from the Mexicans. A good share of *fresh provisions*, health, and a safe return to the adventurers.

After having written the preceding in connection with the wreck of the Truxton, a communication was handed in to my room, to my address. On breaking the envelope I found an enclosure, bearing all the evidences of having had a long soaking in salt water. The following note from an officer of the Princeton, who boarded the Truxton, accompanied the relic.

"With compliments of Lieutenant Boggs—a package, saved from the wreck of the *Truxton*."

The relic I cherish as a memento of the wreck, which I have described; and am glad that even the name has not fallen into captivity to the Mexicans, but with its good fortune, has recougt its rightful possessor, to share with me, in the Flag Ship, the further adventures on sea of this almost unadventurous war.

COURTS MARTIAL.—ONE OF MANY.—ITS BEGINNING AND
ENDING.

In the Rules and Regulations for the better government of the Navy, provision is made for holding courts martial for the trial of officers in case of alleged offences; and of men, where the charge is deemed to be of a character meriting more than a dozen lashes of the "cat-o'-nine-tails," which is the extent of punishment that a Captain can inflict upon a seaman at his discretion.

No fleet or squadron long afloat can be found which does not present instances of trials by courts martial. They are composed always of not less than three officers, nor over thirteen; and the largest number practicable, less than thirteen, is directed by law to constitute the court, where the state of the service will allow. The usual oaths are administered, and a judge advocate is appointed, whose duty it is to prosecute the case in such a way as to elicit the truth on both sides, and to record the evidence, questions and answers, in writing, leaning as far as truth will allow towards the accused. At home, the court is appointed by the President of the United States, or the Secretary of the Navy; abroad, by the Commander-in-chief of the fleet or squadron. When the sentence of the court martial extends to the loss of life, it requires two-thirds of the court to agree to it; and the sentence, before it can be executed, must be approved by the President

of the United States, when occurring at home ; or by the Commander-in-chief, on a foreign station. All other sentences may be determined by merely a majority of the court, except in the case of the dismissal of an officer from the service, in which case the sentence must always receive the approval of the President of the United States, before it can take effect. It is also provided that when the trial takes place in the United States, the President shall have full power to pardon any offence committed against the Articles of War ; and when the trial occurs on a foreign station, the same full power is conferred on the Commander-in-chief of the fleet or squadron.

Several courts martial have occurred in the Home Squadron since the Cumberland has been the Flag Ship of this station. But only one where the penalties attached to the crime charged extend to the loss of life. This has lately occurred ; and yesterday, the 12th of September, the sentence of the court was divulged to the fleet, with its approval by the Commander-in-chief, which, in view of its fearful consequences to the accused, has produced a deep sensation throughout the fleet.

The general order issued by the Commander-in-chief, and read on board the different ships of the squadron—all hands being mustered for hearing the document, stated the following particulars :—That a court martial having been held on board the *St. Mary's*, for the trial of *S. Jackson*, a seaman belonging to the *St. Mary's*, on the charges,

First, Of raising a weapon against his superior officer, while in the execution of the duties of his office :

Second, Striking his superior officer, while in the execution of his office :

Third, Treating with contempt his superior, being in the execution of his office ; and

Fourth, Uttering seditious and mutinous words : and that

the Court, finding all these charges, save the first, of raising a weapon against his officer, to be proven, after having offered the accused every opportunity to lay before the Court any facts or circumstances that might operate in his favor, did sentence said S. J., seaman of the U. S. Navy, to be executed, at such time and place as the Commander-in-chief should direct: and that these proceedings, findings, and sentence having been approved by the Commander-in-chief, therefore the Commander-in-chief directs, that the said S. Jackson, seaman, be hanged by the neck, at the fore-yard-arm of the United States ship *St. Mary's*, on Thursday, the seventeenth day of September, 1846, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and meridian. The general order then continues as follows:

“In order that a suitable impression may be made on the minds of all persons in the squadron, and that there may be nothing to divert their thoughts from so melancholy a spectacle, and that they may be duly impressed with the awful consequences which must ever follow such violations of law, as were committed by this unhappy man, it is directed that no work be done on that day; that when the preparatory signal is made for execution by the *Cumberland*, a *yellow flag* shall be displayed from the fore-royal-mast-head of the *St. Mary's*, the officers and crews of every vessel of the squadron present shall be mustered on deck, and they shall be kept on deck until the yellow flag on board the *St. Mary's* is hauled down: Commanders will direct that no boats or person be absent from the vessels of the squadron on that day, on any pretence whatever, without permission from the Commander-in-chief.

“The fate of this unhappy man, it is hoped, will have a salutary influence, and impress on the minds of all present, the necessity of keeping a strict watch over their passions and tempers, at all times and in all situations.

"This general order will be read, on its receipt, to the officers and crews of all the vessels of the squadron.

D. CONNER,

Commanding Home Squadron."

Yesterday, September 13th, it being Sunday, I preached on board the St. Mary's. The preceding general order was read immediately after my leaving the ship for the Cumberland, having been received during the services. And to-day, Monday, I have visited the prisoner on board the St. Mary's. He had requested to be removed from the general gaze of the crew, and have a place assigned him where he might collect his mind and endeavor to prepare to meet the sudden summons, to appear before his Maker. I had already been interested in the man, having heard a description of his proper demeanor before the court—his being far superior to the general character of seamen—and his personal appearance, at once pleading much in his favor. His defence was brief, and it is said to have drawn tears to the eyes of several in the court.

Not having attended the court, or read the minutes of the trial, Lieutenant T., the officer whom the prisoner had *struck and felled*, gave me, in brief, the particulars that led to the assault on the part of the prisoner; and also stated the present state of his mind—Lieutenant T. having had several conversations with him, in which the penitent and humble demeanor of the prisoner had been manifested. I found him on the starboard side of the berth-deck, within a screen of canvas, which had, with great propriety and considerate kindness, been drawn about his cot, affording him all the accommodation that he could ask for in his present circumstances of misfortune, crime, and approaching execution. He developed to me, with great propriety of manner, his feelings—his fears—and the little hope he could cherish of the forgiveness of his

God, before whom he was so soon to appear. But it is not my purpose fully to develop this poor man's feelings in his present circumstances, where, in all that is before him, he has the deep-felt interest of all connected with the fleet.

"It is a hard thing to die—and to die a violent death, is harder still ; and so short a time to prepare for it ! I fear that my present desires and purposes of repentance, and prayer to God, are but the result of the fear of meeting the Judgment Day. But a life of virtue and of piety looks to me, as far the most inviting ; and had I to re-live my time, I trust I should pursue a different course, and lead a religious life. But, I fear again, that even these feelings and impressions are but the results of my fearful apprehensions, as I cast my view into another world. I have not the brokenness of heart I wish to feel, and the peace of mind, of which I have read, that a sincere penitent experiences. I wish it—I have prayed for it—but do not feel it." Such was the drift of this man's own voluntary confessions, made with great modesty and humility of demeanor. I spent considerable time with him—prayed with him—gave him some marked passages in different parts of the Prayer Book to be read—and left him, while he earnestly entreated that I would be with him as often as I could. I shall see him again to-morrow, early in the morning.

Agreeably to my purpose, I went on board the Saint Mary's, this morning, the 15th, to visit the prisoner, whose term of life seems, in the opinion of most of the officers of the fleet, to be drawing near to a close. Lieutenant T. I found with him, a young gentleman much to be commended for the course he has pursued towards this man, who had directed his personal violence against him. Lieutenant T. was now with the prisoner, giving him all the assistance of Christian counsel, and endeavoring to further him in his preparation to leave the world. He too had already been to

the Commander-in-chief to express his hope, if compatible with his view of sustaining the influence of the discipline in the Navy, that this man might be pardoned. And the prisoner seemed not insensible to such kindness; and no one can behold it without approbation and commendation towards Lieutenant T., and feel that it was an unkind blow indeed, that should have been directed towards such an officer. The prisoner manifested that state of mind that seemed to me to be *appropriate* for a being in his circumstances to exhibit—his views, and his wishes, and his fears, and his hopes, modified by a consciousness of his past course, his moral responsibility, and the plan of salvation for sinners through the atonement of Jesus Christ, for the responsible and immortal soul. Lieutenant T. remained with the prisoner during my interview; and I left the poor man with no hope of long remaining in this world, but with prayers, on his own part, that he might meet his coming fate with the penitence of a humble spirit, and with a fortitude that should spring from a reliance on God for mercy, through Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the penitent sinner.

Again, this Wednesday morning, the 16th, I have been aboard the St. Mary's, for another interview with the prisoner, who seems yet more deeply to bewail the calamity that has befallen him, while he yet addresses himself to the only source that a wretched man can fly to, whose hours of life are nearly expended, and wishes the pardon of the past and the salvation of his soul. He deems it mercy, that, in the dangers of the seas which he has already encountered, (although yet a young man, not over twenty-eight or thirty years of age,) God has thus far spared his life, as he was once rescued when overboard, in a helpless state; and at another, where there was no hope of safety to the ship, that was a wreck, which could hardly have kept herself afloat for six hours longer. "Had I then died, I feel that there would

have been no hope," he said ; " now, there may be a gleam, however faint, that God's forgiveness may be extended to me, through Christ. I plead for this forgiveness—I sometimes feel that it may be given me. But it is an awful thing to be taken so suddenly out of the world, to meet one's God. Did the Commodore see eternity as I see it, I think he would extend the period that is now so limited before me. *Three days* is a short time to prepare to meet my God ! But I will not think of it ; there seems no hope of living beyond the hour appointed for my leaving the world ; and I pray God I may be assisted and sustained." I give not here the particulars of my counsel, in the deep sympathies of my soul, which I felt for this young man. But I could not but think and say, in this connection, that millions of the earth die without a three days' warning, and that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." It is the sincerity of the present dedication of our spirits to God, to which he looks. And his language is, "Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation." And though he might discover something still more of the sincerity of his penitence, and of his confidence in God's mercy, as extended to a penitent sinner, both to himself and to others, were he to live a fortnight longer, yet God knows what would be his onward fortnight's emotions, fears, trust, penitence, and sincerity, as truly as if he were to live for that fortnight longer. Still, it is the present moment in which God offers his love, and mercy, and forgiveness, to the sincerely penitent and confiding ; and the sinner is responsible according to the opportunity and decisions of the present hour. I pitied this young man as he wept—hopeless of having the time of his mortal life extended beyond "*to-morrow*," as he said, "*at this hour*," at which we were then conversing. "And might it be that *he* himself could see the Commodore, and plead himself before him, in his own lan-

guage; for his life—but it seemed it could not be, and I will think no more about it!”

The hour and more was passed; and the principal part of the interview was spent in conversation on the topics that make up the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, who came to save sinners.

“This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.”

“God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins.”

And God’s direction now is,

“My son, give me thy heart.”

“Repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

That repentance and that belief, this man seemed to exhibit, in the development of the feelings of his heart, hopes, fears, prayers, humility, conscience, self-depreciation, and reliance on the mercy of God, in such a way, that I left him, with the apparent exercises of mind and heart that seemed to me to be fit in a man of his character—former life—present circumstances—and anxious desires for the future salvation of the soul. No man can read the sincerity of another’s heart, in all its light and shade—doubt, hope, and fear,—and this man himself feared (and ought he not to have cherished such an emotion?) lest he might not be as sincere as God requires of the heart at such an hour, and in such circumstances. And I trust not overmuch to the development of feelings in such scenes, or sudden, last hour consecrations of the spirit to God. But had I to express the kind of feelings, and views, and hopes, and fears, and penitential reliance on

God for mercy, through Jesus Christ, which I should deem appropriate and hopeful for salvation in a man placed in the circumstances of this man, I should describe them, in most particulars, as they seemed to be occupying the bosom of this young seaman, destined, according to all present appearances, to give up his life at the yard-arm, to-morrow, before the sun shall have reached its greatest height at meridian.

A boat having come for me, from the St. Mary's, in answer to a signal made by the Cumberland, I went on board the St. Mary's this morning, Thursday the 17th, a little after 9 o'clock; as no indications were discoverable, from any quarter that the wretched man, condemned to death, would be reprieved or pardoned. There had been many conjectures made as to the ulterior design of the Commodore, and various sentiments advanced as to the probability, that the execution would take place. I believe, it was quite a prevalent impression, throughout the squadron, though that sentiment seemed to change, at different hours, that this unfortunate man, at the last moment, would be pardoned. I had, myself, felt the influence of this impression, and I had delayed, until this morning, to make known to the Captain a wish, which the prisoner had expressed to me yesterday, that I would be with him, on the day of execution. It was essential for me to do this, in view of the general order, that no boat should leave the ship on the day this poor man was to take leave of the world—and hoping, myself, that, with the light of this morning, there might be some dawning hope of the reprieve of the man. But it came not; and soon after two bells, on stating to Captain Forrest my desire to meet the wish of the prisoner, a signal was made to the St. Mary's for a boat to be sent for me, as described. Still yet did I hope, that there might be relief for this penitent man. And yet, I take not on me here to criticise the sentence of the court, its approval, or its execution; while I yet felt in the yearnings of

my heart, for the life of this young seaman, that it might be his destiny yet to live and yet to develop the better traits of a character, that seemed to embrace much of native excellence and superior capacity ; that he might evince, in life, the sincerity of a hopeful purpose of following a path of virtue, and a course of penitential obedience to the precepts of the Gospel of Christ. And yet, the scene had gone so far, that it seemed almost if not quite a hopeless thing, to save the tragic exhibition, now within the view and awakening the feelings of the squadron, from passing into a farcical representation, unless the expected catastrophe should be suffered to evolve itself, in the way and at the hour appointed. I reached the St. Mary's, after a short pull over the troubled sea, agitated by the north wind, which has thrown the usually more calm surface of the water between the two ships, into a tumult, which I now felt to be emblematical of the agitated bosom of the unfortunate man I was seeking to see.

I went directly to the screen, behind which I found the prisoner sitting upon his cot, with Lieutenant T. at his side, who offered to leave us, if either myself or the prisoner desired it. Neither did ; and the Lieutenant remained for a short time longer, and then left me alone, to attend this unfortunate man, until the summons should be brought, to announce that the hour of his execution had come.

"Would it was a less bright day," said the prisoner, "as it would then be in nearer keeping with my clouded fate."

I told him, on the contrary, I could wish it might emblem forth the light of the countenance of a God of mercy, in his case, who forgives the penitent sinner through Christ, who suffered and died, that we might forever live and be happy.

"I have sometimes thought of death," he said, "and at times, of sudden death, but I never dreamed that I should

come to such a death as this. Oh, it is a dreadful hour to me!"

Yes, it is a dreadful hour. But God, at times, is better to us than our fears.

"I have thought, before now, with what feelings a man, condemned to die, must hear the messenger that came to tell him that his hour had come, and he must prepare to die. But I never thought that such a message should be brought to me—but soon it will come!"

Yes—and yet the Saviour's death was such, in sorrow and in manner, that he can feel for a heart that gives itself to him, though agitated at such a moment of near approach to such a death as yours is to be.

"I know the Saviour suffered more than I shall suffer; and I would willingly suffer, for all the day, at the yard-arm, in agony of body, *could it* but atone for my sins and save my immortal soul. But that would not save me. O God, have mercy on my soul! O Jesus, have mercy on my spirit!"

The blood of Christ, I quoted, cleanseth from all sin. The broken and the contrite spirit he will not despise. He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation. Though your sins be like scarlet they shall be white as wool. Throw all your care on Jesus for he *careth* for you.

"I sometimes have a little calm of mind, and feel a faint hope in God's mercy and forgiveness; and then, I think, I would gladly have this fearful suspense ended, and the scene over. But thoughts again recur, that my sincerity of repentance is not as God requires, and that it results alone from fear. But I pray for deeper feelings. I have tried to give myself up entirely to God, and repose in his mercy. I have prayed to God and the Saviour. There is no hope

for me, but in Jesus Christ. I have been a great sinner. I see that the sinner's course is a hard one, and I have brought myself where I never thought I should be, about to suffer a violent death ; and I see that virtue and religion are the desirable things to be pursued, to make happy in this life ; and had I this life to live over again, I trust my course would be different, and my life be a virtuous and religious one."

And there is reason, I replied, for thankfulness to God for even this state of feeling, in your case, at this hour. There are thousands, some, doubtless, on board this ship, who, had they been placed here as you now are, had still remained *bull-dogs* in their disposition and feelings ; and others, who would have remained so stupid, as not at all to have appreciated their situation. They would have died in their enmity or stupidity. You appreciate the present, and contemplate, with anxiety and prayer, the future—fear that your soul may be lost, but resort to the only hope of saving it, by repentance of the past, and giving yourself up to God, through Christ, for the time you have to live, and for eternity ; and feel that your purpose would control your action, in conscientious obedience to God's law, were you to live still on in the world. You now see things as they are—the fitness, the obligation, and the desirableness of virtue and religion—the hatefulness, the infamy, and the destructive tendencies of sin—the rewards of the one and the punishments of the other. You see that you have always been on a *wrong tack*. And now you would change it. We hope that you have done it—certainly, in your views ; hopefully, in your feelings ; and we know that you shall, for *eternity*, stand still on the same course, if your spirit is admitted into heaven, longing to be holy, and happy as holy. There, every breeze shall favor the spirit on its passageway of virtue, holiness, and deeper love, to the Being who

gave it; and who, when lost, through Christ, redeemed it as a contrite spirit.

"And in less than one hour more, I shall stand before the face of my God!" continued the prisoner, as I ceased.

It was near four bells, or ten o'clock, as the prisoner thus spoke. His execution was to take place between the hours of 10 o'clock and 12, meridian. In a moment more, the ships' bell struck 10, and there was a stir through the ship, that broke the stillness that had prevailed.

"There it is," said the poor man, "the hour of my death is come! O God, have mercy on me! Give me some strength to meet my doom, that is soon to attend me—give me some little peace, before the final moment comes!"

Probably, I said to the prisoner, they will yet delay. A signal is to be made from the Cumberland, before the preparations for the last scene shall be made.

"Yes, they may delay it, to the last moment; but, I would not care to have it delayed; and oh, let me not be long detained on deck."

You shall not be—your wish shall be gratified, Jackson, I replied, but repose yourself on Jesus. He knows what you are to suffer—he is now your only hope, your only stay for strength.

"Oh yes, there is no help now for me elsewhere—a poor sinner—that pleads no extenuation for his sins. But it is hard to die—so soon—a violent, a felon's death. AND I HAVE TAKEN NO LIFE. It has occurred to me, as the Captain said, who came to see me this morning, that there is hope as long as there is life, though he gave me none, and I have no reasonable hope to live, but a few moments longer!"

No, no—my friend, none! But it is right that I should say to you, Jackson, to mitigate though not entirely to

relieve one thought, that your death, though a violent one, will not be the same as the *murderer's on the gallows*. Yours is a punishment at the yard-arm, according to the usages of the service at sea ; and the charges on which your sentence was based, will be known as they are—a high crime indeed, at sea, but *not murder*.

"Yes, but I would rather be put on the fore-castle, I think, and be shot."

But it is of no moment now, I continued, it will not be, to you. If redeemed, the agitation of this hour, and the felt dishonor of a death at the yard-arm, shall give you to estimate, with a deeper gratitude, the blessedness of that calm of heaven, that shall gather over the soul, which was lost and is found—that was exposed to eternal danger, and is now rescued to an unchanging safety. It shall be certainty, and no more doubt—honor, and no more disgrace—holiness, and no more sin.

"Had I been confined on shore, away from the noise of ship-board," rejoined the sorrowful man, "I might have had a better opportunity for thinking of the soul, and preparing for death, in the short space given me. And could I have had a sister or a brother there, how it had soothed the horrors of these hours. But I have tried to do my best, and I fear it has been too little."

And here the prisoner paused a moment, and then added : "I think I must kneel down and pray now," and accordingly rose from the cot, on which we both were seated ; and, desiring that I would not move, fell on his own knees and audibly communed with his God, in a prayer so fit and so accurately expressed, that no word was uncharged with the feelings of a man, ready to die and wishing to make his peace with God, and to commend his spirit to his care. Would to God a world could have heard it. Would to God a slumbering world could wake to the feelings of this man, who viewed, with the vision of his awakened spirit, the relations of his responsible

being to eternity. It was the prayer of a broken heart—a subdued spirit—a soul, that cast onward its view to the God who made it, and before whom it felt that, *in a few moments more*, it would appear, disrobed of its mortality—a responsible and immortal spirit! He rose and retook his seat beside me, on his cot; and I thought, whatever might be my hopes for the future salvation of this young man, flying in the agony of his spirit, to God, to meet whom, as he expressed it, but *seventy-two hours* had been given him for preparation, I yet felt that his were the fit language of prayer and development of heart, for a man in his circumstances and course of his preceding life, to awaken hopes, that a God of mercy would receive him in all his agitation, and fear, and desired trust on him through a dying and compassionate Saviour. I should have knelt with him at this time, but he requested me to retain my seat, from that generally inherent principle of a sailor's deference to an officer, which, before had caused him as I prayed with him, to offer me his jacket to kneel upon, lest the deck might be too dusty for a kneeling place. Alas! I thought, as I refused it, and other articles proffered, there is no need of *bunting or damask cushions* here to kneel upon, when the anxious soul would look to God for forgiveness and salvation, in its need; and when but a few hours more should separate the spirit from eternity.

Six bells now struck (11 o'clock), and yet the summons came not. Still, there was a stir over the decks, that seemed to indicate it might be on its way. The stir was in answer to the preparatory signal now made from the Cumberland, to have all things in readiness for executing the sentence of the Court Martial. The prisoner knew not of the signal, but his quick ear detected the movement. And as the signal of the Cumberland fell to her decks, *the yellow flag* on board the St. Mary's was run up to the royal-mast-head.

All necessary preparations had been early made on

board the *Saint Mary's* for executing the sentence, now so soon to be consummated. A small platform had been arranged on the larboard side of the fore-castle, a little above one of the guns and supported by a stanchion, one end of which rested in the muzzle of the gun. This gun was loaded. The clew-line was used as the whip-rope, by which the unfortunate man was to be run up to the larboard-arm of the fore-yard. And this line was so rove as to connect along the yard with a weight of round shot that was to descend by the foremast, and rouse the prisoner to the yard-arm. And this weight, for the time being, was held in its place near the main-top, by a line that led over the muzzle of the shotted gun. On firing the gun, the shot would cut the line, and the weight fall, bearing up the unfortunate man to the yard-arm.

And around the *Saint Mary's* on this beautiful sheet of water, lay the different ships and other vessels of the fleet, nine or ten in number, in full view of the transaction which was now so rapidly maturing to its finale. The yellow flag flying at the fore-royal-mast-head, all eyes from these different ships were gazing, with interest, for the succeeding signal of the *Cumberland*. That next signal would order the execution of the sentence of the court!

But, in the mean time, how was it with the prisoner, still awaiting in the agitation and fullness of his feelings, the summons, which the signal from the Flag Ship soon would lead to? A little before, he had put on his shoes, remarking that he would do it, though it was of little matter whether he did or not. And again, of his jacket, neatly folded upon his cot, he said, he did not know what he would need of it. The day was warm and bright, and the ships' crews were dressed in white. It was evident, however, that the hour was near at hand; and ere long, indeed, the sentry placed his hand upon the canvas and elevated one wing of the screen, as the

First Lieut. of the *St. Mary's* entered, saying that he had come on the melancholy duty (naming the prisoner) to have him prepared for the execution of the sentence which had been pronounced upon him. The master-at-arms advanced—relieved the prisoner's wrists of the irons that embraced them—and then, the prisoner immediately arose, and allowed his arms to be tied at the elbows, behind him. An ebullition of the prisoner's feelings here burst forth. "Oh my God, that I should ever have been brought to this!" calling upon his Maker and his Saviour to be with him, and to extend him mercy and strength, in such a needed hour, and to receive him with pardon to himself.

It was soon over; and he preferred that his hands should be tied also, and that his slippers should be removed from his feet. He was now conducted to the main deck of the ship, near the capstan—all hands already having been piped to witness punishment; and were now mustered on the upper deck, with the officers in uniform on the quarter-deck. Captain Saunders, of the *St. Mary's*, advanced near to the prisoner, and read the death-warrant, as the authority by which he was now called upon to have the sentence of the Court Martial carried into effect. It was done with a voice that showed deep emotion; and the silence of the assembled officers and crew showed how deeply solemn was the transaction now being in execution.

As the Captain ended the warrant, the prisoner standing, pale, and hopeless, which gave interest to his finely chiselled face, added, in a respectful tone—

"I am ready, sir;" and then bursting into tears, he said,

"SHIPMATES! I warn you to take example from me, not to give way to your passions. By doing it, I have lost my life in this world—I fear I have lost my soul for eternity. Yet I have prayed to God and Jesus Christ to have mercy on my soul. I offer no extenuation for my offence. I free-

ly forgive any one who may at all have urged me on in the course of passion. I freely forgive the Court which has pronounced the sentence of death against me—the Commodore, who approved of that sentence; and all that may have any thing to do with it. I have but a few moments more to live, and I pray God to have mercy on my soul. I pray Jesus Christ to have mercy on me; and I ask you all to pray for me, for the few moments more that I have to live.” These are a few of the sentences which were spoken by this man at this hour, under these circumstances, in broken passages, but accurate and feeling, beyond the record here; and as the tears streamed from his eyes, and were answered by a weeping crew, and I know not, but believe, by a number of weeping officers, my own heart broke in view of the affecting and thrilling scene.

When the prisoner had ended his brief and unpremeditated admonition to his shipmates, he walked forward from the capstan to the mainmast, where he still stood with myself at his side, the master-at-arms attending him, while the First Lieutenant advanced to the fore-castle, to see that all things were in readiness for ending the fearful tragedy. And while he was gone, the prisoner let his thoughts commune with his own soul and his God, making a single remark or two, and saying to me with other expressions, “I have a faint hope, now, that God will receive me. It is a faint hope.” “And there—see! there”—directing my eye; rather, himself looking forward to the larboard fore-yard-arm, and seeing the preparations that had been made for the final scene, and on the fore-castle, beneath the yellow flag which was now flying at the fore-royal-mast-head. But soon he turned his face to the mainmast, and knelt on a coil of rigging beside it, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder to support him, and buried my own face in my handkerchief, as I leaned on the bits, while this man offered up another prayer

in an audible tone, for his own soul—one condemned *in a few moments* to offer up his life, in atonement for the broken laws of his country. He offered nothing to extenuate his crime. He supplicated, at this hour, that God would give him a little strength, for the few moments he had to stay upon the earth. He bewailed and was heartily sorry for all his past sins. He named again the members of the Court that condemned him—the Commodore who approved of the sentence—his shipmates—his own soul. And with a pathos, and a propriety, and in the language of a spirit that spoke just in the vestibule of an eternity, he continued his prayer, for a few moments, as none but those who heard him can tell, while old sailors and young ones with their wet eyes as seldom, if ever their eyes were thus wet before. Nothing could surpass such a scene, on the deck of a man-of-war; while some near the mainmast and around it, wept audibly and aloud.

The First Lieutenant soon returned. The prisoner had risen, and though but a few moments had passed, this scene, with the solemnity of an eternity, had occurred; and whoever this man may be, his spirit, at this moment, was absorbed in its petition for its salvation for eternity.

As the Lieutenant approached the prisoner and was about to advance to the fore-castle with him, he said, "Jackson, two men," mentioning their names, "wish to speak to you—will you allow them to do so?" He assented; and near the fore-castle they met him. The first said, as the tears stood in his eyes, for he was a person who was intimate with the prisoner, "Will you tell me, if I have ever done any thing to urge you on, in any wrong course, that I should be selected as your executioner?" "No, George, I do not remember any thing. But I believe you have rather urged me to suppress my passions. And George, *I charge you*, if you meet any of my friends or mine, that you never tell them a word of my end—never lisp it."

The second man came forward, "And," said he, "have I ever urged you on to any acts of insubordination whatever?"

No tears were in the eye of this man. He was older, and of a different class of face.

The prisoner paused, and then added, "I cannot, conscientiously, say that *you have not*. I do not accuse you. But if you think that you have in any way injured me by your advice, I here forgive you, as I hope, in heaven, to be forgiven!"

Here I interposed, and said that I could not consent that the prisoner should be tormented, by any further questions, at such an hour. *He forgives all, and bids you good-bye.*"

The Lieutenant repeated my objection, and sustained it—and the prisoner immediately ascended to the deck of the forecastle.

As he approached the larboard side, his quick eye took in the scene, and he said to the First Lieutenant,

"Mr. K., I think that line should be overhauled a little ~~more~~—there will not be drop enough to it."

"Yes, there will be, Jackson," returned the Lieutenant, "and, besides," continued the officer, "*the gun will kill you, Jackson!*"

As he moved across the forecastle, and his eye ranged with a hurried glance down the larboard side of the ship, he said, as if catching the eyes of some, "*Good-bye, lads;*" and then to the Master-at-arms beside him—"Good-bye, *Master-at-arms.*"

He now stepped on to the platform. I stood for a moment, beside him, though myself on the deck of the forecastle. The rope was placed over his head and adjusted to his neck. Was there any hope? Could the scene have gone so far, and be ended without taking this man's life? No, I thought not. It was too late! He must—he will go into eternity, a mo-

ment hence. I cast my eyes to the Flag Ship. The fatal signal to execute the sentence of the court, was, that instant, being run up. I turned away my face, and two or three times paced across the fore-castle deck. The cap was now drawn over the face of the prisoner. As I drew near him the words came from his lips, in earnestness of entreaty :

"Oh God—have mercy on my soul!"

"Oh Christ—have mercy on my soul!"

"O Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit!"

It was while one of the last two sentences was dwelling on the lips of this unfortunate man, that the officer, leaning over the fore-castle deck, said, in rather a suppressed voice, "FIRE!" At the same moment the platform on which the prisoner stood, rose—the prisoner himself bounded a few feet in the air as the loud report of the cannon echoed over the waters; and, as if no space had intervened, the now senseless but one moment before praying man, was hanging, at the fore-yard-arm of the Saint Mary's! No muscle moved—no limb contracted. The concussion of the gun had indeed killed him; and there he hung the spectacle for a fleet to look upon, as evidence that a broken law will have its penalty, and to what an end a man may suddenly be brought, *by the indulgence of ONE EBULLITION OF PASSION.*

I walked to the cabin amid the stillness that now held the ship's decks, while the officers and crew were gazing in silence on the sad spectacle; and the other ships of the fleet in like array and silence, were beholding the scene. After a short conversation with Captain Saunders of the Saint Mary's, a signal, at twelve o'clock, was made by the Flag Ship "to haul down all colors at present flying," and soon after, a boat took me aboard the Cumberland.

At four o'clock Captain S. sent a boat for me, and I accompanied the funeral procession from the Saint Mary's, under the direction of the First Lieutenant, to a little green

island, (Salmedina,) not very distant out to sea, forming part of the coral reef that inhems our anchorage ground. There we interred *the poor sailor boy*, who, in a rash hour, sacrificed his life in his early years. It was his request that no stone—no letter—no mark should designate his grave. It has been made in the coral sand—it is level with the green plain of the island—*his name is untold*—though, on the ship's books it reads SAMUEL JACKSON.

On the Sabbath succeeding the melancholy exhibition before our fleet, in the execution of this unhappy man, I preached again aboard the Saint Mary's. I found the officers grave—the men depressed, perhaps superstitiously disheartened. A solemn lesson by a solemn scene had been read to that ship's company, as well as to the whole squadron, which none who witnessed it could ever forget; and to the crew of the Saint Mary's especially, was the transaction one oppressingly affecting, and thrilling even to terror. Perhaps some of the crew had even allowed their natural superstitions to work on their minds, in view of the melancholy scene which they had been called to witness on their own deck, and at the yard-arm of that beautiful ship. "I do assure you, sir," said the coxswain of the boat, which took me back to the Cumberland, after the services of the day were over, "I do assure you, sir, that I had not wept before for ten years; but I could not help it, on that day."

VARIETIES.

On the 22d of September, Captain Carpenter, of the brig Truxton, whose loss we have already described, with other officers and some thirty men, returned to the squadron, from Vera Cruz. The men, with much fatigue, had marched from Tuxpan—were generally treated with kindness; but from exposure and probable imprudence in drink, most

of them were reduced to sickness ; and a day or two after their arrival, I had the funeral services to perform over one of them, who died, as not a few seamen do die, with *mania a potu*. Strange that the government of the United States will not dispense with the spirit ration in the Navy, as well as to have done it in the Army. The delivering out of liquor two or three times a day on board our ships, will make the young seaman, however temperate when first entering the service, in a little time an habitual drinker, and induce a habit, which finally makes him a drunkard, and a sorrow to his family. Hundreds on hundreds of young men, who enter the service from the spirit of adventure, are thus finally ruined—disgracing themselves, dishonoring their kindred, and fearfully wrecking their hopes for this and the world to come. The broken hearts of a thousand mothers call loudly to those who legislate in the halls of Congress, to do away with this crying evil. The plea of *necessity* is all an absurdity, known to all who sail on board our ships, though such officers, *as themselves drink*, may advocate and allow the evil. I say there is no necessity for the continuing of this high reproach to our Navy, which is the cause of sorrow to thousands and ruin to many a valuable man. If there be cause, where is it? Many men of the ship's company *do not draw their grog*. Frequently two-thirds of a crew. And who are they? Do these men skulk from duty? Do they sustain less fatigue than others? Do they stand back when any deed of daring adventure, or of benevolent action, is to be done? No. They are as ready to volunteer as others, and are the first to do, and to do *aright*. But enough of this here, though the subject elsewhere ought to be and may be renewed.

The FLAG SHIP is always the centre of interest in a squadron ; and of consequence the most frequented of any ship in the fleet. To her all letters for the different ships of the squadron are first conveyed. To her letters are sent, which

are to be despatched homeward. To her the officers, on their first arrival on the station, report. From her, the orders to all the fleet are issued. And to her, are all the reports made from the blockading ships, and from all other ships, or expeditions, on various and varied duty. The consequence is, that the ward-room mess of the Flag Ship has a larger number of visitors than that of any other vessel of the fleet. Their dinner table is usually favored by the presence of some friend of the mess. This always gives pleasure, for hospitality and cordial feelings among Navy officers of the different ships of the squadron, show themselves in all things, and becomingly, excepting, sometimes, in that false hospitality of drinking *brandy* together. Thus has the ward-room table of the Cumberland generally been favored by the officers of the different vessels of the Home Squadron. And thus are new acquaintances formed—various subjects discussed, connected with the profession and other subjects, military and civil, governmental and private, as well as the general topics and occurrences, in the fleet and of the day. It is consequently, I believe, a general wish of officers, to be on board the Flag Ship, thus designated, from the circumstance of her being the ship of the Commander-in-chief of the squadron or fleet, and wearing at her main-royal-head THE BROAD PENNANT, which a Commodore is alone entitled to display.

In the service of the United States, Commodores being of the same rank, but entitled to precedence and command according to the dates of their commissions, display, when in company, Broad Pennants designating this precedence, by virtue of the date of their commissions. The BLUE PENNANT takes the precedence of the RED PENNANT, and the Red Pennant ranks the WHITE PENNANT: and sometimes when different squadrons meet, Pennants of all three colors are seen, flying at the main-royal-head of the Flag Ship of each command.

Commodore Perry, who is junior in date of his commission to Commodore Conner, has lately joined our squadron. And although he has not a separate and independent command, he yet is authorized to wear at the main-royal-head of his ship, a Red Pennant. He has displayed this at the main-royal-head of the Mississippi. There are, therefore, at this moment, October 10th, two Pennants flying in our squadron, the *blue* and the *red*.

It has for some time been expected that Commodore Perry will have the command of the Home Squadron, when Commodore Conner shall be relieved from this station. For the present, they are to act in concert, rather, Commodore P. is second in command. There is a glory encircling the name of Perry in the annals of our gallant Navy. Perry of the lakes was the elder brother of the present Commodore Perry; and no victory which has attended on our naval service, has given greater glory than his to our national flag.

SECTION X.

ALVARADO.—SECOND EXPEDITION.—ITS BEGINNING, MIDST,
AND ENDING.

SINCE the excursion of our fleet down to the river Alvarado, the firing of a few guns into the fort of the enemy, at the mouth of that river, and our return again to the anchorage off Anton Lizardo, there have been occasional whispers, that a successful expedition against that fort, and an attempt made to cut out the vessels belonging to the Mexican government, would be put into execution in a few days. It was felt that the first movement had been a display off the mouth of that river, which reflected no honor upon the flag; and it could not be concealed, that deep chagrin had been experienced on account of it, by almost every officer attached to the squadron. Preparations had been partially made for a landing on shore, on the first occasion of visiting the Alvarado; and disappointment and murmurs of complaint were loud at the failure; and letters from the fleet, whether the course was justifiable or not, filled the northern papers, reflecting upon the Commander-in-chief, as having but ill supported the honor of that flag which he had, in other days gallantly defended, and under which he had victoriously sailed. The Mexican papers, too, noticing the movement of the American fleet, seemed to have deemed it only a feint, and confessed that no resistance could have been made by them, unless the enemy had come ashore.

And besides, on the arrival of the squadron, off the river, the Mexican vessels got under way, and as soon and as fast as possible, made their way up the stream. The force, at this point, seemed to have been very inconsiderable, according to the Mexican papers ; and the Mexicans themselves, after the leaving of the fleet, would hardly ever have dreamed that the Americans designed them injury by the visit of our ships, unless they had learned it afterwards, by the statements in the United States papers.

It is not for me to scrutinize the motives of the Commander-in-chief. But so obviously did it appear to others, that Commodore Conner's naval reputation, as well as the reputation of the Navy itself, required some action of the fleet, which should regain what was deemed to be a false step, in this movement at the mouth of the Alvarado, that no one was surprised to learn, that the Commander-in-chief meditated another attack, at this place. And if another demonstration should be made there, *it must be successful*. The alternative of this, as a possible occurrence, was never admitted to the thought of an officer of the fleet. It was the reputation of the Navy, as well as the personal fame of the Commander-in-chief, which was now concerned, and to be cared for, protected, and reinstated beyond the power of question, either by friend or by foe. A second failure, would be suicide to the fame of a proud service, to which every officer felt it an honor to belong, in the associations of its past story, and in the honorable expectations of the nation, which looked on it in every emergency confidently, for the national defence. Those high expectations of a people, who had always contemplated the service with fondness and liberality, that Navy now and ever would sustain, while it *should and would* maintain the glory, which it had so honorably and so gallantly in other days achieved. Such was the breathing of every officer on board our ships.

I stop not here to criticise the peculiar policy, taste, or propriety of any of the details of the Commander-in-chief, in his direction of the movements of the Home Squadron, in generals or in particulars. Every man has his own way of doing things. There are modes, however, of causing preparations to be made and information to be communicated, which will develope no important secret—an encouragement and a conversation, which will awaken enthusiasm, secure devotion, and produce and deepen love, and make men who are brave, braver still, and willing men, more willing still. But such mode and manner are not in the power or the practice of every man. It was Napoleon's.

For two or three days of the week previous to the 11th of October, officers and men were detailed to the boats. Guns were examined, pistols assorted, cutlasses appropriated, some swords ground, and ammunition sent on board the various small vessels, as it was needed. The prize schooner *Nonata* was fitted up with four 42-pound carronades, and other instruments of war, and with quarters for men and officers. A thousand other things seemed to be developed, (though at rather a late hour for the needed training and manœuvring of men and officers,) which seemed to indicate war upon somebody or something, but where, certainly yet seemed to sit as darkly aback the veil of the future as did the coming of the *Norther*, which, for a few days more delayed the consummation of the plans of the Commander-in-chief, and the exercising of the boats and men.

On the 13th of October, however, a diagram, which was not without its merit in the arrangement, was developed to the squadron as the plan of operations against the fort, at the mouth of the Alvarado river, and the cutting out of the Mexican vessels. Attached to this diagram was the following order :

" U. S. Ship Cumberland,
Off Vera Cruz, Oct. 13, 1846. }

"SIR,—The accompanying order is that for towing and sailing in a line ahead. The order of sailing or towing, in two columns, will be formed as follows: the McLean on the larboard beam of the Vixen. The Reefer, on the larboard beam of the Nonata. The Petrel, on the larboard beam of the Bonito; and the Forward astern of the Petrel.

"Close order will be, half cable's length between the two columns; and half that distance between each vessel, to be increased or diminished as circumstances may require.

"It is intended that the boats shall pass the bar, as arranged in the accompanying diagram, should it be sufficiently smooth. But in case there is so much surf as to endanger dashing the boats against the vessels towing them, it may then be necessary for them to cast off, and make their way across the bar separately, making fast to the vessels again, as soon as over. In this case, the boats' crews alone will be placed in the boats. The marines belonging to them will remain on board the vessels which had them in tow. Circumstances may occur, to change or modify these arrangements, for which it would be difficult to give specific orders.

"I am, respectfully, &c.

D. CONNER,

Commanding Home Squadron.

"Captain F. FORREST,
Commanding U. S. Ship Cumberland." }

These orders and the diagram having been issued, there became a general and settled feeling of interest in the expedition. The expedition itself now seemed quite probable and almost certain. The necessity of a *successful expedition* was universally affirmed, and universally felt.

For several days the waters about the ship presented at

times an animated spectacle, as the boats from the different ships joined the boats of the Cumberland, when they practised several evolutions in forming lines and taking various positions, which exhibited all the interest that a fine regatta presents, when boats, ready for the contest, gather at their goal. Flags were displayed from the stern-sheets of each boat—launches, cutters, and barges—and the boats' numbers on flags at their bows; and thus a gala scene was exhibited to the view, as one watched them at one's leisure, from the poop-deck of the Cumberland.

The boats also pulled for the neighboring little island, before mentioned as Salmedina. And on this island, the marines and the seamen exercised in marches and counter-marches, and firing at a target. But they visited this island only twice, and, doubtless, succeeded in making the command quite familiar in *getting into* (not to say forming) a hollow square, or a circle for a like purpose of repelling a body of cavalry, in case the Mexican cavaliers should come down upon them with their horses and lances.

The Sunday of the 11th of October passed stilly and calmly by, after the noise and the stir of the last few days of the preceding week. Several officers from the other ships were aboard the Cumberland, to attend the religious services of the day—Captain Gregory, Commander Ingham, and Lieutenants Hunt, Parker, Rogers, and others. It seemed like Sunday on shore—more than usually so. The Commodore and Captain, and other officers of our own ship, and men, gathered in their places. The ship's bell was tolled. The music was good and plaintive; and though I felt that my discourse was less relevant than I wished to the circumstances of the squadron on the eve of an expedition, which all now began to feel would be attended with danger, as I had prepared this discourse earlier than the announcement of the intended movement, yet it was easy to direct its conclusion

to associations, which, in the ship and in the squadron could not but awake, in view of the circumstances surrounding us.

Sailors can feel. And to-day some of them felt, though less than I have seen them on some other Sabbath days: for I have seen the tear flow down the bronze cheek of old sailors, which evidenced hearts that yet felt amid the current of many years spent on the seas; and still younger men have I seen weep as tenderly as landsmen on the shore, when their thoughts have been carried back to their distant homes and hearths, later left. In the afternoon the men came to me for more Bibles and other books than I could supply.

But Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday came—the 11th, 12th, and the 13th; and a number of the men, at different times, sought my room—ready and elated at the idea of having an opportunity of supporting the honor of the flag under which they sailed—but yet counting intelligently the probabilities that were against them. It seemed doubtful if they all should again return to the ship; and, therefore, they wished me to write their wills—others brought me their wills after they had been written, for safe-keeping, believing that I felt interest enough in their welfare to insure a proper disposition of their papers, if they should fall by the shot of the enemy, whom they were about to meet. Indeed, it was a very general feeling through the ship, that *many* connected with the expedition would never return. And yet, none hesitated—all were ready to enter the conflict, in obedience to orders—many were enthusiastic in embracing the occasion, which they deemed now to be before them, of distinguishing themselves in an engagement with the enemy. One of the instances from among the crew, which interested me, was a man who wished to leave all his wages due him to his two “little sisters.” When he mentioned their names, I felt sure they must be of an affectionate family. JUSTINA was one; JOSEPHINA was the other; and “they are my only sisters,”

said the interesting German of Westphalia, "the one only five, the other seven ; and they have no father nor mother." A worthy brother, I believed he was, for he had drawn nothing from the ship during the ten months he has been aboard the Cumberland, and his credit on the Purser's books was the unbroken amount of his wages since his shipping. There were also letters to parents, telling the story, that might happen to the writers, and to let the parents know that they thought of them in their latest hours, and in expectation that they might not meet them again at the home still dear to them. I respect such feelings—would ever admire and encourage them in others ; and I look on them as the most hallowed remains and beautiful exhibitions of nature, wherever developed, whether by the humble in circumstances of the poor man, landsman or seaman, or by the elevated in circumstances of affluence and homes of elegance and taste.

Thus much of the *men* composing the crew of our ship. How was it with the officers, in view of *this particular expedition, in the peculiar circumstances* under which it seemed to be undertaken ? How was it ? What American heart that loves his country, cannot answer ? What person, who has traced the naval story of the Republic, but well knows how to give the reply ? Readiness to obey orders—eagerness to enter on the expedition—love of distinction—and desire to give additional fame to the flag of their country, and personal consideration as officers of its Navy to themselves, swayed every bosom. But no one, while they were eager to take the chances and enter on the dangers which were before them, looked, without emotion or recklessly, on the coming attack. It was to be *a desperate affair, if necessary*. Every one entered upon it with such expectations and readiness to meet the hazard and the desperate conflict, if it came, for the reward—a nation's approbation and praise ; the commenda-

tion and pride of connections and friends, if glory were won, and safety and life continued—and tears, commendation, and a monument of fame in a nation's memory and records, if they fell. But who, at the same time, might read *the secret tides* of their hearts? Most of these young gentlemen of the ward-room are married men. Their affectionate wives and children look to them as their support, honor, and happiness. Not at such an hour would they forget these, the dearest objects of their affections on earth. And though the stir of excitement in preparation existed—and though a thousand playful remarks associated with the coming expedition were made—and the expectation of fame loomed up before them, there were other thoughts, dear, deep, tearful, given for those who were far away. I could, if I would, develop living scenes of this kind, associated with the operations going on for the expedition against the fort and shipping at Alvarado. Last letters were written as tokens of a husband's and a father's love; and others telling of a child's devotion to doting parents.

"I thank you," said an officer to me, as he stood at my room door, and conversed with me, a few hours before he was to leave the ship for the vessel which was to take him down to the point of attack, and in reply to my remark, that "I had heard him speak of his son; and if any accident should happen to him, and I survived, I should remember it and declare it." His remark had been, "If I fall, all I have to ask of the government is, that it will give an appointment to my son at West Point." "I thank you, sir," I say, he replied; and then turned from my door, though I had not observed his emotion, which he had thus turned to conceal. A moment more, and a little slip of paper fell upon my desk, as the same officer passed my room. I read it, as follows, and almost reproached myself as I dropped it into my drawer:

"Mr. TAYLOR,—I was obliged to you for your kind expression about my son. Do not speak to me again about him. It is the only subject that unmans me at this time.

"Yours, ————."

There is a sequel to the story of him, an officer of a noble bearing, who wrote this. He is dead; and may his Government grant the request of this worthy man, who died in the service of his country. It, at least, shall be my purpose to make known his request and feeling, at this hour. But no one can feel the full sentiment contained on this brief slip of paper, except that individual whose similar circumstances of position and experience has awakened a kindred emotion, which has deeply broken his own heart. And this was but a remark the most accidental, dropped on paper at a moment when others were as deeply feeling, and had as deeply felt, while their own brave hearts yet swelled in the prospect before them, although those same hearts melted, in love, and solicitude, and prayer, for those for whom they might, in a few hours more, for ever on earth be parted. *Brave hearts are those which can love the deepest.* But I may not develop the secret and sacred emotions of others in the circumstances of the little band of officers who were on the eve of exposing their lives to the shot, and bayonet, and sword of their enemies, for accomplishing the orders, and securing the fame and glory of their country.

Yet from my own feelings could I in a measure read theirs; for I had deemed it my duty to accompany the expedition as Chaplain to the squadron. I had contemplated the probabilities of the engagement which was expected between our forces and the Mexicans. I feared and believed it most probable that some of our officers and many of our men would be wounded, and most probably some of them would be killed. The Mexicans had fought in opposition to Gene-

ral Taylor's army bravely and spiritedly, in three engagements; and they probably would not give up their fort, shipping, and perhaps town of Alvarado, without an endeavor to retain them, or to revenge their loss and defeat at the expense of blood. But should this be the misfortune attendant on our own forces, I should wish to be near at hand, to use my endeavors to comfort the wounded, to counsel the dying, to bury the dead.

But could I copy here the many "last letters" which were written by the officers of the fleet, I know they would develop the deepest and the tenderest feeling; and yet more *despairing expectations of return* than any communications of my own, made at these hours, might present; for they were going into danger far beyond the exposure contemplated by myself. But there was no hesitation. It was to them a welcome movement. They were not only acting for their country; they also thought of those they loved, and the name they might acquire, if in safety they should return, for the very objects of their affection about whom their hearts now clung in all the devotion of an increased love, which the possibility of a final separation, and the consequent forlorn situation of those they would leave, added to their hearts, which I have no doubt now bled to tears, as they leaned over the sheets on which were penned a husband's—a father's—a child's farewell.

Such, then, were the circumstances in which these officers were placed, at this moment of the night preceding that on which the expedition was to move down to the Alvarado. It was a deep emotion, that held many a bosom; and fixed and abiding, and unfaltering was the purpose of all, in proportion to the possible and probable danger which was to be encountered. And yet, a stranger eye of one just coming on board the ships, would have thought an expedition of pleasure was on foot, so cheerfully and industriously were

all things in preparation and movement. The reports brought from the shore were, that the early fort, seen when the squadron was first off the river, had been washed away ; but another had been built, and was now well manned ; and that from two to three thousand troops were at the point and near the fortification, at the mouth of the river. These statements were believed by some—doubted by others. But there was no alternative, whatever force might be there. The expedition now must carry through the purpose, for which it was set on foot. A *failure*, as before hinted, none could think of—and a DEFEAT was only to be attended by the fall of every officer and man of the force. Never could a number of officers and men seem more firm and fixed, in their unfaltering but no way blustering purpose. *The cost had been counted—the die had been cast—and all were ready to execute the object of the expedition.*

On the evening of the 13th, the wind was too heavy to admit of transporting the men from the different ships to the small vessels which were to go on the expedition. On the afternoon of the 14th, however, a favorable moment presented, and seamen and marines, from the larger vessels to the small steamers and schooners, were transferred, for the occasion. The officers, however, delayed until near sundown, at which time, the Commander-in-chief left the Cumberland for the small steamer Vixen. The Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Walters Smith, and myself were detailed to the steamer Mississippi. It was intended that the wounded should be brought off to the Mississippi from the smaller vessels to be engaged in the action ; and from the shore engagement, should it take place. We therefore left the Cumberland, soon after dark, most of the other officers, who had been detailed, having already gone to their different commands or vessels, to which they were designated. Dr. Minor, and the ward-room mess of the Mississippi, received

us courteously, and treated us kindly ; and before 10 o'clock, the usual hour of "dousing the lights," we were all as snugly in our beds, as if we had no intention of moving, at midnight, from the anchorage.

At 12 o'clock, the Mississippi commenced firing up. The other two steamers did the same ; and at about two o'clock, the Mississippi was off, by herself, while the Vixen took two schooners in tow, and the McLean three. The little fleet moved down the coast, under the shades of the night, intending to arrive off the bar of the river Alvarado, at daybreak. As the morning light came through the air ports of the state-rooms, and the stir aboard ship increased the next morning, I turned out and ere long was on deck, joining Drs. S. and M. The Mississippi had anticipated the Vixen and the McLean with their tow some distance on her arrival, while these two smaller steamers and the schooners in their line were in full view and rapidly coming up to the bar. The Mississippi now took up her position, near in to the shore, with the flag-staff of the fort in view. She immediately opened her fire, from her long guns. The Vixen, bearing the Commander-in-chief, and the McLean, each with a separate tow, now stood handsomely in towards the mouth of the river ; but, at a near point, instead of passing directly over the bar, it now being about 7 o'clock in the morning, the Vixen veered off to the eastward, and standing along the line of the bar, directed, by signal, the different vessels to open their starboard battery upon the enemy, as they followed her motions. The evolution was a pretty movement, as seen from the Mississippi, as the steamers and gunboats, as they veered off and stood across the mouth of the river, outside the bar, opened their fire, and threw their shot in towards the fort. But they were too far off, to do any execution against the enemy. The Vixen stood some distance out again seaward, followed by

the McLean ; and soon the Commander-in-chief came down towards the Mississippi, and when near, shoved off from the Vixen in his barge, and came along side of the Mississippi. A short conversation ensued between Commodore Conner and Commodore Perry, when the Commander-in-chief again joined the Vixen, which bore his Broad Pennant ; and the two small steamers now standing across the mouth of the river with their schooners in tow, again opened their fire upon the fort, which occasionally discharged a piece against the little fleet, but the shot struck far inside of them. The Mississippi soon after changed her position, and took a nearer and more favorable anchorage, by bringing the fort full in view and within reach of her guns. Having got a spring upon the cable, the ship brought her broadside to bear upon the fort, though the distance, while it was within range of her guns, was still so far off as to render her fire less certain and destructive than otherwise it would had been ; while, however, her shells and round shot frequently told with effect on the fort, and apparently, at different times, silenced their long gun, which was mounted by itself above their principal fortification. The long guns of the Mississippi made some very handsome shots, under the direction of Lieutenant Smith ; and her battery of forty-two pounders, under the direction of Lieutenants Carter and Parker, continued to play with more or less effect upon the enemy. Commodore Perry occupied the hurricane-deck of the Mississippi, and gave his orders through Commander Adams.* The fire from the Mississippi was kept up for some hours, while the purpose of

* As Captain Forrest, at a later moment, came alongside the Mississippi, Commodore Perry exclaimed to him, in view of the expected landing, "I wish I had your place, Forrest ;" and under usual circumstances, Commodore P. would have had the command of the whole force. But the Commander-in-chief assumed in person, the leading of the expedition.

the Commander-in-chief seemed as yet unfixed. A signal, ere long, was made, for all Captains to repair on board the Vixen. A consultation was held. The Commander-in-chief, after stating that a new fortification had been built since he was last here, and seemed stronger than he had expected to find it, put the question first to Lieutenant Hazzard, he being the youngest officer in command, what was his opinion as to the crossing of the bar with the present force? "My opinion is, that we should cross the bar, sir," was the reply. The same advice was given by all the officers present. The officers again repaired to their different vessels. The Mississippi now renewed her fire with additional interest, as the Commander-in-chief, in the Vixen, was soon seen standing from a point in front of the bar, where, for a short time, he lay at rest, with the McLean and her tow astern, affording an opportunity for the men to enter their several boats.

There was, now, no mistaking the purpose of the Commander-in-chief. He soon led gallantly in with the Vixen with her tow of two schooners, while the fire of the Mississippi increased its rapidity, and the fort on shore opened its guns in rapid succession upon the advancing forces. But the little Vixen held nobly on her way, and soon brought her guns to bear on the fort; and with the two schooners briskly discharged her pieces while they were entering; and soon they had advanced opposite or beyond the fort. Thus far had the Broad Pennant been nobly borne, with the guns of the fort still playing upon it. The McLean followed on, with her tow of three schooners, in imitation of this gallant beginning of the Commander-in-chief; and every eye and every heart on board the Mississippi was wishing her good speed, as she was following the noble example that had been set her by the leader of the force in the Vixen; and while the Mississippi herself continued to discharge her long guns and forty-two pounders in yet quicker succession; when (the beast

that she was!) the McLean, midway of the bar, drifting to the leeward of the channel, *grounded among the breakers and threw all things into confusion!* The launches and cutters, filled with men, and standing in by themselves over the bar, continued to advance on their course; and were, now, inside the bar; when the Commander-in-chief was seen, though he had reached well in or beyond the fort, to be putting about, and was soon again standing out; and the boats which were urging in to his assistance and support, of course also changed their direction and followed his movements. The whole force was soon again outside the bar, seaward—the boats lying on their oars—the three schooners which had cast loose from the McLean after her grounding, were standing off from the bar, and all, awaiting the orders of the Commander-in-chief, who, in the Vixen, with her two schooners in tow, was now making a circuit off the bar. Ere long he passed under the beam of the Mississippi, but spoke not, as the Vixen, with her tow, glided slowly and gracefully along, showing that she had been wounded by a round shot, which had marked her on her starboard beam, just forward the wheel-house.

What, now, will be the movement of the Commander-in-chief, was a question which each one, doubtless, of the little squadron, was anxious to solve in his own mind. 'Such was the inquiry in my own case, which caused me to look, with deep interest, at every movement of the Vixen. It had already been an interesting sight presented to the view, as the steamers, with their schooners in tow, were entering—and even the McLean, in the breakers, rolling like a cradle, as the gun-boats were cast adrift from her to shift for themselves, served but to heighten the interest of the scene—while the boats, intending to preserve the lee of the Vixen and the schooners dropped astern, but gave way with greater earnestness when the McLean had become foul. The Commo-

dore, too, as described, had reached forward quite into the river, but changing his course, stood out again under the fire of the fort, and again handsomely discharged his own pieces, as he passed, at the fortification. All served to deepen the expectation for the development of the further action of the force. As I saw the Vixén change her course again to stand out of the river, the idea immediately occurring to my own mind, was, that the Vixén, on seeing the difficulty of the McLean rocking among the breakers of the bar, was coming out to take the other schooners in tow, and back again to return with them for the onset. And it had been a gallant move had it been done; and it would have given double glory to the chief in command, on account of the accident which had occurred and the beauty of the succeeding movement which the Commodore would have effected. But no. The mortification was to succeed. The Commander-in-chief stood not back, as it was expected he would do—leaving the McLean and her crew to perish among the breakers, if they must, as one of the fortunes of war, as she swung her broadside obliquely across the bar, and let stream her star-board guns towards the fort, while she lay dashing in her perilous position. But the Commander-in-chief had come out—the boats had followed—the three schooners that were cast adrift from the McLean had made their way off from the bar—and the McLean, herself, before the Commander-in-chief had passed out over the bar, had backed off, from what seemed, for a moment, a hopeless position; and now *all things* seemed ready for the schooners to re-unite their hawsers, and *again to stand back*, advance upon the enemy, take his shipping and the fort, and shout victory to the glory of the American arms. For it was yet but three o'clock of the afternoon; and ample time, before the sun should go down, was left them. The bar had been crossed and re-crossed in less than three quarters of an hour. But it was not repeated.

The Commander-in-chief again entered not. And as it became evident that he determined to withdraw the fleet, I felt—but I will not narrate my own feelings—it seemed a *personal sorrow* to all; and the deep feelings of a bitter chagrin seemed but ill suppressed, whenever the mind recurred to this believed to be, and felt to be, *second dishonor* to our flag. Not for a moment will any one question the personal courage of the leader of the forces on this occasion; but the unfortunate and inexplicable *indecision* at this moment, as it seemed to others as well as myself, the retreat, and the consequent naval disgrace to the fleet, made every heart (or ought so to have made it) indignant and sad.

For the space of some half hour more, the Vixen, on board of which was the Commander-in-chief, moved seemingly undecided over the water, as she turned one or two circles near the Mississippi, and then farther distant in the offing; when a signal was run up, which said to all the vessels of the little fleet, that they should make their way to this anchorage, which it had left at midnight, some fifteen hours before.

It may not become me to complain of the Commander-in-chief on this occasion. He led in his own steamer and her tow *most gallantly*. Had he remain withined the bar fifteen minutes longer, all his boats would have been with him, though the three schooners cast loose from the McLean, probably, could not have sailed over the bar, the wind not being strong enough to enable them to stem the current, under sail. But the McLean was again off the bar and ready to unite her tow; and by taking a higher course in mid channel, it is believed, by some at least, that she would have gone over the bar. And if she did not, the Commodore, with his force in the Vixen and the two schooners, and the boats hastening to his support, might have stormed and carried the fort—held it, or left it, after spiking its guns—and thus

have saved the honor of his flag—prevented the deep mortification of the officers of his fleet and of the whole Navy—and sustained his own personal and merited fame. If the loss of life would have been great, and the Commander-in-chief feared the responsibility, it must be replied that it was *expected* (how sadly and surely the preceding sketch will show) that blood and death would attend on the expedition. All felt it—*deeply—solemnly—prayerfully!* But all were ready to meet the danger, for the honor of their country—the recovery of the good name of the Navy which it was felt had already suffered at this point of the Alvarado—and for the opportunity, perchance, so seldom offered in the service, of gaining a name and distinction for themselves. “It is the only time of my life,” said one of the officers, “that I have been within reach of the guns of an enemy. I thought our chance had now come, and it was hard to turn back—to me and to my men.” This was said respectfully, but in a tone of voice, when the movement of the expedition was canvassed the succeeding day, that showed how deep and how true was the emotion of disappointment, which awakened it. There is one relieving circumstance which I have in view of the case, and it is so profound, that I almost accuse myself for aught I have written of complaint for the retreat, in the foregoing article, namely, that *all of our officers and men* have returned safely, and that blood has not been shed, save, as is reported by the Mexicans, of one of their officers killed by the Mississippi’s guns, though of their men, no report has been given.

I occupied the upper deck of the Mississippi, during the engagement and movement of the fleet. As the force was crossing the bar, the interest was intense—the Mississippi increasing the rapidity of her fire, and the lower fort of the enemy discharging its guns in rapid succession upon the steamers, schooners, and boats, as they were crossing the bar, which the fort entirely commands. But that unfortunate

grounding of the McLean spoiled all the glory of the day for us.

At the moment of the grounding of the McLean, our Captain French Forrest exclaimed, "Now for the boats—they must go to the relief of the Commodore," while, as yet, they saw not the purpose of the Commander-in-chief, to return. The boats gave way, with a will—Captain Forrest in his gig gallantly taking the lead. "See the Vixen," said Lieutenant Symmes, "how gallantly she stands on. Give way my lads, or she will have finished the sport before we get there." And the gallant Hazzard, could he have effected it, would have put the Nonata between two of the Mexican vessels, and carried them or sunk them. The same emotions swelled every heart; and I should not do justice to these gallant officers and men, who were thus willing and eager to peril life for their own and their country's honor, did I not tell their story *faithfully*, and let the responsibility rest where it belongs, on one person's single shoulder. And he led the van, *nobly—bravely*—but faltered, at a moment when all seemed more than half done, and retreated before a force, which may proudly record their action as a handsome deed of arms, that drove back, and defeated, and humbled the American force, and threw back the taunt, which our own proud flag has been for so many months flouting in their face. "*Alvarado must be taken*," says our Chief. Ay, sir! But the day is passed, when the glory of your Pennant and the national flag can be restored, by the fall of Alvarado! Fall it will; but the memory of the past may not perish. It will live beyond the crumbling of the parapets of their fortification—the loss of their fleet—or the sacking of their town!

I have written freely, *and on my own responsibility*, expressing the views which I have here recorded as the impressions which have been made on my own mind as a spectator of the scene, and in view of all the facts and prepara-

tions for the expedition which were presented to my observation. I know that some may dissent. And some will say that the McLean would have grounded again, had she made the second attempt to cross the bar—that even the Vixen, drawing only seven feet of water, touched twice while crossing the bar. Others may say that the sacrifice would have been too great for the object proposed to be gained. But it may be replied, that there was *twelve and a half feet of water on the bar, as sounded that morning*, and the McLean draws ten feet two inches; and the bar was unusually smooth. And as to the loss of life—who hesitated to peril it? Why have we a Navy, if danger is to cause hesitation, when an object proposed is to be secured by arms and chivalric deeds, as a matter of public advantage or of national or private glory? It might have cost many lives; it was expected that it would; but abandonment or defeat was undreamed of; and the deep intensity of emotion and fixedness of purpose, under which the expedition was commenced and carried on by the officers and men of the squadron, made the disappointment and chagrin correspondent, in their depth of tone, as the feelings settled down in the review of the contrast of *what was, and what was expected to be*. And the whole affair, while it may be deemed a trifle in its results upon the general action in the war, or the reputation of the Navy, has yet been the occasion of deep feeling throughout the squadron, which it is just should be recorded, in the story of the movements of the Home Squadron at this period of its operations.

I copy here the dispatch of Commodore Conner to the Department. And glad shall I be if a partial eye, in connection with the sketch already given, shall find in this communication to the Secretary, sufficient apology for this second failure at the mouth of the Alvarado. Commodore C. in other days has earned a merited esteem in the consideration of his countrymen, from which I would wish not and hope not to detract.

"U. S. SHIP CUMBERLAND, }
Off Vera Cruz, October 17, 1846. }

"It is with feelings of deep mortification that I apprise the Department of the failure of another attempt to enter the river of Alvarado.

"On the morning of the 15th, a little after sunrise, I reached the entrance of that river, with the steamer Vixen, the three gunboats, the prize schooner Nonata, mounting four guns, and the revenue vessels, schooner Forward and steamer McLean, accompanied by the Mississippi, Commodore Perry. It was intended the latter should cannonade the battery, while the smaller vessels crossed the bar. It was found, however, she could not approach near enough to make any impression on the work with her shells. This battery mounted seven guns; and immediately behind it, on an elevated knoll, was a platform, on which was a mounted pivot-gun. Knowing the small power of the steamers on which I depended to tow the small vessels over the bar, and up the river, I was desirous of having a favorable wind to assist them. For this purpose, I delayed moving until nearly two o'clock, but seeing no prospect of the usual sea-breeze setting in, I determined to proceed. The first division, composed of the Reefer and Bonito, in tow of the Vixen, got under way, and was followed by the second division, consisting of the Nonata, Forward, and Petrel, towed by the McLean. As they approached the bar, the current became stronger, causing the steamers to steer badly, and lessening their progress to not more than a mile, or a mile and a half the hour.

"The first division continued to advance steadily, and had been some time engaged with the battery, when I had the mortification to see the McLean aground on the bar, and the vessels she had in tow foul of each other, in the greatest disorder.

"As it was evident no support could be expected from the second division for some time, if at all, and as the three vessels composing the first were wholly inadequate to prosecute the attack, even if they could pass the battery, with which we were engaged, I was constrained to order the Vixen to be put about, and repass the bar.

"It may be as well to observe here, that besides the battery at the entrance of the river, there is another at the town, one and a half miles distant, of three guns, with two brigs, each mounting nine guns, a schooner of seven guns and two gunboats, each carrying a long twenty-four-pounder—all so disposed as to command the channel. By the time the Vixen joined her, the McLean was again afloat, without having sustained any material injury. It was obvious, however, her draft (ten feet two inches) was too great to pass the bar in its present state. Generally, there are from thirteen to fifteen feet on it, and my information led me to believe I should find that depth now, but the late floods have probably lessened it, as on sounding, previously to entering, there were barely twelve feet. The Vixen struck twice on going over, though drawing only seven feet. The current was also stronger in the river than I expected, and even if she could pass the bar, I felt convinced the power of the McLean was inadequate to make head against it with any vessel in tow. These considerations—and the day being far spent—induced me, however much against my inclination, to abandon any farther attempt at present to enter the river.

"Except for a short time, from early in the spring to the commencement of the rainy season, no one, not acquainted with them, can have any conception of the difficulties attending naval operations on this coast. The north winds, during the winter months, are sudden and violent, accompanied by high seas and strong currents. No judgment can be formed as to what moment they may commence. Under such circumstances, an opinion may be easily formed of the difficulty of landing a body of men on the open coast, and also of the danger from the elements attending it.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"D. CONNER,

Commanding Home Squadron."

"Hon. JOHN Y. MASON,

Secretary, of the Navy, Washington."

SECTION VI.

EXPEDITION TO TABASCO FROM THE HOME SQUADRON, UNDER THE COMMAND OF COMMODORE PERRY.—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. MORRIS.—THE LIEUTENANT'S BURIAL.

THE squadron reached the anchorage of the Flag Ship Cumberland, on its return from Alvarado, in the edge of the evening of the 15th of October. The Commander-in-chief came over the sides of his noble frigate, as he was the first to reach the ship, and a deep sensation evidently was produced—as all who had been left on board the frigate deemed, with others, that there were many chances against their ship-mates' return. And every heart and every officer of the squadron, I have reason to believe, would have delighted in the triumph of Commodore Conner on this expedition. And what had been its success now was unknown, as the squadron's return had brought its own news, and the first, of the action of the fleet. But it was soon known to be a failure; and while there were many mitigating circumstances—the grounding of the McLean constituting the chief one—to apologize for the abandonment of the expedition, under the circumstances in which the fleet withdrew, yet every officer knew, that nothing would apologize with the country at large for the failure of any *naval attempt* upon the enemy, whatever might be the difficulties or accidents occurring at the time. *Success is the criterion of merit—failure, of inca-*

pacify, in the judgment of the nation, when contemplating naval or military operations.

I know not what were all the counsels between Commodore Conner and Commodore Perry, the succeeding morning. But it was soon known throughout the squadron, that another expedition was immediately to be put into execution. The very next night it would sail—the same vessels—the same officers, with some few exceptions, were to compose the little fleet. Additional ammunition was given to the different vessels—a fortnight's provision served out—and men and officers, before late of the evening of the same day, were distributed to the different vessels. Commodore Perry was to have command of the expedition.

Accordingly it was arranged that the same vessels, with the exception of the *Petrel*, under the command of Commodore Perry in chief, should get under way at midnight, and stand down the coast. It was generally supposed to be, for the purpose of making an attack on Tabasco, and securing whatever vessels there might be in the river, of the same name, on which the town is situated. The *Mississippi*, Commodore Perry's Flag Ship, the *Vixen*, *McLean*, and the schooners *Nonata*, *Bonito*, *Reefer*, and *Forward*, composing the little fleet, were under way at midnight, as had been anticipated; and in the morning, they were not to be seen. But it was thought, at about the hour when the steamers, with their tow, might be expected to be off Alvarado, guns were heard, and as the day broke yet more brightly, smoke was seen to rise at the point, where the mouth of the Alvarado was known to be. "Have they made another attack there," was the question among those of the mess table, who had remained behind, the next morning. "If they have, they will be successful," was the reply. "And the course that has been pursued, doubtless is this—they have passed, at break of day, directly over the bar, heedless of the fort—have urged their

way up the river—laid the different vessels or their manned boats along side of the Mexican vessels, which are said to be anchored across the stream—carried them by boarding—cut the springs on their cables—and brought the guns to bear on the fort, as the vessels swung with the stream. And thus have they secured a surrender of the enemy or abandonment of their works by bombarding, and by landing a force to take the fort, and spike the guns ; and have afterwards retreated from the river with their prizes or advanced upon the town of Alvarado. This seemed all so plausible—so *practicable* to one, at least, whose head was not to be risked in the fight, that I could not myself but believe, that such was the secret which ere long should be developed as the action of the little fleet, and account for the firing thus early heard. But the one drawback to this apparently very plausible speculation was, that Commodore Perry had promised that ALVARADO should be respected as he passed, and be still left for Commodore Conner to take, when he should have arranged his plans for a third demonstration there, which it was affirmed still to be his purpose to make, and with a hoped-for success, that should show, not only that personal courage is his, which all will accord to him, but also, that his judgment in conducting naval operations is not so much at fault, as some may have supposed, from the failures at this point.

It may here be added, that the appearance of a fine ship in the offing and her anchoring under the stern of the Cumberland the succeeding day, gave us the secret of the firing that was heard at the south of us, the preceding morning. The ship was a prize, sent up in charge of an officer from the Mississippi, which the fleet had found off Alvarado, where she was lying, ready to discharge her cargo, but slipping her cable, on the appearance of the fleet, endeavored to escape. A few guns from the Mississippi brought her to, and her case awaits for adjudication, as a valuable prize,

that lost her chance of evading the blockade, by the appearance of the fleet at the moment of her apparent success, off the mouth of the Alvarado river. A small schooner, also sent in by the fleet, not long after, gave us further intelligence of its advance.

After knocking about in some heavy weather for a few days on their way to the mouth of the Tabasco, the fleet crossed the bar on the evening of the 23d, and found two steamers just firing up to get out of the way of the American forces. But not being quick enough in their movements, a gun fired over them caused their surrender, and secured the services of the largest one, to assist in taking the schooners up the river, in the place of the steamer McLean, now on the bar of the Tabasco in her attempt to cross it, as she was before, at the Alvarado; and now, there were some who almost hoped, that "the beast" which she had proved herself to be, might leave her bones there, and trouble and disconcert the plans of the fleet, as she did at Alvarado, no more.

Frontera is a small place at the mouth of the Tabasco river, which was laid under contribution for fresh provisions, after the Alcalde had given up the keys, though they were paid for whatever they brought to the vessels; and the force, the next day, at about 2 o'clock, commenced moving up the river—the armed schooners being taken in tow by the prize steamer (Petrita) and the Vixen. They reached the town of Tabasco, called Villa Hermosa, on the maps, which is some seventy miles up the river in its winding course, at about 2 o'clock the next day, being the 25th, and the fleet anchored off the town. The boats were immediately manned and dispatched, to overhaul and capture the vessels which had got under way and were already out of sight, as they stood up the river when the fleet appeared off the town. These vessels, consisting of several schoo-

ers and brigs, were soon taken, and dropped down and joined the fleet.

Commodore Perry, under a flag of truce, now sent a deputation ashore, consisting of Captain French Forrest, accompanied by Captain Sands and Acting-Master Perry, to demand the surrender of the town. A short time was allowed for the decision of the authorities. I avoid a criticism on the diplomacy at this first interview, simply remarking, that the Governor, to the demand of an "unconditional surrender" of the town, replied, with becoming spirit, "Nunca! Nunca!"—never! never! "Then, sir, our interview is closed," returned Captain F., and the party returned to the dock, and were soon aboard the Vixen again. The Vixen, now Commodore Perry's Flag Ship—as the Mississippi had been left outside the river—opened her guns upon the town. A detachment of men under different officers, and the marines under Captain Edson, were soon landed by the boats, and were directed to hold their position, being on the street fronting the river, until further orders. The force was generally sheltered while it thus occupied the narrow street and beneath the houses facing the river, though straggling shot from muskets came down the streets running perpendicular to the river, and from the roofs and windows of different houses.

Lieutenant Winslow, occupying the wing of the force furthest up the river, perceiving a number of Mexicans, from the roofs of some houses, firing upon Lieutenant Contee, whose prize vessel had drifted near into the shore, gained permission to dislodge them from the roofs of the houses. This was done, with a few men; and once adrift from the main force, Lieutenant W. manifested no disposition to return, but commenced skirmishing farther up the street with some musketeers, who had opened on him, farther in advance, until, following up with his men, who were now im-

bining the spirit of their leader, he finally reached one of the corners of a square, from which he had been fired upon, over a vacant space, as he made his approach. On reaching the entrance to the square, the Mexican musketeers were seen, in numbers, to occupy a building on the opposite diagonal, presenting the appearance of barracks. Lieutenant Winslow, leaving his men to hold their position, returned to the main body of the force, and begged to be allowed to cross the plaza, "and drive the rascals," as he said, shaking his fist in excitement, "from the barracks." But he could get no order, while his rashness awakened a playful smile on the part of the Captain of the Marines, a meritorious officer, who could only reply, that the force was ordered not to move from the point it then occupied, until further orders. Disappointed, and affirming that he could and that he would carry the barracks, if permitted, with the handful of men that supported him, he returned to his men and continued his firing upon the Mexicans, and they at him, from the opposite diagonals of the square. This firing was heard on board the vessels in the stream, as if in the midst of the town, and was continued by Lieutenant W. until he was peremptorily ordered to withdraw to the main body of the force, which was now held at the point of their landing, by the chains of an order which they could not break. And when he had reached the river, the force was already re-embarking for the ships, while the marines retained their position, until all the men had refilled the boats. Then, placing themselves in the last boat, the whole force returned to the vessels of the fleet, in obedience to an order, that required their immediate disembarcation from the shore, without having advanced into the town. The motive for this unexpected order seems to have been, to save the men from the exposure to the fire from the houses, which, it was presumed, would increase upon them; and

because the town would be at the mercy of the large guns of the vessels, in the morning, if the authorities did not surrender to the force, now lying, with its threatening line, opposite and within musket-shot distance of almost every part of the place.

The authorities were now informed, that the remainder of the afternoon and night would be allowed them to remove their women and children; and unless the town was surrendered in the mean time, the fleet would again open upon the place, and demolish their houses about their ears. Not many cannon had been fired by the Vixen into the town on the evening of the 25th; and whether the apprehension as to the power of the fleet was diminished or not cared for, the Mexicans opened a fire of musketry upon the different vessels, at about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The Commodore returned the fire with small arms, and from the batteries of the different vessels. The Nonata, commanded by Lieutenant Hazzard, an accomplished officer in his profession and daring as the bravest can be in combat, opened her 42 pound carronades upon the town, and carried destruction into its very centre, riddling the houses or demolishing them, in part, as the heavy shot went on their mission of devastation, misery, and death. The Forward, Captain Nolis, let play her battery with great effect; and the small arms from all the vessels directed their shots wherever the Mexicans were seen shooting from the streets, or from the windows, or the tops of the houses; while the Vixen and the Bonito added to the work of destruction and blood which was going on between two nations, who seemed bent on the wicked purpose of destroying as much life and creating as much sorrow as was in the power of their different forces to accomplish. After an hour's bombardment of the town, and returning the Mexican musketry, a flag of truce was sent down to the shore by the foreign Consuls, and representations made,

that all the property of the town of Tabasco, or nearly all, was possessed by the foreign residents ; and that the military had no interest there ; and, by consequence, nothing to lose. Great destruction, it was affirmed, had been done to the town, and much suffering created by the balls from the fleet, killing and wounding the people in town—women and children—and it was hoped by the Consuls and citizens, that the firing of the fleet would cease, although the military force of the town would not surrender it. While the officers were on the dock to meet the flag of truce, a resident presented himself, covered with blood, and imploringly entreated that a stop might be put to the horrid scene which was being enacted, against which the blood of his wife and child was now crying. It was said, that while his wife was clinging to her husband, a cannon ball had killed her in his arms. And she was an American born woman, though of Italian parents. And on this morning, before the commencement of the firing, one of the officers saw a man with a child in his arms, followed by a woman with another child, while a little thing of four or five years old was seen running after them, with some small articles of clothing in its arms. It made his heart sick, as did other scenes touch the feelings of others while they yet stood there ready to do the bidding of their nation as its commands should reach them through their superiors, even to the exposure, in this bloody affray, of their own lives, on the continuance of which young mothers and sweet children dearer than life to them, were dependent. The representation made by this deputation of citizens is said to have determined Commodore Perry, in pity and in mercy, and from the exercise of a commendable humanity, to retire from before the place ; and he declared to the deputation that such would be his course, unless the attack should be renewed upon his vessels.

The Commodore, accordingly, was making his prepara-

tions to move down the stream. The different schooners had dropped along side the steamers for this purpose ; and soon the whole fleet would have retired, and some of the prize-vessels had already drifted down the stream. Many an aching heart, this day, wishes—some yet to be broken hearts, not many days onward, when all the sad story shall have been told—will also wish that *here* the combat and strife had ended. But one of the prize schooners, a small vessel, in charge of Lieutenant William A. Parker, in the quick current of the stream, drifted on shore, on the lower edge of the town, and within pistol shot of the enemy. The opportunity was too tempting to be resisted by the Mexicans, and a body of them, greatly outnumbering Lieutenant Parker's men, opened their successive volleys upon him. His situation was every way critical ; but the gallant Lieutenant made up his mind to perish in the defence of his little craft, and he was handsomely supported by his men with their carbines, though their hopes of escape seemed to be small indeed, as the balls, in showers, were pouring over them. One of his men receiving a shot near the temple, and the ball winding around his head beneath the scalp, fell apparently dead but soon rose again, and after a little adjustment of the wound, concluded that he could yet stand up to his work, and continued the fight. Another fell dead, being shot through the heart. The critical position of Lieutenant Parker being seen by the Commodore, Lieutenant Charles W. Morris shoved off for his relief. As he neared Lieutenant Parker, Lieutenant Morris was standing upright in the stern-sheets of the barge, when a volley of musketry from the Mexicans was discharged at his boat. A ball struck him just under the chin ; glancing, it entered his throat, and buried itself against the vertebræ of the neck. He fell, and was conveyed, almost if not quite insensible, back to the Vixen, where surgical aid was afforded. Lieutenant Contee im-

mediately volunteered to go to the assistance of Lieutenant Parker, but this young gentleman had so gallantly fought his little ship and successfully worked her off, that he came out a moment after *triumphantly*, with the loss, to the astonishment of all, of only one man killed and two wounded.

But all this last scene of attack on Lieutenant Parker—and the fatal volley which it was feared had mortally wounded Lieutenant Morris—had been carried on by the Mexicans, while a *flag of truce was flying* from the mast-head of the Vixen and other vessels, and from Lieutenant Parker's vessel also. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of Commodore Perry, and of others, in view of this scene and the circumstances under which it occurred. Commodore Perry ordered the vessels again to cast loose from the steamers—to retake their position for raking the town—and now gave the order to open on it in vengeance and retaliation.

There had been but little damage done to the town or misery sent through it by the guns of the American vessels, compared to what now awaited it. Two hours were spent in throwing shot, round, canister, and grape, and musket balls into the place, demolishing parts of those houses from which the Mexicans were seen to be firing; and at random, but always with certain accuracy on some part of the town, the balls and the shells fell, and woe was borne with them, even to the sickening of the hearts of those who sent them.

Signals at length were made by the Commodore, to unite the tow of the different schooners to the steamers—the steamers taking one schooner under each wing. The anchors of the steamers were then weighed, and they stood near in to the town, as they passed up the stream and raked the buildings as they went by. Winding ship, they came down again, and discharged their other battery and small arms successively, continually, and in a naval point of view beautifully, as they glided by the town, and now left it in its injuries, blood, and sorrow.

The little fleet moved down the stream, and, together with the prize vessels, came to anchor off Frontera, near the mouth of the river. During the remaining days of the week, several of these Tabasco prizes came in to the anchorage of Anton Lizardo, reporting the success of the expedition, and affording temporary commands to the different Lieutenants of the squadron, who had been engaged in the expedition against Tabasco. But they also bore the report that **LIEUTENANT MORRIS** was deemed to be lying in a critical state, from the musket ball wound which he had received; and the arrival of the *Mississippi*, on board of which he was located, with Commodore Perry, was looked for with the deepest interest, that his fate might be known. On Sunday evening, the 1st of October, a smoke at the southeast was seen, and, ere long, the *Mississippi* was made out, with a long tow behind her. The sails of the schooners were set, and the *Vixen* fired up as the little fleet neared the anchorage, coming on in beautiful style, the fine ship *Mississippi* taking the lead, and, like a giant, standing steadily on, as if unaffected and unretarded by her long tow. Still she came on; and now, while an inimitable sunset for its grandeur and beauty was blending its gorgeous colors over the high peak of Orizava and the fields of the pure sky still further in the distance than the vast mountains, this returning and successful little fleet glided in among the shipping, as the men of the *Cumberland* and the *Raritan* manned the rigging, "to cheer ship." Three loud cheers, in a moment more, broke over the waters, and the sound of the mingling voices echoed thrillingly as it went through every heart, and welcomed back the successful expedition to the anchorage, which it had left more than a fortnight before; and three yet louder cheers came back from the steamer and the schooners crowded with men, in reply to the welcome and the congratulation which now greeted them.

But this shout of success was also *the funeral dirge* of the noble MORRIS. He yet lived ; and the Fleet Surgeon of the Cumberland soon reached the Mississippi, and ere long, Lieutenant Morris was conveyed to the Flag Ship Cumberland and placed in the cabin of Commodore Conner. It was now nearly eight o'clock of the evening—a lovely night—and the eve of the Sabbath day. There seemed a rest spread over the expanse of water on which the shipping lay, ill-accordant with the scenes of sinful strife which had been going on for days before. Lieutenant Morris recognized the Commodore as he spoke to him—and he spoke himself audibly but with difficulty, as he was adjusted in his cot for his night of unrest. The evening advanced, and all was quiet in the ship ; the dying Lieutenant had around him the kindest attendance ; and hopes were still cherished that it might be well with him, and that he would yet recover. But two hours had only passed—the ten o'clock lights just put out—when a sudden change, which might at any moment have been expected, came over the sufferer ; and in a few moments more he slept—one of the noblest victims that this unholy war could have numbered from the young officers of the Navy.

He had been composed during all his consciousness of his critical situation—had made all his arrangements—and left his farewell letters, should that fate meet him, which now indeed had come upon him. At one moment, after having been assured by the surgeon that there was but little hope of his long surviving his wound, he requested to have read to him that beautiful passage of the Scriptures, in which Jesus Christ says : “ In my Father’s house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself : that where I am, there ye may be also.”

And as he closed his eyes on earth forever, it was a blessed consolation to those who loved him, to feel the assurance that his spirit now forever rested in one of those "many mansions" prepared for *the pure of heart*.

FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT MORRIS.

On Tuesday morning succeeding Lieutenant Morris's death, the boats from the different ships and vessels of the squadron were seen pulling towards the Flag Ship. The American ensign was borne in the stern-sheets of each boat; and the officers, dressed in full uniform, with swords at their sides, appeared in numbers on the decks of the Cumberland. It was the funeral hour of the lamented Morris. Four bells, or ten o'clock, had been struck, and the Lieutenant reposed in his coffin on the half deck, with the flag of his country thrown over him as his pall, while his brother officers were gathered near him. But ere long he was borne to the side of the noble frigate, of which he was the Flag Lieutenant; and with a care that had regard to the sacred trust that was being conveyed forever from the ship, the remains were lowered by a whip to the boat. The Chaplain and the Fleet Surgeon and the pall-bearers followed. The different officers were soon occupying the different boats, which were now laying off from the ship, as they fell into the line according to their rank, astern of the corpse—Commodore Conner, Commodore Perry, Captains Gregory and Forrest, and the Commanders, Lieutenants, Surgeons, Passed Midshipmen and Midshipmen, with the neatly attired crews, filling some twenty boats. At a signal from the Cumberland, all the colors throughout the fleet fell "half-mast;" and the boats at the same moment struck out their oars, with a slow and measured dip, and in unison and monotony, pulled for a little island that lies like a gem of the deep, a mile distant from the

frigate towards the sea. It is but an islet, with a golden beach quite around it, and a rich green plain covers the surface of the little isle formed of the coral sand which the waves of the ocean and of ages have gathered at this point among the reefs. And its name, SALMEDINA, is as soft to the ear as is the velvet green of its surface to the eye.

It was a beautiful sight, though a sad one to his compeers, as those many boats, with their ensigns half-masted, were seen to move slowly over the water, while the oars of each boat dipped together their monotonous blades, passing ship after ship and vessel after vessel, as their line neared to the island beach. As soon as the boats had touched the shore, the Marine guard formed its line ; and while the corpse was borne to its point in the procession near the guard, the music rolled off and the guard presented arms. The procession itself was soon formed ; and the Captain of Marines, as marshal, gave the order to move, while the music, in that plaintive funeral march, the Portuguese Hymn, measured the time for the tramp of the many officers and men from the ships, which were now lying in full view of the scene, as the procession slowly approached the grave, where, for a short while, we were to leave one of the noblest of our number.

The solemn burial service of the Church was read—and words were never put together with greater effect for solemnity and impressiveness for an occasion so solemn of itself, than are the ceremonials of the Prayer Book for the burial of the dead : “ Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust ! ” How sound these accents on the ear, and heavily on the heart, as the hollow echo of the crumbling earth falls on the muffled coffin-lid ! Poor Morris, and noble ! so fell the earth now on thy coffin-lid, and three volleys of musketry echoed over thy grave ; and around thee, though thou didst reckon it not, there were bleeding hearts that broke for thee, in thine early fate ; and for those yet far away, that loved thee most.

Ere long, thou shalt repose nearer to those, than is thy present rest. For a while, the sea surf shall chant thy dirge, as it shall give forth its morning and evening murmur in the sea breeze, as wave succeeding wave shall dash on the island beach. Some one of our own ships will convey thee northward, and perhaps, thou shalt rest in sweet "AUBURN," where those of thy kindred, and nearer than kindred, shall gather around thy tomb and give thee, with broken hearts, their memories and their tears!

EXPEDITION TO TAMPICO.—ITS SURRENDER AND OCCUPATION.

The return of the squadron from Tabasco had scarcely transpired before it was understood that another expedition was on foot. Indeed, no delay was to be allowed, and none was indulged. It was for a few hours, perhaps, a question whether its destination was to be the Alvarado or Tampico. The acquisition of several small vessels and one steamer would add considerable efficiency to the fleet of small vessels, which have long been needed here, but up to this time not possessed. And I doubt not it almost made it the wish of Commodore Conner now to make a renewed attack on Alvarado. But it appears that his orders were imperative; and they were, that TAMPICO, without delay, should be secured, if possible and practicable. Preparations accordingly were being carried on during the week—additional ammunition distributed to the smaller vessels—sails for the *Nonata* repaired and fitted—and a thousand things done, to have all in readiness for moving, with success, towards Tampico. Even THE SABBATH, *I am sorry to say*, was, for the first time, so markedly disregarded by the Commander-in-chief, as to order all hands to be turned to on that day. And the ship's company was accordingly, to the surprise I believe of all, and to the regret of most, set to work at their usual occupations. The sail-

makers, with a long range of sails, were on the gun-deck, and the other decks exhibited all the bustle, noise, and operations of one of the hurried days of the week. Was this right, on board of a Man-of-war of a Christian nation, whose *laws direct* that the Sabbath day shall be hallowed by religious worship? *It was not right! It was not justifiable!* And I should not discharge my duty, AS A CHAPLAIN IN THE NAVY of my country, did I not declare my dissent by protest, and proclaim it in the written story of the cruise of this ship. And the country, whose flag she bears, and the will of whose citizens the officers of the Navy are bound to support and follow, as declared in the laws of the country which they profess to serve, will not sustain, and ought not to sustain an officer, whatever be his grade, who violates, in the capacity of an officer, the Sabbath day. It is the will of the people, according to a law in the regulations of the naval service, that religious worship shall be held, where there is a Chaplain, "every Sunday," unless the weather or other sufficient cause prevent. I contend that, in this instance, "*sufficient cause*" cannot be shown, to the satisfaction of the people of the United States. And, as an officer, charged with the religious duties of the ship, I deem it my duty to protest against this instance of the violation, as I ever shall do, in similar circumstances, whenever it may occur. And while I do it, I readily, and with pleasure, record it, to the credit of the Captains who have been attached to this ship, that the Sunday services have been respected, and attendance on them encouraged during the cruise. And if it should be affirmed, that the urgency of the Department, at home, to facilitate an attack on Tampico, justified the laboring on the Sunday alluded to, I hesitate not to deny to the Department *the constitutional right* to encourage or to command action, which, unless it can be shown to be necessary, will prove a violation of the Sabbath day. And in this case, I repeat my

belief, that the working on Sunday was both uncalled for and unnecessitated, in the circumstances of the contemplated action of the squadron against Tampico.

I waive here the consideration of the rights of a ship's company to *the rest, and the privileges of the Sabbath*, secured to them by the Laws and Regulations of the service under which they ship.

But the preparations for the expedition went on ; and the continuance of the action of the squadron, now successfully and efficiently commenced, gave pleasure to all the officers ; and it was soon known that TAMPICO was to be the destination of the force in their next demonstration before the enemy.

It was, however, known before the sailing of the fleet that a communication from a "reliable" source had been received by the Commander-in-chief, which led to the supposition that the city of Tampico would be immediately surrendered, on the appearance of the American force off that harbor. While preparations, therefore, were made to meet the enemy, if resistance should be offered, it was not expected that any opposition would be presented by the government authorities, or by any military force that might still be lingering in that town.

On Tuesday, the 10th of November, the frigates *Raritan* and *Potomac* got under way, standing south, with some other smaller vessels ; and ere long, signal fires, if such they were, rolled up their huge volumes of clouds on the neighboring shore, which, if they communicated any thing, probably said to the military station at Alvarado, that the American fleet were again on the move, to carry their final purpose into effect at that point. But the frigates stood out to sea, and ere long were making their way north and west, instead of south and east, as probably the enemy at first conjectured. On the succeeding day, the steamers *Mississippi* and *Princeton*, each with a tow of the small steamers *Vixen* and *Spitfire*, and

several schooners, were seen leaving the anchorage, in beautiful line and majesty, while the remaining men of the Cumberland lay aloft to cheer the moving fleet ; and the band at the same time giving the departing heroes—ready if not destined to fight—the martial music of “Hail Columbia,” the “Star-spangled Banner,” and other patriotic strains, as they passed our ship. Ere long they were seen, in their onward and beautiful movement, to stand yet on their course, far beyond the sounds of martial strains ; and before many hours longer, they were beyond the ken of those of the Cumberland, now left, almost in her solitude, to await the story of the expedition, whether for weal or for woe.

The steamers with the small vessels in tow reached their destination off Tampico in safety, after a favorable run of some thirty-six hours, and before the frigates had made their appearance—or rather, the frigates were ordered to rendezvous off some neighboring point ; and their services, for the present, were uncalled for and unneeded. The Mississippi and the Princeton took their anchorage in the offing, in company with the Saint Mary’s and the John Adams—the small steamers Vixen and Spitfire, with the smaller vessels in tow, advanced over the bar. Finding the fortification at the mouth of the river both abandoned and dismantled, the force led by the Vixen, bearing the Broad Pennant of Commodore Conner, advanced up the river towards the town. But while they were yet urging up the stream, to take their position off the city of Tampico, the American flag was seen suddenly to be thrown out upon the air, and its beautiful folds of stars and stripes now floated over the city of Tampico. It was the hand of a Heroine which had thus given flight to the emblem of her country’s protection, whose force was now advancing, without opposition but with certainty of success, to receive and to hold possession of the place, in behalf of the nation whose banner she had given to the breeze, and on which it now

floated in its beauty and grace. Nor had this pretty act of the lady of the American Consul, who had remained in Tampico during the banishment of her husband from the city, scarcely met the eye of the little squadron as they were advancing, before a boat conveying a Flag of Truce and a deputation from the government of the city, came down to the squadron, offering the surrender of the town. After some delay, the preliminaries were adjusted, and the keys of the public buildings and the city were resigned to the Commander-in-chief of the American Squadron.

No force was landed. The vessels of the squadron still held their position off the town, while the Mississippi, with the intelligence of the surrender of Tampico, was immediately dispatched to the Brazos de Santiago, to secure troops for holding possession of Tampico. Circumstances favored the expedition—Commodore Perry, in the Mississippi, finding, on his arrival at the Brazos, a force of artillery under Colonel Yates, just arrived at Point Isabel, who immediately proceeded to Tampico, and thus, without delay, presented a sufficient number of troops to garrison and hold the place. On the arrival of the troops under Colonel Y., Commodore Conner directed Captain Edson of the marine corps, with a company of marines, to proceed to the city, and formally to turn over the keys of the public buildings to the Colonel. This was done, with the formality and good order of the representative of father Neptune, now personified by the Navy, to his younger brother, who wages war on land, of the olden and shore association and name of Mars, now represented by the Army. And it is to be hoped, and I trust there will never be reason to doubt it, that both the Navy and the Army will manifest the greatest courtesy to the citizens of Tampico, and diminish, in the case of private individuals, as far as the circumstances of holding possession of the town will permit, the inconveniences and the ap-

prehensions attendant on the war waging between the two republics.

The city having surrendered to the Commander-in-chief, Commodore Conner dispatched a detachment up the river under the command of Commander Tatnall, a gallant and meritorious officer, characterized for his energy in his profession, to take possession of some military stores at Panuco. The success of the expedition is narrated in the reports of Commander Tatnall to the Commander-in-chief.

The taking possession of the city of Tampico, at this particular crisis of our military operations against Mexico, is the most important movement of the fleet, during the war. It will give to the American forces the power of acting upon any and every point of the enemy's coast and of the interior. Mexico itself may be approached from Tampico, by flanking the Mexican army, now concentrated at San Luis de Potosi, leaving Santa Anna with his force in possession of his position, which he has taken with reference to the probable advance of General Taylor from Monterey to meet him at his present post. Or, if this would be an unmilitary move, to leave a hostile army in the rear of an invading force, Tampico affords the needed facilities for sending a force to operate against San Luis de Potosi, in conjunction with General Taylor, when he shall have advanced thus far. And still farther, what is almost necessary for the success of a farther invasion, which seems to be the present intentions of the government, Tampico presents a practicable and convenient route for transporting provisions for General Taylor's army, to meet him at that point. The river extends a long distance of the way, and affords an easy communication, the greater part of the distance by water. And if the attack is to be made on Vera Cruz and the castle of St. Juan de Ullua, Tampico is equally important as a position for disembarking troops, either for Anton Lizardo or Sacrificios, whence a

landing can be effected for taking the city and besieging the castle. In every point of view, the possession of Tampico is of the greatest importance for the successful operations of the American arms, whatever may be further contemplated by our Government.

But I cannot otherwise believe than that the Mexican Congress, which is to assemble on the 6th of December coming, being only a few days hence, will be sufficiently wise in their deliberations, to see the necessity on the part of the Mexican Government, to come to terms with the Government of the United States. The possession of Tampico by the American forces will add to the feeling of apprehension on the part of the Mexicans. And yet, these conceited and ill-advised people may yet determine to carry on the war, with the expectation that the expense in which it will involve the American Government, will lead the American Congress into dissensions, and secure more favorable and honorable terms to the Mexicans, when finally treating for the cessation of hostilities and the adjustment of boundaries.

The true policy of our Government evidently now is, to push forward to the capture of Vera Cruz and the reduction of the Castle of San Juan de Ullua. *Long before this should this Castle have fallen before the American arms.* An early demonstration at Vera Cruz of a force on shore, which could easily have been landed under cover of our ships near the city, would readily have taken the city; and a strict blockade by sea and investment on shore, with bombardment by the squadron, would long ago have secured this place, on which *the Mexicans look as the grand bulwark* of their safety, and as impregnable before any supposable force that can be brought against it by their foes. But there have been frequent occasions when the force of the Home Squadron, with the assistance of two thousand men, would have taken the city and secured the Castle. It is believed, that, at times,

two hundred men have been all that the Castle could number. At other times, for the want of provisions and pay, it is said the soldiers have threatened to declare for the Americans. The citizens of Vera Cruz have been living in continual alarm, expecting an attack on several occasions and at different times, by the American forces. *And I venture to predict* that this formidable hold of the Mexicans, if the American Government directs its reduction, will fall into our hands with less bloodshed and delay than the apprehension of the American people or the hopes of the Mexicans anticipate. And when this city and its Castle are once in the hands of the Americans, it will produce a greater effect upon the Mexican people and the Mexican Government, than all the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, on their frontier, or than would the defeat of Santa Anna at San Luis de Potosi, or any or all other supposable military operations of the fleet and army, save the taking of the Capital of Mexico itself. In this point of view, the occupation of Vera Cruz and the possession of the Castle is important, as such importance is placed upon it by the Mexicans themselves. Otherwise, Vera Cruz and its Castle are of little consequence to the American forces. Mexico can be reached without them, and the war carried on, aside of them; but their possession, magnified as their importance is in the eyes of the Mexicans, would tend to terminate the war sooner than the conquest of half of Mexico beside.

But the hour for the meeting of the Mexican Congress is just at hand. It is to be hoped that wise counsels may prevail in that body, and that its decision may be, that negotiations shall be renewed between the two countries, which shall lead to the renewal of amicable relations—the adjustment of difficulties between the two Governments—and a lasting peace and friendship between the sister Republics.

SECTION XII.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.—ITS BATTLES.—STORMING OF MONTE-
REY.—BUENA VISTA.

WHILE the American squadron has been thus lying at anchor or blockading different ports—passing and repassing from Pensacola and back—transmitting, sending, and receiving despatches—making various demonstrations along the coast—and finally, successfully operating against some of the enemy's ports, the ARMY, under more favorable circumstances for gaining a reputation, has been steadily advancing upon the enemy—gaining additional fame; while the success of its movements has made it the object of admiration, both at home and abroad, for its brilliant operations and triumphs.

It is not my purpose, however, to follow the Army in its regular advance from Matamoras along the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte—taking possession, successively, of the different towns on this river, otherwise called the Rio GRANDE, until the morning of the 19th of September found the American forces encamped at “Walnut Springs” near the city of MONTEREY. It was at Monterey the Americans rightly presumed, they would meet with a strenuous effort on the part of the Mexicans to oppose the further advance of the American armies. The reports of scouts and advanced parties sufficiently assured the American General

of the preparations which had been made to receive him. But with a judgment, the accuracy of which was demonstrated by the success which attended his operations, he advanced on this city, with a force less than the numbers of the enemy; and notwithstanding the preparations which had been made to oppose him by a greater force than his own, entrenched within the walls and strong works of a fortified city, he advanced to its attack, carried, and occupied it. The feat was a brilliant military achievement. The admirable dispatches of General Taylor best tell the story of the battle here fought, for three successive days, by the opposing armies, and the final triumph of the American arms. The particulars of those dispatches have thrilled the hearts of the American people. The loss of the American Army was five hundred killed and wounded—the enemy's loss still greater. It was a sad field of blood and carnage, but its glory—(what a perverted estimate has man!)—will loom conspicuously on the page which shall narrate the history of this bloody and unfeeling war.

The successful operations of the American Army at Monterey, may be deemed a triumph, in many particulars, excelling the victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. And though some in power and state a thousand miles distant from the scenes which were enacted, seemed disposed to censure General Taylor for the lenient terms which he gave the enemy on his surrender, still, subsequent developments have shown the accuracy of General Taylor's judgment; while, at the same time, his action in the matter has elevated his character for benevolence, high in the regard and admiration of all lovers of humanity.

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BUENA VISTA.

Monterey being now occupied by the American Army, General Taylor commenced his preparations for advancing

still further into the enemy's country. The means of transportation being insufficient, and reinforcements but slowly arriving, of necessity delayed the march of the main force of the army for a while. Ere long, however, the town of Parras and Saltillo, some seventy miles in advance of Monterey, were occupied by detachments—one of 2400 men, under the command of Brigadier-General Wool, the other, of 1200 regulars, under Brigadier-General Worth. Major-General Butler held the command of the reserve at Monterey; and General Taylor, with General Twiggs' division, reached Victoria on the 30th of December.

As has been already stated in the narrative of the movements of the Home Squadron, GENERAL SANTA ANNA, before this, had arrived in Mexico from Havana. Passing the fleet off Vera Cruz, he entered the Castle of San Juan de Ullua on the 16th of August. The American Government, whether for weal or woe, had consented to the return of this exile to his native soil, under the supposition that he would enter upon the administration of public affairs in Mexico, by virtue of the revolutions which had taken place in his favor, and which had demanded and secured his recall.

From the time General Santa Anna landed at Vera Cruz, in August, up to the period of the war at the moment we are now contemplating it, being a period of some more than four months, he was putting forth his best powers for collecting and equipping an army, which, it was reported at this time (January), had gathered 20,000 strong, and himself at its head at San Louis de Potosi. To meet this army and General Santa Anna at its head, was the object of General Taylor's movements, under all his embarrassments of meager means of transportation, and with a force, though at this moment deemed sufficient to master the enemy was; nevertheless, far inferior in numbers to the Mexican army already concentrated under the auspices of the Mexican General.

But amid the different and sometimes varying projects of the Government at Washington, General Taylor, at this important moment of his contemplated advance, was destined to have a large body of his forces withdrawn from him, and himself superseded in the command of the Army of Occupation by Major-General Winfield Scott. General Scott, however, was to operate in a different field from that held by General Taylor. The object of the Government, at this time, was, to concentrate the forces both of the Army and the Navy (Tampico having been already taken) for an attack on Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ullua. A letter from General Scott to General Taylor develops these circumstances of the two Generals—the purposes of the Government—and the intended disposition of the Army at this moment of its action.

In consequence of this movement at Washington, and General Scott's orders to proceed to Vera Cruz, the largest portion of General Taylor's force, both regulars and volunteers, was withdrawn from him. Of his old associates in arms he took a becoming leave, expressing his regrets at parting with them—his attachment necessarily arising from their association in active services in the field—and heartfelt wishes, that happiness might attend them in another field of operation, where, he doubted not, their success of arms would honor themselves and their country.

But General Taylor, while he now waited reinforcements at Monterey, after the departure of the main body of his army for Vera Cruz, yet dissented from the advice of General Scott to hold himself merely on the defensive; and of the Government, to recall his advanced posts to Monterey. On the contrary, in February, with an army of something less than 6000 men, all volunteers, with a trifling but an important exception of a few regulars, we find him, on his own responsibility, encamped at Agua Nueva, some eighteen

miles beyond Santillo, holding in check the Mexican army, now swollen to 20,000 men, and under Santa Anna, at San Louis de Potosi ; or, if the enemy should advance, General Taylor had selected his positions to give battle to the Mexican forces, whatever might be their numbers. And such, indeed, were their numbers, that it is believed at this moment, that but few men save the Chieftain then at the head of the Army of Occupation could have successfully encountered them, advancing, as the Mexicans soon were known to be, in overwhelming masses, and with highest spirits, in expectations of triumph over the smaller body of the American troops. This expectation of the Mexican army, its high enthusiasm, and the bright anticipations of glory which were flitting before the vision of the Mexican General, will appear from the proclamation of Santa Anna, so confidently issued on the eve of his marching his marshalled hosts, to give battle to General Taylor and to conquer the North American Army.

The General-in-Chief of the Army of Operation of the North to his Subordinates.

Companions in arms ! The operations of the enemy demand that we should move precipitately upon his principal line, and we go to execute it. The independence, the honor, and the destiny of the nation depend, at this moment, on your decision !

Soldiers ! The entire world observes us, and will expect our acts to be as heroic as they are necessary. Privations of all kinds surround us, in consequence of the neglect shown towards us for more than a month, by those who should provide your pay and provisions. But when has misery debilitated your spirits or weakened your enthusiasm ?

The Mexican soldier is well known for his frugality and his patience under suffering—never wanting magazines in marches across deserts—and always counting upon the resources of the enemy to provide for his wants.

To-day we shall undertake a march over a desert country, without succor or provisions. But be assured that we shall immediately be provided from those of the enemy, and with them you will be sufficiently reimbursed.

My friends, we go to open the campaign. What days of glory await us ! What a flattering future for our country ! How satisfactory when we contemplate that we have saved its independence. How the world

will admire us! How the nation will bless us! And when in the bosoms of our families, we shall relate the risks and fatigues which we have endured, the combats with and triumphs over a daring and presumptuous enemy; and hereafter, when telling our children that we have saved our country a second time, the jubilee will be complete, and these sacrifices will then appear to us as nothing!

Soldiers! hurry forth in the defence of your country. The cause we sustain is a holy one: never have we struggled with more justice, because we fight for the land of our forefathers and of our children, the honor and religion of our wives and children. What sacrifice, then, can be too great for objects so dear? Let our motto be, "conquer or die!" Let us swear before the great Eternal, that we will not wait an instant in purging our soil of the stranger who has dared to profane it with his presence. No treaty—nothing which may not be heroic and proud.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

Headquarters, San Luis Potosí, Jan. 27, 1847.

Here indeed is enthusiasm quite sufficient; beautiful anticipations of living in the admiring memories of posterity; love of country; a burning thirst for its defence, and the motto of "conquer or die!" With an enthusiasm thus abundant, a love of country thus inspiring, a purpose of patriotism thus unfaltering, a motto thus affecting, and under a General thus resolved *on dying*, the Mexican army took up its line of march to meet the "profane invader."

General Taylor, in the mean time, fixed in his sentiment of the importance of holding his advance as far as Saltillo, both for the safety of his posts in the rear and that the enemy might be embarrassed for subsistence should he attempt a march beyond San Luis de Potosí, (as a vast space, barren of all supplies, intervened between the two places,) kept his forces in readiness to receive General Santa Anna, should he, as reports declared to be his purpose, venture to advance on the American lines.

The two armies being thus disposed of, in relation to each other—the Americans of 6000 men, under General Taylor, encamped at Agua Nueva; the Mexicans of 20,000 strong, commanded by General Santa Anna, advancing to attack the Americans—the story of their meeting and the results of

the rencounter between the two armies have been modestly told, in the dispatches of the incomparable and unconquerable General of the American forces. These dispatches in all their particulars, intense interest, astonishing developments of generalship, and success of the American Army, composed almost entirely of volunteers at this battle of Buena Vista, which will be regarded as *the Battle* of the war, have met the admiration and awakened the gratitude of every citizen of the Union.

And here it were just to pause, and indulge in enthusiastic commendation of the General, who, with the brave men composing his small army, withstood the overwhelming numbers of the Mexican forces, and drove back the enemy over that space of fearful vacuity of all subsistence for a famishing army, which, in its retreat, left on the waste hundreds of its perishing and famished hordes. And what a triumph was this, to the American arms! How fearful were the odds in the contending hosts against the American standard! And how gloriously self-possessed, calm, and commanding stood the American General on the field, so solemn in its results of triumph or defeat to both armies! The genius of Taylor and that fearful and sublime discharge from Bragg's artillery decided the fate of the day, and gave victory to the American arms. Who does not feel the thrill of emotion, as he watches the varying fortunes of the field—the advance and the repulse—the charge and the retreat—the ever heavy pressure on the left wing of the American army, and the gallant manner of its support—the overwhelming masses of the Mexican soldiery pressing down the thin ranks of the American forces, and hopelessly for the final triumph of the American arms but for the flying artillery, ever present where it was most needed, and just at a moment when all seemed to be despair and all had been defeat but for its support, and when, but a moment before, it could not have left its position for the needed

spot ? But it threw havoc among the crowded ranks of the enemy and opened avenues in their dense phalanxes, and finally scattered them in discomfiture, defeat, and death ! And who wakes not to the enthusiasm of the moment, when he sees the whole line of the American army, in its unequal numbers, lie down on their arms at night, in its sustained positions, and rise up in the morning, ready to meet the foe and expectant of their advancing thousands ? But, in the distance, he sees the retreating hosts, hastening in their necessities and defeat to recross that fearful waste, over which they had come, with floating banners and martial music, elated by the hopes of certain victory over their northern invaders and of abundant supplies from a captured encampment. Though around thee, there was a sad spectacle in the thousand dead and dying, thou incomparable leader of the American arms, yet it was a proud moment to thee and thy command, when the reality of a defeated and retreating foe met thy vision ' The laurel will ever be green which emblems forth thy military fame ; and for this last of thy fourfold victories, thy fellow citizens will award to thee the civic wreath as a testimonial of their admiration, national gratitude, and esteem.

Leaving the Army, in its glory and rest, to repose for a while, after its successive achievements, to the high honor of the American arms, it is time that I return to the BROAD PENNANT of the Home Squadron. We left the Commander-in-chief, just in possession of Tampico—Commodore Perry, in the steamer Mississippi having been dispatched to the Brazos for troops to hold possession of the town, which on the arrival of the troops was committed to their care.

SECTION XIII.

THE CUMBERLAND HOMEWARD-BOUND.—NEW-YORK MAY-DAY
OCCURRING ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

THE British mail steamer brought us, at Anton Lizardo, the first intelligence of the surrender of Tampico to the American squadron. And there was another particular of information brought by this mailer from Tampico, which delighted some, and agitated others with the alternations of hopes and fears as to the probability of their soon seeing their homes, so dearly thought of by wanderers at the moment when they feel that they are about to re-seek them after a long absence. The intelligence was, that Commodore Conner, by direction of the Department, had ordered a transfer of officers and men from the Cumberland to the Raritan, and the officers and men of the Raritan to the Cumberland. The Raritan's officers and crew were to take the Cumberland directly home, while the Cumberland's officers and crew were still to remain on this station. For some time it has been believed that the Cumberland would, ere long, go home, that she might go into dry dock for examination and repairs—fears being apprehended that the copper from the ship's bottom had been chafed off while thumping on the coral reef, and perhaps, otherwise materially injured. If the copper had been much destroyed, it was believed that the sea-worms of these waters had penetrated her planks. On the day the steamers, schooners, and frigates were about to leave on the

Tampico expedition, the anchor of the Cumberland was hove up, from which some inference, it was believed, might be made as to the effect of the worms on the ship, by examining the stock of the anchor. As the word was passed, "All hands to up anchors," it seemed, for a moment, that the Cumberland was really herself about to make a move homeward by the way of Tampico. The chain-cable soon came in, as the capstan moved round to the music of the band and the tramp of the sailors' feet; and ere long, the anchor was up, fished, and catted. The carpenter was sent to examine it. He chipped into the stock, and behold, these mischievous borers had made their million of homes in the anchor-stock, showing, conclusively, that if the copper was off the bottom of the ship, they had also made their lodgment in her planks—all which admonished the Commodore that the frigate ought to be on her northern course, without longer lingering in these seas. But the expedition to Tampico was just ready to move, and it would soon be over, if successful, and sooner yet, perhaps, if unsuccessful. Therefore the conclusion was, that the Cumberland should retain her anchorage, and all preparation be made to get her in readiness to start on her homeward course immediately after Commodore Conner's return from Tampico. Her officers therefore were anticipating the pleasure of being conveyed back in the good ship which had brought them safely out; and though there may have been a lingering apprehension on the part of some, that they might be detained on the station, yet but few apprehended such a disposition of matters, that the Cumberland's officers and men should yield their ship to the officers and crew of the Raritan, in such a wholesale way as report now declared to be the order of the Commander-in-chief. Commodore Conner still lingered at Tampico. But, ere long, a sail was descried in the offing, and continued to loom larger and larger, until the fine proportions of a beautiful frigate were lined on the horizon, at

sea ; and not long after, the flag showing the number of the *Raritan*, was made out by the quarter-masters, flying at the truck of the noble man-of-war. Ere long, she took her anchorage, where she had often before assumed her place, near the frigate *Cumberland*.

Captain Gregory came with orders, repeating the particulars of Commodore Conner's letter to Captain Forrest, by the mailer. Captain G. was to take the *Cumberland* home—Captain F. was to assume the command of the *Raritan*—the officers and crews of the two frigates to be transferred—the *Raritan* to remain out—the *Cumberland* to make her way immediately to Norfolk.

It was now believed that the orders were specific, and that none of the *Cumberland's* officers would be able to remain by the ship. For one, at least, I was slow to admit such a conclusion. I had been too long and too fondly dreaming of the happy return, the desired relief from this station, and confidently placed the time of such an escape as early as January of 1847, to believe that I was to be defeated in my cherished expectation.

"But how, sir, can you get off, when the order for the transfer is imperative ; and there is no one here to revoke the order, or to make an exception ?"

"Laws were not made for Achilles," was the reply ; "and you have read Virgil, Dr. B."

"And yet I am almost wicked enough to rejoice in your dilemma, Mr. T.," responded the good-natured and worthy assistant surgeon, "as you have been speaking so confidently of returning in the ship, as if there were no possibility of your detention. You are of the Flag, and I see not but you will have to follow the Pennant."

"And I wish that I could have had the pointing of one of the Tampico guns," said somebody, who really is almost too

good-natured to develop such a shocking thought, "and my word for it the transfer would not have been made."

"As for me," said the worthy First, who keeps one of the little shoes of his sweet little girl hanging in his room by his mirror, "I am disgusted quite, and will leave the ship and take the first command that my rank shall give me, if it be but a launch. I will claim the schooner, and hold on to her until I can get out of this."

"And I wish that the ships were sunk, and I was on shore!" said an amiable young gentleman, who has been long on the station; "and as little money as I have," he continued, "*ten thousand dollars* would be no consideration to induce me to stay here another year." And he looked sad, and disappointed, and dejected.

And why was all this dissatisfaction manifested? Because they had not enough to eat—to drink—amiable and honorable messmates with whom to associate—harmony among themselves—and a palace of a ship for their sea-home? No; the supplies, of late, had been abundant, in great varieties and quantities, especially to the Flag-Ship, as she lay at anchor while others were away, while many arrivals had reached Anton Lizardo with abundance of poultry of all kinds, and vegetables of various kinds—and no body of officers had been more harmonious, kind in their best wishes and feelings for each other; and the ship, itself, for its order, discipline, comfort, and elegance of accommodation, was unequalled in the squadron. No, it was not because of any of these reasons that the murmur arose, that the loud complaints awoke, and the dejected countenance developed the aching of a sad heart. But it was because dear, blessed, longed-for HOME had been dwelled upon, looked to, hoped for, and expected to be soon realized and enjoyed by the return of the Cumberland to the United States. And now, in proportion to the elevated feelings with which home

had been cherished and mused upon as apparently being near at hand, so much the more deep was the disappointment. And it all showed a good feeling—evinced that the heart yet clung to those endeared and near; and that long months of absence had not chilled the affections nor blunted the memories that dwell on loved ones away and afar.

“And I do assure you, sir,” passing from the ward-room to the cabin, “I do assure you that I have reasons for going home at this time,” said the Captain, and every one of them sufficient, he thought, no doubt, as he narrated them to me, to make it imperative for him to be there, only for the orders that had reached him, and were still to keep him on the station.

“And I, sir,” I abruptly ejaculated, “have *six reasons* ;” and I began their enumeration; and when I had reached the mention of my cherub boy, “Ay, sir,” interrupted the Captain, and picked up a letter, “and I have just received a letter from my boy, who has just commenced to write ;” and then he read it with the fondness of a parent’s heart. It told his father of his little amusements, playmates, family talk, and tattle, such as made a parent feel and see the picture of the family scene at home; and innocently his boy asked in the conclusion of his letter, without any thought that it would come at just such a moment as this—“And when will you come back again, dear father?”

Well, it matters not to continue the description, nor to narrate my own talk and sympathy with Captain F.; nor, as to the fact, whether he had certain discretionary powers or not, as to the transferring of officers. It was enough for me to know that I rested that night with all the blessed anticipations that, for one, I at least should soon be on my way, *homeward bound, in the good ship Cumberland*, which, a little while ago, was thumping on the coral reef; at which

time I felt that the period of my own return to the United States was then being discussed, every time the sea heaved the ship above the reef, and she, in her ponderous argument, came down upon her opponent, at times almost with great satisfaction to myself. From the time of that sparring contention between the ship and the coral rocks, I have continued to give my friends to expect my return as soon as about the month of January next. It was a pretty good calculation, as far as present appearances discover the omens for the coming week. And I did, indeed, rest that night, the second succeeding the arrival of the Raritan at our anchorage, with the orders for the transfer, and mused long, and with a full heart, of *blessed home*. I spake not aloud my own expectations, relief, and arrangements. But while others were making all preparations for the transfer of their movables, and the bustle of the ship was actually commencing in the execution of the orders that were now taking things from ship to ship, my own room remained in its quiet, and myself at my rest, still in my olden and comfortable place on board the Cumberland—caring not how soon and how fast the two ships gave up their company each to the other.

The New-York first day of May was now being enacted on board the two ships on the first day of December, in this latitude of nineteen degrees and some minutes, on a warmer day than is a May day in the latitude of $40^{\circ} 42' 40''$. And on this same day some five hundred men from each ship were transported to the other. The transfer of provisions, stores, and water is yet to be made. But as soon as three days hence, it is believed, the sails of the Cumberland will fall, and the music of "Home, sweet home" will awake with its sweetest intonations on the ear, while it goes on the breeze over the water bearing happy thoughts to us who go, and other and sad ones of disappointment to those whom we shall leave behind. Even after the Raritan's band, with the rest

of her crew, had reached the decks of the Cumberland this evening, they could not refrain, in the still calm of the hour, from awaking this tune of Sweet Home, which has its charm for all hearts, while the band added other strains to the eight o'clock music of the night.

During the succeeding days, the boats were passing in quick succession from ship to ship, transporting whatever it was deemed desirable should be left to the belligerent party, in the way of ammunition, stores, water, and provisions. And such days, no Purser, I presume, will wish again to see, so sensitive are those gentlemen on the subject of their responsibilities, in accounts and receipts; and such a scene as ought but seldom if ever, to occur, as it involves inconveniences, liabilities, and the displacing of the different ships' equipments in a thousand ways, unthought of by the Home Department.

When the ships had nearly finished all necessary transfers, and the Cumberland was ready to take her homeward bound course, the smoke of a steamer was seen in the offing at the north and west. Ere long the red Pennant of Commodore Perry was seen flying at the main-royal-head of the Mississippi, as she came in with the tow of the steamer Vixen and the schooners Bonito and Petrel. But the arrival of Commodore Perry from Tampico, where Commodore Conner still remained, originated no new order.

Saturday night, December 5th, all things in the two ships had been so arranged that they were ready to give each other a farewell, for coming months, at least; and it no longer remained doubtful that the Cumberland would get under way in the morning. Adieus had been spoken—sweet music had gone forth on the soft breeze of the lovely night, while the full moon threw its bright wake of silver over the surrounding waters. At midnight, after the visitors from the other ships had retired from the cabins and decks

of the *Cumberland*, all again was still, save the step of the watch officer, promenading the deck, and the occasionally heard oars of the *guard boat*, which, in consequence of a late approach of the enemy's boats to the little neighboring island, at night, had caused an order for a guard-boat to be pulled, at different hours of the night, among our shipping, to prevent any such mischievous Mexicans from making their appearance again at such unreasonable and unseasonable hours. The morning of the 6th broke brightly, while the steamer *Vixen* was seen, as I early occupied the poop-deck to witness our departure, to have "fired up." Ere long she placed herself ahead of the *Cumberland*, with a hawser uniting the frigate and steamer. The chain cable of the *Cumberland*, with its anchor attached, was now slipped for the *Potomac*—she having lost one in a late norther off *Tampico*. The *Vixen* now shot ahead—the *Cumberland* obeyed the impulse thus given her; and together the steamer and the frigate were moving out from the anchorage of *Anton Lizardo*, to find an offing on the deep blue sea.

"Clear the men from the gangway," cried the First-Lieutenant. "Let them come in from the sides of the ship. Are the guns all clear for the salute?" was the further inquiry.

"Ay, sir, all clear," was the reply; and now, the *Cumberland's* loud-toned guns gave forth their parting salutation, which seemed to say, "We leave you, messmates and friends—we leave you to the fortunes and the glory you yet may achieve in this inglorious war. We give you kind wishes from warm hearts, while our own ship turns her bow northward, to bear us on her bounding way to home—blessed home—so near, now, to us—so far away from you—so dearly loved by all. Farewell, and God bless you."

Our own cannon ceased their thunder and smoke, as the white cloud drifted to the leeward, and our ship stood still

on her departing course. A few moments elapsed, and the return salute came over the water on the breeze which now began to fill our sails, and like our own farewell, it seemed to speak in tones of kindly accent, which the heart could interpret as the good sound of, "God speed ye—God speed ye. Would that we were of your number, with like prospects of soon greeting those we love. But farewell—speak kindly of us—our time and turn will come next—and soon, we hope—but, farewell!"

We heard no more, after the report of the last gun reached us; and the smoke from its mouth mingled with the eddying curls of its sister pieces, which had spoken the parting adieu, and drifted through the spars of the shipping, which we were now fast leaving, as they slept, save in their salute, in the early daylight of this, to us, sweet and blessed morning.

"Sweet and blessed morning"—for we were now, beyond a doubt, on our desired way of return to our own beloved land, kindred, and friends. The sun broke brightly, and the sea breeze fanned the cheek gratefully, as the frigate stood out to sea, after parting company with the steamer, which had taken us in tow.

And to-day, Mouday, the 7th of December, we are far away from signal distance from the squadron which we have left yet to carry on the war with Mexico. The beautiful peak of Orizava, however, is yet seen, with its snow-capped top, while the clouds curl around its head, as their white volumes glow in the rays of the morning sun, and presents one of the most beautiful mountain peaks of the world. It is now seen, as first it meets the vision of the mariner when he comes on the coast—the clouds rolling below its high head, which is lifted up 17,000 feet and more above the level of the sea. And it was in beautiful relief and height, as the sun went down behind those long ranges of the mountain bulwarks, last night, leaving the sky with more than a usual

loveliness of a violet tint, wide spread in its softness over the heavens in the west. I spoke a kind adieu in my feelings to this mountain scene, on which I have long gazed at morn, mid-day, and longest and with the mellowest feelings, at sunset and at night. And how many thoughts have crowded through my mind, as I have gazed on that same mountain elevation, and re-dreamed of days gone by—sadly and soothingly—sometimes with the feelings of one fated, but not a fatalist—as one, perhaps, that should be happy, but deeply unhappy—shedding the tear, perhaps, with the emotions of a lone heart, while music added intensity to the feeling of loneliness, as it lent its influence to the evening scene, though hundreds of beings were around me, and men of worth and kindness proffered their consideration and friendship. Ori-zava ! thee I will not forget. Thou wilt long stand, when generation on generation shall have passed by, and I too, with them, shall have gone to the grave ! And before thee this trifling contest, which is now being enacted between two nations beneath thy towering heights, will receive hardly once thy notice or memory, whilst thy majesty shall still look on the passage of ages, when all these trifling discords and contentions shall be forgotten and unknown. But farewell to thee—thy snow-clad peak, thy blue bulwarks, and curved outlines, as they have lain before me so often, in the relief of the sunset-sky, and morning clouds, which hung half way up thy sides, or rising still under the warming influence of the sun, enveloped thee entire within their fleecy and velvet folds. I wish not ever again to see thee, but I will remember thee in thy shape, and snow-cap, and majesty ; and the long, deep, dear dreamings I have had, as I have gazed on thee, and re-dreamed, and re-felt as on thee I have gazed, and re-wept or rejoiced in the memories of the past, or in the looming anticipations of the future.

CAPTAIN GREGORY having extended to me, as soon as he had learned of my intention to return in the Cumberland, an

invitation to mess with him, claimed my promise to do so, as soon as our ship was at sea. Of Captain G. I have before remarked, that he is a fine specimen of a Captain of the old school. His reputation as a sailor is high, in the service; and no one, it is said, can handle a ship more handsomely and successfully than he. Captain Gregory acquired a reputation on the lakes, during our last war with England, which has abided with him as a meritorious officer; and his services in the West Indies, in extirpating the nest of pirates which had gathered in numbers among the islands of these seas, and inconvenienced our commerce, and sacrificed the lives of many Americans, has been spoken of with just praise. Captain Gregory has made a cruise of three years, in the frigate *Raritan*, on the coast of the Brazils, and of some months in this Gulf; and now, with his crew whose times are out, returns in the *Cumberland*, to the United States. His heart is a whole one where it is given; and his good humor and anecdote are unfailing in conversation. Home now lies before him; and under his auspices the good ship *Cumberland*, with speed and safety, I doubt not, will soon rest at her anchors, in the waters that wash that olden city of naval association and station, Norfolk, Virginia.

The *Cumberland* has proved herself capable of graceful and rapid movement, whatever may be the injury she experienced in her contention with the coral reefs, off Anton Lizardo some few months since. She seems to be quite herself again, in deep water and under the gentlemanly handling of Captain Gregory, who has so adjusted her trim, that she gayly cuts her way over the blue sea at times, like a bird through the upper deep, or the graceful dolphin, that at times follows her on her course, as he is seen in graceful movements and beautiful colors, to take his way of passage in the transparent waters beneath us. At times, we have had calms of the morning and fresh breezes at night, during

our passage from off Anton Lizardo to the Havana; and for some thirty-six hours we were logging ten, eleven, twelve, and even thirteen knots, as measurement of the hourly flight of the Cumberland, over comparatively a smooth sea, and beneath the influence of a fine breeze. Some of the Raritan's officers, who idolize their olden friend who has taken them on their course through a long way, begin to waver, almost, we will not say quite, in their first love, and allow the superior charms of this noble frigate, which is now bearing us so finely to our homes.

At sundown to-night, the 18th of December, we were off Havana, looking into the city, as the sun was sinking in the distant west. The steeples of that beautiful city lay boldly, in relief, against the background of the evening sky. And the Castle El Moro, on the left, and the Castle La Punta on the right, as we contemplated them from the frigate, and the Prince's Castle, still farther off to the west, laid their battlements against the horizon, the first two flanking the narrow pass to the inwalled bay on which the city hems itself, with its fortifications, churches, nunneries, monasteries, and dwellings of a people whose story is rich in material for its developments of wealth, poverty, superstition, pleasure, religion, assassination, and slavery; and yet deeply more interesting, as the keeping place of the shrine which contains the ashes of the immortal discoverer of the new world.

But we linger not here, to view the objects of curiosity, of interesting historic associations, or to number ourselves as pilgrims to the tomb of the pious and noble Genoese, whose fame is more than the fame of Americus, though he gave the name to the continent, while Columbus made the discovery of the New World.

As we stood in to the land, to take our point of departure from the Castle, whence we stand for the "Double-headed Shot Keys," we bore away to the northward, leaving the

city of Havana bearing astern of us, and stood on for a sail that seemed to be on a course which our own ship was now to take. We soon came up with her; when the First Lieutenant, Mr. Gist, spoke her through the trumpet, sending his voice on the breeze, which bore to the leeward the distinct enunciation of

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply.

"Where are you from?"

"Havana."

"When did you leave?"

"This morning."

"Have you any news?"

"None."

Thus passed the hail, and all was silent again for a moment.

"What ship is that?" again inquired the Lieutenant.

"The Clio," was the answer.

"Where are you bound?"

"To Boston."

"And what ship is that?" at length the skipper ventured to hail, as we had not yet been polite enough to volunteer our name; and it is not usual for a merchantman to ask the question of a war ship, though the name is generally given without the inquiry. The last question was answered,

"The United States frigate Cumberland, from Vera Cruz."

The merchantman seemed now to recollect himself, and to calculate as to news for us.

"Have you heard of the loss of the United States sloop of war Boston?"

"We have not. When and where?"

"On the Harbor Island—a *total loss*!"

Of course, this annunciation created quite a sensation, for a moment, aboard the frigate. The *Boston gone*, which we had been expecting daily to join the squadron.

"What of the crew of the *Boston* ; were there any lives lost ?" was the next inquiry from our ship.

"No—none," was the welcome reply, to the relief of some, and to the gratification of all.

"The United States ship *Albany* left Havana a few days ago for Pensacola," continued the merchantman.

We were glad to hear it ; and now asked if there were any reports of Mexican privateers, in Havana.

"There were reports, but not confirmed," was the reply.

"Are you well—and need you any assistance ?"

"All well, thank you—and need nothing."

"Have you the President's Message ?" now went on the air as our last hail to the merchantman, who replied,

"We have not ;" when we added, for the news he had communicated,

"Thank you, sir—thank you ;" and might have added,

"Good night to you—we wish you a safe and prosperous passage," as our own ship, though one of her topsails was aback, and her courses up, glided ahead of the merchantman, who, ere long, was shut in by the shades of the night from our further view, as we left him in the distance under our stern.

The locality of the wreck of the *Boston*, at Harbor Island, south of the "Hole-in-the-wall passage," reminds me of a story Captain Gregory tells of his visit, in the *Grampus*, once to that island, where he met a number of old people, who exhibited a remarkable degree of simplicity and exclusiveness of all association with the world beside. One of these old ones was telling him of some event which occurred at a period which the narrator, for the life of him, could not precisely fix ; but, said he,

"It was, any how, just the year before or just the year after *the lucky year*."

"The lucky year," said Captain G., "what do you mean by the lucky year?"

"Well, now, Captain, you don't say you never heard of the lucky year, do you?"

"Upon my honor," returned the Captain, "I never did—what was the lucky year?"

"Why, it was in all the gazettes, Captain, and always since is known as the *lucky year*—for that was the year when *seven good wrecks came ashore on the island all in one night*," said the wrecker, with a conclusiveness as to the correctness of his estimate of *good luck*, which no living wrecker would gainsay.

Our own frigate has stood on leisurely through this narrowest passage of the Gulf, under easy sail. With the knowledge that fish are usually taken in the passage through the *Florida Keys*, an occasional line, during the day, has been discovered to be straying overboard: A *horse-mackerel* with its striped back was cheated, by the rapid passage through the water of a white rag affixed to a fish-hook, as our ship bounded on her course; and, of a sudden, he found himself among strange company, and, to his breathless astonishment, was in scarcely no time aboard the United States ship *Cumberland*, then passing through these seas, through which he had heretofore gambolled and eaten many a lesser fish than himself, without ever before having been called to an account for indulging in so unnatural an appetite as that of eating his fellow species. And now he found himself about to be eaten in his turn by bigger fish than he, as, sure enough, he was presented, in his full proportions, in due time after his capture, before his claimants of the ward-room, who, without a conscience or one twang of pity for his destined end, and at the appointed hour of two o'clock, *devoured him*.

THE DOLPHIN.

But another sight more beautiful than the catching of the horse-mackerel was seen, while the ship still held on her fleet way, as one of the quarter-masters in the chains pulled in a *beautiful dolphin*, that most graceful thing of the seas. The line was long ; and the beautifully colored fish, as he sheered through the blue water, cut his way like a dancing rainbow, beneath the surface of the deep, though occasionally nearing the top of the blue waters, and leaping above the mimic surge, when again he fell into his native element, and again, like a streak of colored light, shot on his brilliant passage beneath the surface, like a meteor of the heavens gleaming through its own upper deep of blue ether. Pity that so graceful a thing of nature was born ever to die. But preliminary to the fate, from which his graceful form and gorgeous dyes could not save him, he was soon hauled into the mizzen chains and passed through one of the ports ; when, by special favor, to give me the pleasure and the pain of seeing the beautiful dolphin die, he was placed on the quarter-deck, where the sun's full beams should fall upon him, to light up in their glory the changing dyes, as they brightened and faded, and faded and brightened again, as the beautiful fish gasped, and yet more faintly gasped, and finally gasped no more. I had before seen the dolphin caught—marked his graceful proportions and brilliant dyes, changing as he died. But not as now had I so minutely watched the lovely thing through all its changes to its last gasp, and latest quiver, and final shade, that rested among its settled colors. The eye was large—the pupil expanded—and changed from the hazel to the pearl ; and then again, from the pearly brightness back to the soft and mellowed hazel. The golden hues of his sides became yet more golden, of vel-

yet softness and loveliness—and then changed to the deepest blue, which faded away from the indigo to the palest sky; and ending with the pearly white with flashes of the pink; and back again to the richest gold; when a play of colors, in lines and scintillations, alternated over the quivering beauty, blending many different colors—the gold and purple and pearly hues prevailing, until the last quiver told that there was agony no longer in the last struggle, for him. The graceful dolphin now lay in his still beautiful but changeless colorings, in which the greenish gold, and lightest blue, and bluish pearl prevailed. It is sad, ever, to look on fading beauty. But I have seen beauty in the death-calm sleep of some who were to wake no more. And while I would avoid the burlesque by any comparison between the occasion of life in an irrational and a rational being, I yet believe that there were others standing about this dying creature, who, besides myself, however little they may have analysed their feelings, yet felt an emotion of sorrow, that this beautiful thing should die, *because it was so beautiful*.

SEA-SERPENT.

We had been, for some time, standing along parallel with the reef of rocks called the "*Double-headed Shot-keys*" from some fancied resemblance to a string of these two-headed shot, being placed in an extending line together. As I came on deck after breakfast, the sun shining brightly, and the wind blowing refreshingly, and the ship sailing beautifully, this long reef presented an interesting and peculiar appearance.

"Why, my friends," I exclaimed to the gentlemen on the poop-deck, "you mistake—that is the SEA-SERPENT, standing southerly." And had the sea-serpent existed, when the appellation was given to this peculiar reef, it had most certainly gained a still more characteristic name—for there were

the one hundred and more bumps, like so many punchcocks and lesser-cocks strung together, and resembling the shape into which the sea-serpent is known to throw himself when he discovers himself to the Northern mariners off Montauk; Nahant and other points, and with lesser bumps terminating his head and tail, which the imagination, with half the assistance which the frightened seamen indulge when they have seen this monster of the deep, would enable one to conjure up to be the identical head and tail, with the central bumps, of that famous rover of the deep. But I found it difficult to persuade the gentlemen, that the bumpy object in the distance was the identical rambler of the seas, about whom so many stories have been told and affidavits made. And one of the principal arguments, convincing to myself, that there might be an error about the identical sea-serpent being before us, was the fact that he seemed to preserve an obstinate state of rest. And besides, we had been expecting to find some queer-shaped land in about the same place where the sea-monster seemed now to be lying, as the sea surges rolled undisturbingly by him. And still further a light-house, it was affirmed, would be discovered, situated just about in this direction, and having an appearance not very dissimilar from something now discovered on the tail of this sea-monster, though the charts and books locate the light-house on a reef of coral rocks and land, resembling somewhat in its profile delineations this famous sea-serpent, now basking there in the sunshine of these current-setting seas. We left the bumpy monster still in his rest. And if succeeding mariners shall find him still reposing there in his present latitude and longitude; and more than all, if on some dark and tempestuous night he shall give light to the adventurous seaman, to warn him from the reef, in these often boisterous and almost always dangerous seas, we will give up our imaginings of him as of the real sea-serpent, and bid the voyager good speed over the dark

billows to the sunny harbors of the south ; and when the objects of his voyage shall have been accomplished, we will again wish that he may, like ourselves, come on his safe return way to the home of those he dearest loves.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

And still onward, this 24th of December, our frigate is standing, *homeward bound*. If head winds meet us, still the noble ship struggles to gain the point, and holds her bows still towards the homes we seek. She will not yield her course, though stubborn winds and heavy and opposing surges, for several days, have met her on her track, and buffeted the buoyant ship. But, safely she has borne us through the most dangerous and narrowest pass of the straits ; between the Bahama Banks on the east, and Florida, with her capes and reefs, on the west. The meridian reckoning, successively, has given us a larger traverse for the day than we had anticipated from our beat against the wind and surge ; until, on this hour of CHRISTMAS EVE, we are north of the Florida line, with a wind that has come round so fair, on this night of blessed associations, as to enable the frigate successfully to *lay her course*. We hope it to be an omen that fair winds shall attend the remainder of our passage over the blue deep, to our anchorage in greener waters.

And this evening, while we are bounding on the seas, lighted by the bright stars of the broad heavens, and in a temperature yet mild and bland, how many temples of God are lighted up for worship, in our fatherland. How go our hearts to the green-decked temples of worship, and to the merry homes of happy hearts, towards which we are hastening, and where we hoped, almost, to have numbered ourselves among them, on this festive season of the Church, and

gala day around the family hearth. And so had we been with them if opposing winds had not met us, to delay our passage north; while yet we are grateful that a good Providence has speeded us, thus far, so favorably on our way. Speed us still onward, good winds, smooth seas, and favoring tides. We will trust ye, however and whencesoever ye may blow. Before another new year shall break upon us, we hope to find our moorings, safely within the harbor that we seek. And we will not forget thy good service, noble ship, in bearing us from warm and sunny seas to a colder climate and a wintry land, but where hearts as warm as breathe the world around, lovingly and prayerfully await our coming.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

There is something incomparably fine in a majestic frigate on her course over the deep, while the high winds drive her under double-reefed top-sails and a fore-course, as our own good ship to-night is driven over the seas. It is not beneath the pressure of a hurricane, and amid the drift of thick spray, that the frigate, to-night, holds on her track of the deep, as I have before seen her, in the wild tempests of the ocean; but at the rate of ten to twelve miles the hour, she is standing, under this small spread of canvas, towards that point of never-ceasing storms—the fearful HATTERAS. There is a snuff in the high winds of to-night that tells the mariner, and the less experienced than an old tar, that we are nearing those regions of wild carousals of the elements on the high seas. Who that has ever passed this promontory but has been tossed to more than his heart's content—frightened out of his wits—and almost pledged himself never to do so foolish a thing again as to go abroad on the sea. Here

the thunder-storm gathers its fiercest elements of electricity, surcharges the clouds, and pours out its streams in every form of the development of that fearful agent—at times tipping every spar of a ship with its fire—throwing athwart the black sky its zig-zag lines—and in a suffusion of electrical light, illumining the dark heavens in a general phosphorescence that serves to show the sailor how dreadful is the rage of the dark ocean beneath, which is tumbling its surges in a general tumult that would give life but for one brief moment, were he to be pitched from yard-arm, or rattling, or other cordage into the maddened sea. But all this is not yet addressed to our vision. The sky is lighted up yet by bright stars—a blue sky, and a smiling moon—while the blow is yet increasing to a gale, and the ship rolls more and more. And even as I write, a lurch of the noble ship has sent a thousand things into a general *melange*, and an *uproarious* shout is pealing through the ward-room. But all is right again, as the fragments are gathered up, and a new adjustment of movables and packages is made, for the better encountering of a yet heavier and more sudden contortion, roll, pitch, and tumble, into which the good ship shall next find herself. Two more reefs have been taken in the fore and main top-sails, and the sail of the ship is otherwise reduced. And yet she is going at the rate of nine and a-half knots the-hour. And thus let her go. She is a noble racer. And to stand on the deck and list to the roar of the wind through her cordage—see the white foam of the surges that dash around her—the officer of the deck in his northwester, and the well-trained eye of the Captain scanning every cord, and brace, and spar, as the noble courser is held on her track with a taught rein, but with a free gift of will to bound at the top of her speed, at once awakens a glow of enthusiasm for the beautiful movement of the ship, and gives sublimity to the emotions, as one feels how glorious is man's art, and how godlike

is the ocean, on whose bosom this masterpiece of beauty is cutting her way, while yet she is but a speck, in all her majesty and sublimity of movement, compared with the yet grander, sublimer, all majestic and terrific ocean, that tosses her on its but just awaking billows, like a buoyant feather just dropped from the wing of a passing gull. Merry Christmas to you then, our noble ship! Bound on your way like a dancing mermaid, from surge to surge, while the white foam of the blue billows, as they wreath their beautiful folds of curling spray or throw up their cascades of brilliant gems that scintillate in the moonbeams of this beautiful but troubled night, are now decking you as if with scarfs of gossamer, spangled with the gems of the seas. Dance on, then, merrily onward, beautiful mermaid of the deep! There is grace in your every step—poetry in every curve of your moving form—and right well and gloriously are you stepping over the pliant expanse, that serves you as the blue-floored hall of your beautiful, buoyant, brilliant movement of the night. Dance on, then, dance on; and again, a merry Christmas to you, beautiful mermaid of the deep!

ARRIVAL AND ANCHORAGE OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The blow, for hours succeeding mid-day, on Christmas, swept over us; while our ship, decked in her storm dress of stay-sail and close-reefed main-top-sail, rode out the north gale like a duck, which in its buoyance and playfulness cradles itself unalarmed on the mimic billow of the home lake. The ship behaved herself handsomely as she lay to; the decks being but little wet; while occasionally a heavy sea-roll evinced the power of the restless element on which she now bounded in her unrest, and told how easy it was for old Ocean to bury fleets and navies deep in his bosom, where already sleep millions, in their unmarked and untold graves.

But our course had thus far been auspicious over the waters, and through dangerous seas; and we could afford a brief delay for the winds to have their blast out, whose track now lay across our course. For two days, they continued their loud roar through the rigging of the *Cumberland*, and went on their fleet course, chasing the blue deep into froth and foam, and sending on the blue expanse of the surge the vast snow-flakes which blended the beautiful, in the fearfullest form of which it is capable, with the roar of elements and the tumult of the seas. But after a drift of some miles to the eastward, and a sail during the night of the 28th, we found the ship, this morning, the 29th of December, to have a desirable position, a little north of our port. With a fair wind we soon made the land as we expected, with the light-houses of the two capes of Charles and Henry, through which our passage lies to Hampton Roads. A number of vessels had already appeared in sight, enlivening the scene. And ere long, while we were yet sitting at the breakfast table, the Captain ordered a gun to be fired, which soon brought one of the pilots, then not far from us, alongside the frigate. He is yet aboard of us; and past the Rip Rap and Old Point Comfort he has taken the ship, and anchored her, to-night, within some six miles of Norfolk. And now, we are again within the green waters of our own blessed land; and before us, in a few more days, lie the greeting of friends, who are waiting, with kind hearts, to welcome us, as those meet each other whose interests are one, and whose affections are the same. While we were yet standing on our course, hoping, even to-night, to reach our anchorage ground off Norfolk, the mail steamer for Baltimore, as upon wing of bird, passed us, when the First Lieutenant hailed her with a distinct enunciation, that told us all a welcome truth, as the hail now broke on the ear:

“Steamboat ahoy!”

The wheels of the steamer stopped not their play of rapid evolution, while nevertheless many ears were open aboard of her, as the Lieutenant delayed not for a reply, but added :

"Report the United States frigate Cumberland, twenty-three days from Vera Cruz !"

"Aye—aye !" in return, came back to the ship, as the eye followed the fleet steamer in her foam as she receded farther and still farther on her course towards friends, for whom our epistles are ready to announce our arrival, but which will be anticipated a few hours, by that rapid messenger, still going on the same course, over which I, at least, shall soon and joyously bound.

The night of the 20th is passed ; and this morning, the 26th, in the barge with Captain Gregory, I came to Norfolk. The frigate, as yet, remains at her rest, where she anchored, after twenty-three days' buffet of the seas, on her passage from Anton Lizardo, to within five or six miles of Norfolk. The Surgeon, the Purser, and Captain Gregory's son came also in the barge, to the city. As we landed, and again planted our feet on the soil of our own native land, beneath so brilliant a sun and soft climate, which, to-day, has blessed this southern city, the spirit of the company seemed difficult of suppression within the bounds of proper decorum for sane men. Upright and steadily indeed we could walk—and most of the party, I believe, could have danced—as each had his own way of demonstrating his joyousness of delight at once more treading the earth of his own country, beneath a sky so pure as now glowed above us, and on a day than which there was never another more perfect. If this were always the climate of Norfolk, no one would ever go further, to find the realization of his dream of a land of the happy mediums between too much of the sunny and too much of the wintry clime. We would not have wished another ray.

from the sun—we would not have asked another shade to moderate his beams. We inhaled the breath of the morning, more agreeable for the moisture which had mellowed the atmosphere; and we snuffed in the glorious freshness of the land, as it came so acceptably to our perception, in contrast with the breath of the sea. And we walked on from the boat—now on the pavement—now on the earth—and turned one corner after another for a few moments—when it was really too much for the gravity of the party, and the Captain very seriously halted, and proposed that we should all hurrah at the top of our voice, for the very pleasure of the oddity of once more hearing our own voices on the shore. I recommended, if the suggestion were to be adopted, that we should hold on, until we could get into a little more conspicuous position of the town, that we might create the greater sensation. But before we had neared the hotel, a thousand objects of remark, and the usual disposition of one's loving to hear one's self talk, in contradistinction to the hearing of others, or else some other motive, or forgetfulness of the proposition, finally saved the party from doing so crazy a thing as breaking the public peace. And yet, the very feeling would seem to present itself as some apology for the outbreaks of the plain *Jack-tar*, who also feels joyous when he again touches the shore after a long cruise, and has no motive or feelings of propriety to restrain him from giving way to his excitement, his innate love of fun, and his own and his shipmates' still greater love of rum.

It was a comfortable feeling, to find one's self once again on shore, in nicely arranged and well furnished apartments, with all things to meet one's wishes within doors, and sunshine and sunny faces to gaze upon without. It is the voyager, who mostly delights to look upon the "human face divine," as it meets him in the crowded city or town, as he moves through its streets after a passage over the seas. Every counte-

nance, to him, has its interest—some are pictures enhanced in their freshness and beauty of the blended lines and colorings of the countenance, from the very fact that all are new, as strangers; and that the vista of his own vision, for weeks and perhaps for months previously, has been bounded by the familiar things and faces within the bulwarks of a single ship. He looks now on the objects around him, as the child gazes on pictures of modified dimensions through the magnifying medium of a camera-obscura.

And the first Sunday on shore, too, comes with a mellowing influence on the heart, to awaken gratitude and devotion. There is solemnity in the Sunday services at sea. There can be hardly another more imposing scene than a frigate's company gathered on her decks, for the worship of God, on the Sabbath day. It is a noble temple, though she be but a speck on the boundless field of ocean around her. And there is a stillness as profound as holds the worshipping assembly on shore. And the music, as it goes over the waters, is borne up the blue vault of heaven as harmoniously and solemn, as rolls the soft and accordant notes of the organ along the arched ceilings of the Gothic pile at home. And it is fit for the sailor, with only the heavens above him and the seas around him, to offer up prayers to the God who made these and him. But there are sympathies that come up anew in the heart, as one gathers to the shore-temple the *first Sunday* succeeding his arrival from sea. He can never feel them at other times as then. The scenes are changed. Again, he is among the holiest associations. What dear and familiar memories awake, as the tones of the organ break on the ear—the eye gazes on a *varied* congregation—the scenes of the social life, at home, come to the heart, as *men, women, and children* occupy the family seats. And if he is now among those of his own whom he loves, he kneels with them in worship and is thankful—if still

apart from them, his thoughts go to them with intenser love, as he recalls the hours he has worshiped with them, and prays devouter still that he may soon *re-greet*, with gratitude to God, those he loves. It was with some such feelings, with other officers of our ship, that I knelt, on the Sunday after our arrival, among the congregation of Trinity Church, at Norfolk. And still deeper was the feeling of sympathy that held our hearts, as it was announced from the desk, that the "officers of the United States ships Cumberland and Saratoga, (both having reached the station at Norfolk during the week,) desired to return thanks for their safe arrival from sea." How truly our hearts joined in this offering of gratitude, the Being to whom it was addressed alone could know, but His eye did mark that it was an oblation of tears.

The worthy Rector having invited me to fill his pulpit, during the day, I entered it with a variety of emotions. Some faces before me were familiar, but they were few, comparatively, of the numerous congregation in attendance. And here, *at this very altar*, some years before, I had knelt, and received my commission as a clergyman, from that man the most venerable of all the members of the House of Bishops for his personal appearance and full and flowing white locks, which makes the name of RICHARD CHANNING MOORE call up before the vision the most perfect resemblance that can enter one's conception of an *Apostolic Father*. I was glad, therefore, from this association, to stand in the pulpit which I then occupied. And it was not strange, if my own heart melted while I gave utterance to truths which were evolved from the subject of the discourse. Nor felt I that it was unnatural that the same thoughts should bow the heads of others who listened to their utterance. And if I might be excused for the allusion, I would fain record one scene, for its sympathy and moral beauty, which no one could behold, while it was deemed to be all unobserved,

without regarding it as surpassing all the power of the pen-oil to delineate a kindred picture, for its pathos, nature, and fitness. I merely allude to the eye of a *mourner*, drowned in tears. She who wept was young, and beautiful, and in black ; and with an eye, such as nature gives only to one of a million. Let not this picture be desecrated by characterizing it as sentimental. It was as if an angel mother had come near and paused one moment on her wing, and touched with her spirit finger the heart-strings of her lovely child. Her eye, for the moment, was on the speaker. A holy thought, pure as a mother's love and prayer, carried on the mind to Heaven's ever enduring love of the mother for her beloved offspring. And yet there would be separations there ; and "how could ye bear it," was the question, to those who were weeping over the lost ones of their love. That yet undimmed but almost flooded eye was suddenly and unbidden filled, as successive tears almost unconsciously leaped from their sacred fountains. Her heart was broken—her head was bowed. Her Christian mother slept in a lately covered grave. And that mother's hallowed prayer (oh, how hallowed !) was gaining its answer *now*.

The beautiful weather of the few preceding days had turned into a chilly atmosphere, for this Sabbath day. Forgetful that I was not still in the bland temperature of the southern Gulf of Mexico, I freely conversed with a friend, in the open and chilly air, after leaving the Church, where my voice had been exercised by a long discourse. I attribute to this circumstance, together with some exposure of the succeeding day or two, a severe attack of the throat, rendered more susceptible to the sudden changes in this temperature, by a residence for months in a climate, where the thermometer stands for most of the year as high as 80° to 84° and the greatest and most sudden changes seldom ranging through more than 10 degrees ; and where the mean

of the changes throughout the year, I believe, amounts to not over 6 degrees of Fahrenheit.

Those welcome papers from the Department at Washington, always so acceptable to the lately arrived officer from sea, giving him permission, for a while, to roam where he please, if it be but within his own country, had arrived; and my own "leave of absence" now lay beside me. But Dr. Foltz, the gentlemanly Surgeon of the Cumberland, who occupied rooms at the same hotel with me, and was kind in his attentions, together with Dr. Potter, Assistant Surgeon, assured me that it was better to delay my going north for a few days. I did so, keeping my room; but ventured, in a short time, to take the steamer for Baltimore, and thence to my friends in New-York. Among my kindred in the Fifth Avenue I soon found myself, glad to meet them, and glad with the yet more comfortable idea, that if I was destined to yet severer indisposition, it would be where the heart would receive all the blessed sympathies of blessed home. As yet, at times, I might not speak above a whisper; but a few days served to return me my voice in its lower tones for conversation. Though wounded thus a good deal in my throat and lungs, but not by Mexican bullets or cannon shot, yet my friends were curious to learn, though not over inquisitive, something of my personal observations in the Gulf, in connection with the Mexican war; while John, the coachman, was quite minute in his examination of my boots, the next morning, to ascertain how many Mexican slug-holes he could find in them.

But my boy was still further east—the object of my chief solicitude—the one, on my return, my heart most bounded to re-greet. I delayed not, therefore, long in the city, but hastened to the spot where, a twelvemonth before, I had taken leave of my child, who, for a long twelvemonth has talked of, and dreamed of, and looked for my return, as

an event to be fraught with all happiness to him. And yet the perceptions of his young mind must have become indistinct as to my person, had it not been that "his dear Papa" was the constant theme of his conversations with his nurse and his kindred—the particulars of his little past continually recalled to his mind, by letters—and his almost daily dictation of little notes to me and the sending of messages by "the Madam Moon," served to preserve his memories vivid, and to retain with definiteness his past perceptions of forms with the associate ideas which had been connected with them. A grand illumination he had prepared for the occasion of my return, with rockets and other fireworks. During the day of my anticipated arrival, a tiny flag—the stars and stripes—had been displayed from the portico, to the exciting of the curiosity of the passers-by. The castle of San Juan de Ullua he had built with his bricks, and battered down as if by storm with his nine-pin balls; or, his nine-pins themselves, as so many Mexicans, he had skilfully and successfully laid low. His drum he had beaten, and trumpet had blowed, as from room to room he passed, and many times more than usual, mounted and re-mounted the stairs. And all this, because, as he repeated to all whom he met, "His own dear papa, to-day, was coming home from Mexico!" Sweet child and motherless! how innocently and joyously thy anticipations were swelling thy happy bosom, on the coming of this long looked-for hour. On my arrival, the folds of the little flag, as it fluttered in the evening breeze, assured me that I was expected. And a moment only had succeeded my alighting, when my boy was in my arms—his own tiny ones around my neck—while I thanked God as I pressed him to my heart, that he was well in body, happy in spirits, grown in height, and improved in manner and in mind.

HERE, THEN, AFTER A TWELVEMONETH'S CRUISE, LET ME REST FOR A WHILE.

SECTION XIV.

THE frigate Cumberland had now ceased to be the FLAG SHIP of the Gulf Squadron, while THE BROAD PENNANT still floated in the Mexican seas. It is proper, therefore, that I should continue this work, and pursue the story of THE FLAG during the further operations of the American fleet in the Gulf, up to the moment of my giving this volume to the press.

It was but three days after the Cumberland had slipped her anchor, homeward bound, before the sad incident of the capsizing and sinking of the beautiful Somers occurred, almost if not quite within sight of the anchorage which the Cumberland had but just left. Well do I remember this beautiful war-brig as she was accustomed, almost daily, to come down from off Vera Cruz, while blockading that port, and make signals to the Cumberland, or receive commands, by signal, from the Flag Ship. The harbor of Vera Cruz being in sight of the anchorage of Anton Lizardo, the brig every morning might be seen standing off and on beyond the range of the long guns of the Castle of San Juan de Ulhua or still further putting out to sea for a chase. Her evolutions were always beautiful; and at this time, she was in charge of an accomplished officer, Lieutenant Semmes, then whom none was more brave, with a set of equally courageous officers with him. And this same craft, with her tall, tapering and raking spars, and with yards that

seemed wide spread as they lay among the snug hamper aloft, was a general object of admiration, as a model ship, for her size and rate. And Semmes and Parker—the one commanding, the other her Second-Lieutenant—were deemed almost as a part of the mess of the Cumberland, as they had been with us of the Flag Ship, and were but temporarily, as supposed, now in charge of the brig. It was but a day or two before, perhaps the last time I had noticed this beautiful craft, as she came down to make signals to the Cumberland, while the Commander-in-chief was absent at Tampico, that she ran up her Cornet, preparatory to making to us a communication. Her signal was noticed, and she continued to evolve, by flags, while gliding slowly under full canvas some two or three miles distant, the report from her Commander, which has since awakened the admiration of their countrymen towards the now lamented Parker and Hynson. That report was :

“The enemy’s shipping, last night, was burned under the Castle.”

“Just like them,” was the exclamation on the quarter-deck of the Cumberland—“just like them—they were prevented from joining the expedition to Tampico ; and they have done a pretty thing, in the absence of the Commodore.”

“No doubt Parker was there ; and he has verified almost the practicability of his proposition, known to have been made to the Commander-in-chief, to take a picked crew in a single schooner, and by night to cut out or burn the enemy’s shipping at Alvarado.”

But the Somers, after she had told her tale, which explained the mystery of a light seen burning under the Castle the preceding night which the quarter-master had reported, now veered gracefully off into the wind ; and again taking adieu of the Cumberland, stood far out to sea, leaving the particulars of the burning of the *Cresce* under the walls

and guns of the Castle, to be more specifically told afterwards. And that was a final adieu of the Somers to her consort, the Cumberland; for a few days after, a squall from the north which proved the commencement of a Norther, suddenly struck her, while she was pressing on all canvas to intercept a sail that had hove in sight. The squall threw her on her beams-end, and *in ten minutes more* she filled, and with her proud armament, spars, canvas, and equipments, she went down, a beautiful gem of the deep, to form a new palace for the coral insects and other marine dwellers in the lower tides of the sea; and perhaps, to become the nucleus of a new reef on this coral-bound coast.

The particulars of the story of this catastrophe of the Somers have been given by Dr. Wright, himself an actor in the scene, in a well written description of the thrilling event. And Commodore Perry's dispatches to the Department at home, covered the report of Lieutenant Semmes, then in command of the Somers. The report bears on the face of it the evidences of the self-possession and the gallant bearing which characterizes this gentlemanly officer of our service. While more than half of the crew was lost, (thirty-nine in number, including Midshipmen Clemson and Hynson,) the conduct of the officers and men on the occasion was beyond all praise; and the efforts put forth by the British, French, and Spanish men-of-war, lying within sight of the catastrophe, to rescue the men while in the sea, chafed into fury by a Norther, has received the thanks, the praise, and the admiration of all Americans.

The action of the squadron having commenced, in its demonstrations along the coast, its movements were continued.

After the taking of Tampico, the next demonstration of the fleet was before LAGUNA, a town of some commerce, and situated on an island in the lake Terminos, in the state of Tabasco. Commodore Perry had command of the expe-

dition against this place; which, on the approach of the fleet, surrendered at discretion.

PREPARATIONS AGAINST VERA CRUZ AND THE CASTLE.—THEIR INVESTMENT AND BOMBARDMENT.—FALL OF THE CITY AND CASTLE.

It having been decided by the President of the United States that the Castle of San Juan de Ullua should be attacked, and the city of Vera Cruz taken, ample preparations at the north were being made in all the materiel necessary for securing a successful investment of the city, and storming of the Castle. General Scott had been ordered to the command of the Army, which was now to operate at this point. All the regular force, as we have elsewhere seen, was detached from General Taylor's command, and designated for Vera Cruz. Mortars—bomb-ketches—shells and shot—and a vast preparation of all the materiel of war requisite for a grand effort on the part of both the Navy and the Army at Vera Cruz, were collected and forwarded. San Juan De Ullua was deemed to be impregnable to almost any conceivable force which could be brought against it. And yet the Navy only needed the order, to render it ready for any sacrifice which the bombardment of the Castle might cost; and every officer gloried in the opportunity to show to the nation and the world, that none of the gallantry for which it had in other days been characterized and distinguished, was wanting. As yet but few opportunities had presented themselves for the action of the Navy, in this war. And circumstances had rather conspired to detract from its well earned fame. *Its very rest*, even when nothing could be done—when nothing existed where it was possible for the Navy to demonstrate its capability and readiness for action, tended, while all was *movement and glory* in the army, to

throw the Navy into the back-ground, or cause it to be looked upon as something different from that glorious arm of defence which had been wielded in other days for the national defence, and which, by its chivalric deeds, had won glory, consideration, and national affection to itself. But it was the Navy's misfortune that Mexico had no ships to be taken—no squadron or fleet to be met. And yet there was a generous feeling among the officers of the Navy that caused them to rejoice in the success of the Army. For a while, perhaps, before this Mexican war, the Army had been less esteemed in the public regard than the Navy. And it was a matter of positive feeling of gratification on the part of the Navy officers, that the regular army, *without aid from any other source*, even from the Navy itself, had won the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. But still, it seemed an inglorious state of rest for the Navy to be thus inactive, or only engaged in blockading ports against the entrance of neutral ships, and occasionally overhauling some shore boats of the miserable coasters, along these coral shores. The hazardous enterprise of attacking the Castle of San Juan de Ullua, therefore, was a welcome proposition to be entertained by the officers of the Navy; and the order that led to the preparations for the assault was a welcome one. But even here, the Navy was cheated out of its anticipated opportunity for adding new glory to its well earned fame, by the Mexicans themselves. But this is anticipating the action of the Army and Navy before Vera Cruz, towards which the forces, both of the land and sea, were now directed.

The rendezvous for the Army was the island of *Lobos*, not very distant from Vera Cruz and the anchorage of the fleet at Anton Lizardo. Thither the transports, with the Army from the Brazos de Santiago and troops from other points, New Orleans and the north, gathered. These transports, with troops, cavalry and infantry, and the materiel for

operating against Vera Cruz and the Castle, amounted to some sixty to one hundred sail. They transported an army of upwards of 12,000 men, than which there never was a more thoroughly equipped and well apportioned armament, in the materiel, for a successful expedition against an enemy's supposed to be strongest hold. The American squadron awaited the arrival of this fleet of transports, at its usual anchorage off Anton Lizardo, where, with but few casualties, the vessels successively gathered in due time and order, agreeably to the concerted plan of the General-in-chief of the Army.

It now became the duty of the Navy to act, in landing this brilliant force and the materiel for its operation on the enemy's shore. The particulars of the disembarkation of the troops—the mode of their successful landing—and the handsome manner in which all this, without a single accident occurring, under the direction of Commodore Conner, was accomplished, will be given in the language itself of the Commander-in-chief of the squadron, in his dispatch to the Department.

U. S. SHIP RAKITAN, }
Off Sacrificios, March 10, 1847. }

SIR: In my last dispatch, dated on the 7th inst., I informed the Department of the arrival of Major-General Scott at Anton Lizardo. Most of the transports and the materiel of the Army having arrived about the same time, a speedy disembarkation was resolved upon, it being quite important that we should effect a landing before a norther should come on, as this would delay us two or three days. After a joint reconnaissance, made by the General and myself in the steamer Petrita, the beach due west from Sacrificios, one of the points spoken of in my previous letters, was selected as the most suitable for the purpose. The anchorage near this place being extremely contracted, it became necessary, in order to avoid crowding it with an undue number of vessels, to transfer most of the troops to the vessels of war for transportation to Sacrificios. Accordingly, on the morning of the 9th, at daylight, all necessary preparations—such as launching and numbering the boats, detailing officers, &c.—having been previously made, this transfer was commenced. The frigates received on board between twenty-five and twenty-eight hundred men each, with their arms and accoutrements, and the sloops and smaller vessels numbers in proportion. This part of the movement was com-

pleted very successfully about 11 o'clock A. M., and a few minutes thereafter the squadron under my command, accompanied by the commanding General, in the steamship *Massachusetts*, and such of the transports as had been selected for the purpose, got under way. The weather was very fine—indeed we could not have been more favored in this particular than we were. We had a fresh and yet gentle breeze from the southeast, and a perfectly smooth sea. The passage to Sacrificios occupied us between two and three hours. Each ship came in and anchored without the slightest disorder or confusion, in the small space allotted to her—the harbor being still very much crowded; notwithstanding the number of transports we had left behind. The disembarkation commenced on the instant. Whilst we were transferring our troops from the ships to the surf-boats, (65 in number,) I directed the steamers *Spartan* and *Vixen* and the five gun boats to form a line parallel with and close into the beach, to cover the landing. This order was promptly executed, and these small vessels, from the lightness of their draught, were enabled to take positions within good grape-range of the shore. As the boats severally received their complements of troops, they assembled in a line abreast, between the fleet and the gun-boats; and when all were ready, they pulled in together, under the guidance of a number of the officers of the squadron, who had been detailed for this purpose. Gen. Worth commanded this, the first line of the army, and had the satisfaction of forming his command on the beach and neighboring heights just before sunset. Four thousand five hundred men were thus thrown on shore almost simultaneously. No enemy appeared to offer us the slightest opposition. The first line being landed, the boats, in successive trips, relieved the men-of-war and transports of their remaining troops by ten o'clock, P. M. The whole army (save a few straggling companies) consisting of upwards of ten thousand men, were thus safely deposited on shore, without the slightest accident of any kind. The officers and seamen under my command vied with each other on this occasion, in a zealous and energetic performance of their duty. I cannot but express to the Department the great satisfaction I have derived from witnessing their efforts to contribute all in their power to the success of their more fortunate brethren of the Army. The weather still continuing fine, to-day we are engaged in landing the artillery, horses, provisions, and other materiel. The steamer *New Orleans*, with the Louisiana regiment of volunteers, 800 strong, arrived most opportunely, at Anton Lizardo, just as we had put ourselves in motion. She joined us, and her troops were landed with the rest. Another transport arrived at this anchorage to-day. Her troops have also been landed. General Scott has now with him upwards of eleven thousand men. At his request, I permitted the marines of the squadron, under Capt. Edson, to join him as a part of the 3d regiment of artillery. The General-in-chief landed this morning, and the army put itself in motion at an early hour, to form its lines around the city. There has been some distant firing of shot and shells from the town and castle upon the troops, as they advanced, but without result. I am still of the opinion expressed in my previous communications, as to the inability of the enemy to hold out for any length of time. The castle has, at most, but four

or five weeks provisions, and the town about enough to last for the same time.

I am very respectfully, &c.

D. CONNER,

Commanding Home Squadron.

Hon. J. Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

The brilliant scene presented by the disembarkation of an army of 12,000 men from the ships, so successfully and beautifully conducted, might well excite the admiration and chain the interested gaze of the beholders. The scene has never been equalled on the continent of America, and no disembarkation on record can have surpassed it for its successful accomplishment. It has been compared with the landing of the French Expedition against Algiers in 1830, which is said to have been one of the most complete armaments, in every respect, that ever left Europe. That expedition "had been prepared with labor, attention and experience; and nothing had been omitted to insure success, particularly in the means and facilities for landing the troops. Its disembarkation took place in a wide bay, which was more favorable than an open beach directly on the ocean; and, as in the present instance, it was made without any resistance on the part of the enemy. Yet, only 9,000 men were landed the first day, and thirty to forty lives were lost by accidents or upsetting of boats; whereas, on the present occasion, 12,000 men were landed in one day, without the slightest accident or the loss of a single life. The great credit of this, of course, belongs to the Navy, under whose orders and arrangements and by whose exertions it was effected, and reflects the highest credit on Commodore Conner and the gallant officers and seamen belonging to the squadron."

The superb scene of this disembarkation would justly bear yet minuter detail, than is given it in the dispatch of Commodore Conner. "Order is the first law of nature;

and wherever it exists, concert of action and harmony prevail. In the Navy and the Army "obedience to order" is the first law. And thus this successful and beautiful landing of an army of 12,000 men was effected, as if by enchantment, by a correspondence with the orders of the Commander-in-chief of the squadron, previously issued to the fleet.

And thus was the American Army successfully encamped on the Mexican coast, and the city of Vera Cruz suddenly invested. This last act of disembarking the forces by Commodore Conner, enabled him, at this point of the operations in the Gulf, gracefully to retire from his command, which he has longer held than is usual for an officer at any one period of time. Commodore Conner was now relieved by Commodore Perry, who arrived on the station at this moment, after a short absence in the steamer *Mississippi* to the United States. Commodore Conner, accordingly, in taking leave of his squadron, addressed to the officers and men, with whom he had served for so many months in the Gulf, an appropriate and farewell letter.

The American flag having thus been successfully planted on the Mexican shores near Vera Cruz, on the 9th of March, the line of investment around the city was immediately commenced—General Worth holding the right, nearest the point of landing, General Patterson the centre, and General Twiggs the left. In assuming these different positions, several skirmishes ensued between the Mexican and American troops, with slight losses to each party, while the Mexicans were driven in, as the American line steadily advanced; until its left, under General Twiggs, rested on the sand beach north and west of the city, thus extending the line of investment from beach to beach in rear of the city, and cutting off all communication with the interior. The whole length of the line of investment thus stretched itself some five miles in

length. The intrenchments were commenced and carried on, but a Norther occurring immediately after the landing of the American forces, it delayed the progress of the works—cutting off all communication with the shipping, and drifting the sand on shore like clouds of driven snow in a wintry climate under the influence of the whirlwind and the storm. The heavy winds refilled the trenches already excavated, and delayed for some time the landing and getting into position the ordnance from the fleet. But the gale lulling, the works were carried on with new zeal and enthusiasm by the land forces; and the Norther having had his blast out, the communication with the shore was re-established, and the munitions of war, bombardment, and death, were conveyed with the facility characteristic of the naval service, to the beach. The works, laid out by a skillful corps of engineer officers, were rapidly advanced. Mortar batteries were erected—the sappers and miners nobly doing their duty—the artillery occupying the batteries as rapidly as they were constructed, by mounting eight-inch howitzers for throwing shells, and twenty-four-pounders for sending round shot into the city. Ere long the batteries opened upon the city, at first with a slow fire, increasing as the number of their batteries from time to time augmented, until from a shell thrown every five minutes, they were sent at the rate of one hundred and eighty in an hour. From the 22d to the 26th the batteries were playing upon the town, carrying destruction, fire, sorrow, and death into the midst of the devoted city; while for hours on hours the Mexicans threw back their missiles of vengeance; but they mostly fell harmless in the trenches, or trailed themselves along the sand hills, and exploded or spent themselves with but little effect—killing, however, a few privates, and Captain J. R. Vinton, 3d artillery, a gallant officer of great merit, while on duty in the trenches, and Captain William Alburtis, 2d infantry, on march while the troops were taking up the line of investment.

A heavy battery had been constructed and given in charge of the Navy, and designated as the Navy Battery, while the Marines of the squadron, under Captain Edson, served in the trenches. The Navy Battery was handsomely served, sending destruction with its heavy guns into the wretched town, from which, at hours of night as by day, at intervals, the distresses of the inhabitants were heard in the groans that came from the city. This battery served by the sailors received the especial attention of the enemy as they directed their concentrated fire upon it to silence it. But it dealt out its proportion of sorrow and death to the enemy, while it suffered from the well-directed fire from the town.*

But no city could long hold out before the array of such a force as was now inhemming Vera Cruz with its line of circumvallation, and beneath the shower of shells and shot that were flying by day and by night from the batteries of heavy ordnance which commanded the town, and were crumbling their buildings to the ground, and drenching their streets with blood. The night of the 25th of March was a terrible

* "As soon as our batteries were ready, and opened upon the city of Vera Cruz, the Vixen and Spitfire took a bold position near Punto de Hornos, where, within range of the batteries of both city and castle, they remained all night, pouring in broadsides, till their ammunition, supplied from time to time by the fleet, was exhausted. The spectacle was indeed exciting, (one might almost say ludicrous,) to see these small steamers in hostile attitude against the terrific battlements before them. But the gallant Tatnall, regardless of all odds, boldly proposed to his friend and comrade, Sands, to approach and assail both town and castle at still closer quarters; and it was done with promptness and alacrity, each towing in several small vessels—an act which called forth the admiration of the whole squadron and army. A signal from the Commodore to recall them from their perilous post was suffered by their intrepid commanders to remain, for a long time, unseen; nor did they retire until an officer was despatched by the Commodore in a boat, with positive orders, when they reluctantly backed out—the boat's crew which brought the peremptory command cheering them as they slowly retired."

one to the citizens of Vera Cruz, and presented a scene of fearful magnificence to the distant beholder, while the discharges of shells, round shot, and rockets in rapid succession, bore their devastation and havoc into the ill-fated city. A parley was sounded from the walls during the night; but it seems not to have been understood by the American lines. And at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, a flag of truce, with the offer on the part of the authorities, to surrender the town of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ullua, caused all firing to cease from the American batteries.

The conditions of surrender having been agreed upon by the commissioners appointed by the two parties, on the 29th of March, the Mexican soldiers marched out of the city and stacked their arms, and the American forces occupied the town and the Castle—giving to the Army and Navy of the United States of North America the strongest hold of the Mexican Republic, and perhaps the strongest fortification on the shores of the western continent.

CAPTURE OF ALVARADO.

While the American army was at rest for a moment at Vera Cruz, preparatory to its movement towards the capital of Mexico, Commodore Perry and General Scott together arranged an expedition against ALVARADO, which was to be conducted by a simultaneous attack by sea and land. The land force, 2000 strong, under General Quitman was to move by the road leading from Vera Cruz to Alvarado, and arrive at about the same time that the squadron would appear off the mouth of the river. General Quitman's force accordingly took up its line of march for Alvarado; and Commodore Perry moved his squadron, consisting of the

Steamer Mississippi, now the FLAG SHIP,
Frigate Potomac,

Steamer Vixen,
Steamer Spitfire,
Sloop Germantown,
Sloop St. Mary's,
Sloop Albany,
Brig Porpoise,
Schooner Reefer,
Schooner Petrel,
Schooner Bonito,
Schooner Tampico,
Schooner Falcon.

With this force an attack was to be made, simultaneously, by land and sea, on Alvarado—a place famous for having twice disconcerted the Gulf Squadron, or caused it, ingloriously, as I have deemed it, to retire from before its forts. The responsibility of that retrograde movement has elsewhere been disposed of. It certainly rested not on the subordinate officers of the squadron.

Just at the time this third expedition against Alvarado was perfected, a little steamer mounting *three guns*, and commanded by Lieutenant C. G. Hunter, appeared off Vera Cruz. It was on the day of the surrender of the City and the Castle of San Juan de Ullua to the American forces. The Lieutenant commanding reported to Commodore Perry; and received from him orders to proceed down the coast—to report to Captain Samuel L. Breese—and to blockade the river Alvarado. Off went the little steamer with its small complement of officers and men, rather sad that they had arrived at Sacrificios a few days too late to be sharers in the honors of the bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz and her Castle. What were the purposes of the Lieutenant commanding in view of his mal-apropos time of arrival, the writer knows not. But the action of his little command a few days after, before Alvarado, has certainly made the capture of that place, *the standing joke of the war*. And

though the Lieutenant seemed to incur the responsibility of disobedience to orders, the odium of a court martial—and certain displeasure in certain quarters—yet it would seem equally to appear that his countrymen have sustained him in his action, and his government at home, informally, have approved his course by giving him a new command!

But the serio-comical farce—(perhaps it should be called without irony, **THE DASHING AND GALLANT MOVE** of the Lieutenant commanding the *Scourge*)—no doubt surprised the Commander-in-chief of the Home Squadron and General Quitman of the shore forces, as much as it did the newspaper readers at the north.

PRELUDE.

“ANTON LIZARDO, April 4, 1847.

“The morning after, we were ordered by our Commodore to proceed to Alvarado, to blockade that port. We got off the harbor about sunset, and began to fire into the fort, when it became dark, and the surf being very heavy on the bar, with indications of a Norther, we were compelled to stand off and on, which we did during the night. The next morning we stood in near the shore again, and began firing a second time into the fort, when several horsemen were seen coming down the beach, at full gallop and bearing a white flag. We hove to, to see what they wanted, when a boat was seen coming out of the harbor, bearing a flag of the same kind, and commanded by the Captain of the port, who invited us to take possession of the town. We stood up to the town and anchored, run out and pointed the guns, sent two officers with eight men ashore with a summons of unconditional surrender, with but thirty minutes time for doing it,—all of which was acceded to,—and thus was taken by one little vessel of three guns and a bold Captain, the town of Alvarado, the bugbear of the Navy. Hearing that the Mexican General, with four hundred men, had gone up the river with several vessels, and munitions of war, we immediately pursued him, capturing on our way up, four schooners, one loaded with powder, &c., which they had run upon a shoal and scuttled, which we burned; two we brought down to Alvarado, and the other we let them keep as being worthless. About 2 o'clock in the morning we arrived at the city of Flacotalpam, fired a gun, and sent three officers with six men to summon the Alcalde to surrender.

“After the surrender of this place, which is a very pretty town, containing some seven thousand inhabitants, we returned to Alvarado, getting there about sunset. That night the Captain took Passed-Midshipman Temple and myself in his boat and went up the river to assist in

bringing down one of the prize-schooners. On our way up we saw a large boat which we ran aboard and captured, and found her to contain ninety bales of cotton, with a quantity of dry goods and hides, worth three or four thousand dollars. Flacotalpam is about six or seven leagues up a river of the same name—the river is the most beautiful that I ever saw. In some places the banks are one hundred feet high, covered with the richest verdure, with here and there a palmetto-roofed cottage looking as primitive as need be.”

ACT FIRST.—SCENE FIRST.

Correspondence that passed between the high contracting powers on sea and on shore, at the fall of ALVARADO.

Commander Hunter to Lieut. Marin.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Alvarado, March 31st, 1847. }

SIR:—The surrender of the city must be made in thirty minutes from this time, and must be unconditional. If, at the expiration of that time, they do not agree to our terms, I will open upon the town and order the troops to advance. Very respectfully, &c.,

C. G. HUNTER, Com'g.

To Lieut. M. C. Marin, U. S. N.,
at the Government House, Alvarado.

Commander Hunter to the Spanish Consul.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Alvarado, March 31st, 1847. }

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date; and cordially answer your solicitations. All under your national flag, and subjects of her Catholic Majesty of Spain, shall meet with the due considerations of friendship, and of the friendly power which you represent. I have the honor, &c.,

C. G. HUNTER, Lt. Com'g.

To Senor Don Francisco Sanchez,
Vice Consul H. C. M. of Spain, at Alvarado.

Commander Hunter to Passed Midshipman Temple.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Alvarado, March 31, 1847. }

SIR:—You will take charge of the forts in and about the city of Alvarado, and retain the command there until relieved by some superior officer. I am, sir, &c.,

CHAS. G. HUNTER, Lt. Com'g.

To Wm. G. Temple, Passed Midshipman,
on board U. S. Steamer Scourge.

The Demand for the Surrender of Flacotalpam.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Off Flacotalpam, March 31, 1847. }

SIR:—In order to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, and in accordance with the spirit and feeling of civilized nations, I demand, in the name of the United States of America, the entire and unconditional surrender of the city of Flacotalpam. I have the honor, &c.,

C. G. HUNTER, Lt. Com'g.

To the President and Ayuntamiento
of the city of Flacotalpam.

Commander Hunter to Passed Midshipman Pringle.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, April 1st, 1847.

SIR:—You will proceed on board and take charge of the prize schooner now lying near this vessel. At high water you will get her off and take her down to Alvarado, and report to me on your arrival. I am, &c.,

C. G. HUNTER, Lt. Com'g.

To J. J. Pringle, Passed Midshipman
on board the U. S. Steamer Scourge.

Commander Hunter to Commodore Perry.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Alvarado, April 3, 1847. }

SIR:—Enclosed I send you a letter from the Alcalde of Flacotalpam, enclosing a communication from the Governor of Cosamaloapam relative to seven men and one midshipman, prisoners whose release I demanded while at Flacotalpam. I have the honor, &c.,

C. G. HUNTER, Lt. Com'g.

To Commodore M. C. Perry,
Commanding Gulf Squadron.

Acting-Master Bankhead to Commander Hunter.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Alvarado River, March 31, 1847. }

SIR:—Agreeably to your orders I went on board of the Mexican schooner Matilda, and finding it impossible to get her off, owing to her having been scuttled previously, I destroyed every thing I could get at, and then set fire to her. She was loaded with munitions of war—principally powder, canister shot, and Congreve rockets. Ascertaining before I left her that the fire had made such progress that it was impossible to extinguish it, I proceeded up the river after the steamer.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

J. P. BANKHEAD, Acting Master.

Lieut. Com. Hunter,
U. S. Steamer Scourge.

Commander Hunter to Commodore Perry.

U. S. STEAMER SCOURGE, }
Alvarado, April 2d, 1847. }

SIR:—I have the honor to report that on the afternoon of the 30th ultimo, at about 5 o'clock, I arrived off the bar of this river; that I immediately opened upon the forts with round shot and shell, but finding a heavy surf on the bar, and seeing indications of a Norther, I stood off and on during the night. In the morning I again opened on the forts, when I discovered a white flag on the beach, and, shortly after, the captain of the port and a pilot came off with a flag of truce, offering a surrender of the place, and informing me that the Mexican troops (to the number of three or four hundred) had, after our attack, evacuated the forts and the city the night previous, having first fired all the government vessels, spiked a portion of the guns and buried others in the sand. With a view of preventing any further destruction of public property, or a return of the Mexicans before your arrival, and for the purpose of securing an unobstructed entrance for the squadron, I came in, anchored off the town, received their surrender, (a copy of which I herewith enclose,) hoisted the American flag under a salute of twenty-one guns, and then, hearing that the garrison of the place were hastening up the river with two or three vessels loaded with arms, ammunition, and other public property, I left Passed-Midshipman Temple, with five men, in command of the place, and stood up the river after them. On the way up I succeeded in capturing four schooners; one I burned, as I could not get her off; another I left behind as worthless; the third I towed down, and the fourth is now coming down under the command of Passed Midshipman Pringle. At 2 o'clock in the morning I anchored off Flacotalpán, a city of about 7000 inhabitants, sent Lieutenant Maria ashore to the alcalde, assembled the junta, and demanded an entire and unconditional surrender within half an hour. My demands were at once complied with, and I herewith transmit a copy of their surrender.

I am, &c.,

C. G. HUNTER, Lt. Comd'g.

To Commodore M. C. Perry,

Commander-in-chief of the Gulf Squadron.

Passed-Midshipman Temple to Commander Hunter.

Alvarado, April 1st, 1847.

SIR:—I have the honor to report, that in obedience to your order of yesterday, I have this afternoon delivered over the command of the forts in and about this place, to Commodore Perry.

I am sir, &c.,

WM. G. TEMPLE, Passed Midshipman.

To Lieut. C. G. Hunter, Com.

U. S. Steamer Scourge.

Passed Midshipman Pringle to Commander Hunter.

Alvarado, April 2d, 1847.

SIR:—I have the honor to report, that agreeably to your order of the

1st instant, I went with a prize crew on board the schooner captured by our boats on the evening of the 31st March—took possession of her—hailed her out of the creek in which she was lying, and this morning brought her down the river, and have anchored her off the town, near the Scourge.

Respectfully yours,

J. J. PRINGLE, Passed Midshipman.

To Lieut. C. G. Hunter, commanding

U. S. S. Scourge, Alvarado.

THE TERMS OF CAPITULATION.

Town of Flacotalpam, 1st April, 1847—9 o'clock, A. M.—Present, the constitutional Alcalde and citizens, who compose this illustrious council on the one side; and on the other, Captain C. G. Hunter, of the United States Steamer Scourge, accompanied by the Second-Lieutenant of that vessel, M. C. Marin; the object being to enter into such negotiations as shall be suitable for the welfare of the inhabitants, and better understanding with that nation, the terms expressed in the following articles were agreed to by both parties:—

1st. The town of Flacotalpam hereby declares its perfect neutrality towards the forces of the United States, and also its entire submission to them as long as existing circumstances continue.

2d. In consideration of this, the said Captain, in the name of the government, whose commission he holds, binds himself that the rights of individuals shall be respected, as also their persons and private property, likewise the Catholic religion, and the free exercise of its forms of worship.

And for the fulfillment and faithful observance of this compact, both the contracting parties hereby bind themselves by all the forms usual; and in testimony of the same, they have hereby subscribed their names to two copies of this contract, each of the same tenor and date. Done by the Alcalde, presiding officer of this council, and the before-named Second-Lieutenant, who assisted in arranging this negotiation, and who is commissioned to sign for the before-mentioned Captain Charles G. Hunter.

PEDRO ATALPICO.

M. C. MARIN, Lieut. U. S. N.

The town of Alvarado having been left defenceless, surrenders itself to the United States Steamer Scourge, Captain C. G. Hunter, on the following conditions:—

1st. That the forces of the United States will respect and protect the Roman Catholic religion.

2d. That they solemnly guarantee complete and entire protection to the inhabitants of this town, and all species of property, it being distinctly understood that no public edifice or private house shall be taken or used by the United States' forces, unless some previous arrangement shall have been made with the owners.

JOSE RUIZ PARRA, Pres't of the Council.

M. C. MARIN, Lieut. U. S. Navy.

Alvarado, 31st March, 1847.

ACT SECOND.—SCENE SECOND.

The Trial, Defence, and Reprimand of Lieut. Hunter, before a Naval Court Martial.

CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS.

Charges and Specifications preferred by Commodore M. C. Perry, Commander-in-chief of the United States Naval Forces in the Gulf of Mexico, against Lieut. Chas. G. Hunter, United States Navy, late commanding the U. S. Steamer Scourge.

CHARGE FIRST—Treating with contempt his superior, being in the execution of his office.

Specification First—In that he, the said Lieutenant Charles G. Hunter, U. S. Navy, did on the 31st day of March, 1847, being then in the command of the U. S. steamer Scourge, enter the port of Alvarado, and did there arrogate to himself, (the said Lieut. Charles G. Hunter,) the authority and power, that are vested only in the Commander-in-chief, by entering into stipulations for, and receiving the surrender of Alvarado and its dependencies.

Specification Second—In that the said Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, U. S. Navy, did on the 31st day of March, 1847, with the U. S. steamer Scourge under his command, proceed from Alvarado to the town of Flacotalpam, without any orders or authority, and there demand the surrender of the said town of Flacotalpam, and enter into and sign articles of capitulation, although aware of the immediate approach of the Commander-in-chief, to whom alone such powers are confided—thus treating with contempt the authority of his superior, being in the execution of his office.

Specification Third—In that the said Lieut. Chas. G. Hunter, U. S. Navy, did, on the 31st day of March, 1847, in proceeding from Alvarado to Flacotalpam, capture four schooners, one of which he set on fire and burnt, and another he abandoned, thus substituting his own will for the discretion of the Commander-in-chief, who was within a few hours' reach of communication, and treating with contempt the authority of his superior; all of which is in violation of the laws of the United States, as contained in "an Act for the better government of the Navy of the United States, approved April 23d, 1800."

CHARGE SECOND—Disobedience of orders.

Specification First—In that he, the said Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, U. S. Navy, having been ordered to report to Captain Samuel L. Breese, and to assist in blockading the port of Alvarado, did, in disobedience or disregard of said orders, enter the harbor and take possession of the town of Alvarado.

Specification Second—In that he the said Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, U. S. Navy, having been ordered on the evening of the 1st April, to report himself in person to the Commander-in-chief, at his quarters in the town of Alvarado, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of the following morning, did disobey said order; all of which is in violation of the laws of the United States, as contained in "an Act for the better government of the Navy of the United States, approved April 23d, 1800."

M. C. PERRY,
Commanding Home Squadron.

DEFENCE OF LIEUTENANT HUNTER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT.—I will not trouble you with unnecessary verbiage, but proceed at once to the point. My orders were, (as stated in the 1st spec. 2d charge,) to report to Capt. Breese, and to assist in blockading Alvarado. I did not consider them (can they be fairly considered?) as forbidding me to annoy the enemy in every way in my power, or modifying in the slightest degree the general duty of every officer having a military command in time of war, to molest and cripple the enemy in every possible way. On the evening of the 30th of March, being sufficiently near, I opened upon the fort at Alvarado with shot and shells. Apprehensive of a Norther, I stood off and on during the night, with a strong breeze and rough sea. Towards morning, it having moderated, I stood close in to the bar, and again opened upon the forts. Shortly afterwards, I discovered two horsemen upon the beach, holding a white flag, and a boat crossing the bar at the same time. This boat brought me an offer on the part of the authorities to surrender the city. Permit me here to observe, Mr. President, that as there are two sides to every question, so there may be two results to every affair of this kind. Alvarado is now in our possession; but let us suppose that it was not to be; that we had been foiled a third time in our efforts to take it. What would have been my position, I say, if, having refused the offer of the town when the authorities were ready to yield it, the American forces had been a third time baffled in their efforts to capture it? Mr. President, the worst that can now befall me, is a trifle to the infamy and disgrace which would have remained attached to my name, perhaps, long after I was in the grave. If you, Mr. President, (or any member of this honorable Court,) will fancy yourself in my place when the offer of capitulation reached me, I think you must perceive that it placed me in a difficult, most embarrassing position—one that might have got a much more experienced officer than myself into trouble. I had to decide upon the disobeying of my orders on the one hand, and the possible consequences which my refusal to take such a responsibility might lead to on the other. I had to decide between two courses—the one leading to present personal safety, and the possibility of future infamy, and the other to some personal risk, perhaps, but by which the honor of the Navy and my honor, at least, were safe. I have stated thus the view which I took of my position, and the motives on which my actions were founded. I will not say, Mr. President, that under similar circumstances you would have taken a similar view of your position; but I think I may say, without the danger of dissent here or elsewhere, that taking the same view I did, that you, or any other member of this honorable court, would have done just what I did. My summons for the surrender of the city of "Alvarado," was not made until the authorities hesitating to sign the articles of capitulation, I thought myself entrapped: when it became necessary to use strong measures and strong language. Upon the reception of that summons, they signed the articles, and in the name of the United States of America, I took possession of "Alvarado" and its dependencies. Shortly afterwards, I learned that after our attack the evening previous, the garrison had fired the public vessels, spiked and buried their guns, placed a large quantity of

government property, chiefly of munitions of war, on board of several small vessels and were proceeding up the river in the direction of the city of "Flacotalpam." I followed, as I conceived it to be my duty, and captured one of them loaded with arms, &c., that got ashore, and burned her to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. Another, worthless to ourselves or the enemy, I abandoned, and two others, I brought to "Alvarado." The pursuit of these vessels led me to the city of "Flacotalpam," where I arrived about two o'clock in the morning; trusting to the suddenness of the attack, I ordered the junta to assemble, and demanded, within thirty minutes, an entire and unconditional surrender, and my demands were complied with. I contend, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Court, that all that happened after the capitulation of Alvarado, followed as a natural and necessary consequence (not, however, foreseen by me) when I first accepted of their offer to surrender. I contend that my error consisted in the original disobedience of my orders, (which, from what I have since learned, I regret,) and that what I did afterwards, I was in a great measure obliged to do. Knowing that several small vessels of the enemy, laden with military stores, were within my reach, could I doubt that it was my duty to destroy or capture them? Seeing, from the conduct of the enemy at Alvarado, that a panic prevailed among them, and that there was a prospect of success, I demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of Flacotalpam. I contend that these two acts followed as a necessary consequence to my first disobedience of orders. Of the motives that led to that step, I have made an honest exposition to the Court, and I hope that you will consider them, together with the difficulties of my position and my want of experience in such matters, as some palliation of my fault. I regret my error, apart from the trouble it has brought upon me. I regret it because it has given offence to the Commander-in-chief—(I speak from rumor only, I have no certain knowledge of the fact,)—as I have heard there was an understanding between the Commander-in-chief and the commanding General ashore, that there was to be a combined attack made by the squadron and army, on these places; it might thus seem that I had sought to rob of its just participation in this affair that arm of the service which in the progress of this war, has acquired for itself and for our country, so much honor and glory. Nothing could be farther from my intentions—I knew nothing of any such understanding. One or two matters remain to be touched upon. I am charged in the two first specifications of the 1st charge with arrogating to myself the powers of Commander-in-chief, in signing articles of capitulation, &c., although aware of the immediate approach of the Commander-in-chief. In regard to the first, my error was one of simple ignorance. I knew that I had obtained possession of these places, and meant of course to hand them over to the first senior officer that might approach; but I had not the remotest intention of exercising any of the powers of Commander-in-chief. I knew, or perhaps I should rather say had reason to believe, that the Commander-in-chief would arrive in a short time; but I did not know precisely when, still less did I know that he was nearer than Vera Cruz.

In the 2d specification of the 2d charge, I am charged with having disobeyed an order to call at a specified time at the Commander-in-chief's quarters.

Gentlemen, I was so absorbed by the difficulties that surrounded me, that his order to me to report myself entirely escaped my recollection : this may seem a lame excuse, but it has at least the merit of truth. But, Mr. President, none of us are entirely free from occasional acts of forgetfulness ; the honorable member yesterday who gave in his testimony made a mistake, and I must say that the confidence with which I leave my case in his hands has been increased, by the handsome manner in which he corrected his error when reminded of it.

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Court, I have been much mortified and excited, by the many and numerous difficulties that surround me. I have aimed at nothing but the glory of my country—the honor and dignity of the service to which I belong. I leave my case with perfect confidence in your hands.

C. G. HUNTER, Lieut. Comd'g.

FINDINGS AND SENTENCE OF THE COURT.

The first specification of the first charge proven. The second specification of the first charge proven. The third specification of the first charge proven.

And the accused guilty of the first charge.

The first specification of the second charge not proven, of the accused not having reported himself in person to Captain Samuel L. Breese, according to his orders ; but proven that the accused entered the harbor of Alvarado, instead of assisting in blockading that port.

The second specification of the second charge proven, and the accused guilty of the second charge. The Court then, upon due deliberation upon the above findings, pronounced the following sentence :

That the accused, Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, United States Navy, be dismissed from the United States Home Squadron, and reprimanded by the Commander-in-chief, which reprimand is to be read on the quarter-deck of every vessel of the squadron, in the presence of the officers and crew.

The above is a true copy from the records of the Court.

J. BRYAN, Judge Advocate.

THE REPRIMAND BY COMMODORE PERRY.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP MISSISSIPPI, }
Anton Lizádo, April 9, 1847. }

SIR,—I enclose herewith the findings and sentence of the Court Martial, convened on the 7th instant, for your trial, which imposes upon me the task of expressing, in the form of reprimand, my opinion of your conduct as proven before the Court Martial.

However lenient the sentence in your case may seem to be, I have approved it, as I can conceive of no punishment more severe than a dismissal, in time of war, from a squadron actively engaged before the enemy. The sentence, while it condemns, in a most signal manner, your conduct, cuts you off from further association in this squadron, with men whose patient endurance of the most trying duties, and whose character for courage, obedience, and subordination, have won my highest approbation.

How different has been your course? Scarcely a day on the station, and you disobey orders, arrogate to yourself the duties belonging to a Commander-in-chief, talk of opening upon the town, and of ordering the troops to advance, when you had but one gun and not a solitary soldier, and "all for the purpose" (as you say) "of securing an unmolested entrance of the squadron into the river."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to another instance of similar folly; and the most charitable construction that can be given to it is, that in the elation of a first command, you had truly imagined yourself actually in command of the naval and military detachments then approaching and within a short distance of the scene of your exploits.

With due respect,

M. C. PERRY,

Commander-in-chief of Home Squadron.

To Lieut. CHARLES G. HUNTER,
United States Navy.

ACT THIRD.—SCENE THIRD.

CAPTURE OF ALVARADO.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP MISSISSIPPI, }
Anchorage Anton Lizardo, April 4, 1847. }

SIR: I have the honor to inform the department that immediately after the surrender of Vera Cruz, Gen. Scott and myself concerted measure for taking possession of Alvarado.

Although it was not expected that any defence would be made, it was thought advisable that strong detachments both of the Army and Navy, should be employed, in view of making an imposing demonstration in that direction.

The southern brigade under General Quitman, was detached for this duty, and the naval movements were directed personally by myself.

As it had been anticipated, not the slightest opposition was offered by the enemy, and the river and town were quietly occupied on the 2d instant, by the combined forces of the Army and Navy.

General Quitman took up his line of march this morning, on his return to Vera Cruz, and I left for this anchorage to arrange an expedition to the north; Captain Mayo, with a small naval detachment, being placed in command of Alvarado and its dependencies, in which may be embraced the populous town of Flacotalpam, situated about twenty miles up the river.

In this expedition I have had the good fortune to become acquainted with General Quitman and many of the officers of his command, and have been gratified to observe a most cordial desire, as well with them as with the officers of the Navy, to foster a courteous and efficient co-operation.

The enemy, before evacuating the place, burnt all the public vessels, and spiked or buried most of the guns: but those that were concealed have been discovered, and I have directed the whole number—about

sixty—either to be destroyed or shipped, with the shot, on board the gun-boats, as they may be found of sufficient value to be removed.

With great respect, I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

M. C. PERRY,
Commanding Home Squadron.

The Hon. JOHN Y. MASON,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE FOURTH.

[The United States schooner Taney, lying at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, was placed in commission on Tuesday, Lieut. Alvarado Hunter, commander. She sails in a few days for the Mediterranean.—*Alexandria Gazette*, Saturday morning, Aug. 28, 1847.

CAPTURE OF TUXPAN.

The movement of the Squadron under the active and energetic direction of Commodore Perry, continued its operations; and TUXPAN was to be the next point of attack on the Mexican coast. It will be remembered that it was off the bar of Tuxpan that the unfortunate Truxton struck—was wrecked, abandoned, and finally burned by the active officers of the Princeton, whose Commander gave a graphic description of the upsetting of the boats in the surf in their attempts to fire the Truxton, and the successful conflagration which scattered her ashes on the wide billows aroused by the Northers. Her guns had been secured by the Mexicans, and other materiel was saved from the wreck. The Navy envied the town of Tuxpan the possession of these trophies or relics of the gallant brig; and Tuxpan itself was now almost the only port of any consequence on the Mexican coast unoccupied by the Americans, after having surrendered to our naval forces. Commodore Perry's dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy, narrates the operation of the forces of the Squadron, at Tuxpan, with sufficient detail of their action and success.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP MISSISSIPPI, }
At sea, off Vera Cruz, April 24, 1847. }

SIR: Tuxpan being the only fortified place of importance, situated on the Gulf coast, not in our possession, and conceiving it to be a point of honor as well as duty to reclaim the guns taken by the enemy from the wreck of the Truxton, and mounted with others for the defence of the river and town, I determined on attacking it, and left Sacrificios in this ship for that purpose on the 12th instant, having in tow the steamers Spitfire, Vixen and Scourge, and the gun-boats Bonito, Petrel, and Reefer, with a detachment of three hundred officers, seamen, and marines from the Ohio, distributed in this and the smaller vessels. On the following day we arrived at Lobos, the appointed place of rendezvous. The Raritan, with a detachment of one hundred and eighty officers, seamen and marines, from the Potomac, added to her own complement. The Albany, John Adams, and Germantown, with the bomb-vessels Vesuvius, Ætna, and Hecla, had been previously dispatched for Lobos, where they arrived in good time, and were subsequently joined by the Decatur.

On the 15th all the vessels left Lobos for the anchorage, under Tuxpan reef, but were separated by a Norther during the night. Having again concentrated on the morning of the 17th, the whole of that day was employed in lightening the small vessels, in sounding and buoying the channel of the bar, and in other preparations for ascending the river.

The following morning (the 18th) the bar was safely crossed by the steamers and gun-boats, with about thirty barges filled with detachments from the different vessels at anchor outside, having with them four pieces of artillery.

After crossing the bar I hoisted my flag on board the Spitfire, and immediately led up the river to the attack; the steamers having the gun-boats and barges in tow, until we got into the range of the fire of the enemy, when I ordered them to cast off: the gun-boats to follow up the river under sail, and the detachments in the barges to land with the artillery and storm the forts and town. These orders were executed with extraordinary rapidity, while the flotilla continued its course up the river, and driving by its well directed fire, the enemy from his defences.

The dispositions of the enemy for defence were judicious; they consisted of two forts on the right, and one on the left bank of the river, with positions well selected for commanding the reaches of the stream. They had seven guns mounted, and detachments of infantry firing from the forts and the thick chapparal along the margin of the left bank.

General Cos, chief of the windward military division of the Mexican army, was in command, and had with him, as is believed from the evidence of his order-book, about 650 rank and file.

But if the dispositions for defence were judicious, the defence itself was feeble; though, had it been more obstinate, the results would have been the same, for I cannot exaggerate the intrepidity of our officers and men, or say too much of the spirit that animated them.

The Truxton's guns were brought off, and the others destroyed; the forts were also destroyed.

Our loss in the attack has been small—fourteen killed and wounded. The enclosed papers will furnish all necessary details.

The Albany and Reefer have been left to watch Tuxpan; the Hecla is ordered to blockade Soto de la Marina; the *Ætina* to occupy the river Tabasco; and the *Veauvius* and *Porpoise* the port of Laguna, while the *Germantown* is scouring the coast north of Lobos.

I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

M. C. PERRY,

Commanding Home Squadron.

The Hon. JOHN Y. MASON,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

TUXPAN, April 19, 1847.

SIR: I have the honor to report that, on the 18th inst., the forces under my command were landed from the steamers and gun-boats under the fire of the enemy's forts, for the purpose of executing your orders, to take them by assault. The men, headed by their several officers, proceeded with ardor and zeal to the accomplishment of the duty. The works, however, before the seamen could reach them, were successively abandoned; the defenders offering no very serious resistance. The guns on the fort of the right bank were immediately spiked or disabled, and the ammunition destroyed. The boats then crossed to the left bank, and drove the enemy from the fort "Hospital," pursuing them through the town to the chapparal, in which they dispersed.

Where, notwithstanding the strength of position, resistance was so feeble, and of so desultory a character, little opportunity was presented for the exhibition of individual gallantry; and where all did so well their duty, it would be difficult and invidious to particularize.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL L. BREESE, Captain.

Commodore M. C. PERRY,
Commanding Home Squadron, Gulf of Mexico.

The expedition against Tuxpan consisted of the following force—all under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry:

The steamer *Spitfire*, Commander J. Tatnall.

The steamer *Vixen*, Commander J. R. Sands.

The schooner *Bonito*, Lieut. Com. T. G. Benham.

The schooner *Petrel*, Lieut. Com. T. D. Shaw.

The steamer *Scourge*, Lieut. S. Lockwood.

The schooner *Reefer*, Lieut. Com. Thos. Turner.

Detachments of officers and men from the different vessels of the squadron, composing the landing party, under the command of Captain Samuel L. Breese.

	Officers.	Sea. & Mar.	Total.
Flag-ship <i>Mississippi</i> , Lieut. J. Decamp,	20	160	180
<i>Potomac</i> , Lieut. E. R. Thompson, . .	7	175	182
<i>Ohio</i> , Commander L. M. Goldsborough,	16	320	336
<i>Albany</i> , Capt. S. L. Breese,	7	109	116
<i>Raritan</i> , Capt. F. Forrest,	7	190	197

John Adams, Com. W. J. McCluney, .	10	111	121
Decatur, Commander R. S. Pinkney, .	15	118	132
Germantown, Commander F. Buchanan, .	15	136	151
Vesuvius, Commander G. A. Magruder, .	3	22	25
Etna, Commander G. J. Van Brunt, .	3	22	25
Hecla, Lieut. Commanding A. B. Fairfax, .	3	22	25

 1490

Four pieces of artillery, respectively commanded by Commander Magruder, Lieuts. Fairfax and Blunt, and Acting Sailing-Master Rodgers, all under the command of Commander McKenzie.

Among the wounded in this expedition were commander Tatnall of the Spitfire, Flag Lieutenant James L. Parker, aid to the Commodore ; Lieutenant Whittle, of the ship Ohio, and Lieut. Hartstene, of the brig Hecla.

After the capture of Tuxpan, and the return of the forces to their usual anchorage, the Saint Mary's prepared to leave the squadron for HOME, bearing some of the trophies of the war. The Saint Mary's had long been in the Gulf, and had done much service. Originally intended for the cruise of the Mediterranean, like the Cumberland, her destination was changed to the Gulf, to meet the exigencies which the critical affairs between the Republic of Mexico and the United States created. To this ship the lamented Morris was originally attached. Right glad, I doubt not, was this ship's fine company of officers, to be relieved from a station, on which they had been so long and constantly employed. Commander Sands, late of the steamer Vixen, also returned in the Saint Mary's, having in charge the trophies of the war, forwarded by this ship to the United States.

SECOND ATTACK ON TABASCO, AND CAPTURE OF THE CITY.

When Commodore Perry, at an earlier date of the operation of the fleet, visited TABASCO, capturing their small vessels and steamers and bombarding the town, he retired from before the city, after the representations of the foreign consuls

were made to him, and partly, at least, from considerations of humanity. The town certainly was at his mercy, lying within musket-shot range of his large guns, and might have been demolished. And yet, it is no more than justice to the leader of the Mexican forces, then at Tabasco, to state that he obstinately refused to surrender the town in obedience to the demand made upon him by a deputation from the Commander of the forces then lying before the town; and that the party of sailors and marines which were landed at the moment of the vessels reaching the place, were recalled, without an engagement with the enemy. And the American forces retiring from before Tabasco, as they did, though they had secured the vessels then lying in the river, which was the principal object of the expedition, gave rise to a boastful reference always on the part of the Mexicans, to the first affair at Tabasco. They said that the American forces had been *necessitated* to retire before the superior courage and prowess of the Mexican arms, which opposed them at this point. It is believed, therefore, that there was a little professional sensitiveness felt on the part of the American Commodore, in view of the bravado of the *Tabascanos*. They declared that they were ready again to receive the Americans, and would be glad once more to measure their long guns and their short guns with them.

All other ports along the coast being now in possession of the fleet, and held by detachments from the squadron or army, Commodore Perry directed his attention to this town, some sixty miles up the Tabasco river, though Frontera, at the mouth of the river, had been held by a blockading force since the first attack on Tabasco. The force detailed for the different ships was a large one, and the smaller vessels of the squadron were used for the expedition—as the *Scorpion*, *Stromboli*, *Vesuvius*, *Etna*, *Spitfire*, *Scoarage*, *Vixen*—names of themselves sufficiently terrific, one would think, to fright-

on the people of Tabasco from all their self-complacency, for years to come, notwithstanding the usual grandiloquence for which the language of the Mexicans is famous. Washington, a name added to the above list, is of less formidable sound, but ever the watchword for all virtuous, and noble, and patriotic action.

The dispatches of Commodore Perry will afford the evidences of the success of this, *the latest expedition* of the Gulf Squadron.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP MISSISSIPPI, }
Off Tabasco River, June 24, 1847. }

SIR :—Having in my communication of the 8th inst. informed the Department of my intention no longer to delay the attack upon the enemy's forces concentrated near the city of Tabasco, I anchored on the 13th off the bar of the river, with a detachment of the squadron, consisting of the Mississippi, Albany, Raritan, John Adams, Decatur, Germantown, Stromboli, Vesuvius, Washington, and the steamers Spitfire, Scorpion, Scourge, and Vixen—the *Ætna* and *Bonito* being stationed in the river.

On the 14th, the flotilla having crossed the bar, the barges and surf boats, containing seven pieces of artillery, and as many officers, seamen, and marines as could be spared from each of the vessels at anchor outside, with a detachment of forty seamen and marines from the *Potomac*, were then towed by the steamers across the bar, and, joining the vessels at Frontera, the whole force was formed into line, and proceeded up the river in the following order :

The *Scorpion*, bearing my Pennant, leading the van, having in tow the *Vesuvius* and *Washington*, and the boats of the *Mississippi* and *John Adams* ;

The *Spitfire*, with the *Stromboli* and *Bonito*, and boats of the *Albany* ;

The *Scourge*, with the American merchant vessel *Spitfire*, having on board Capt. G. W. Taylor, with his sub-marine apparatus ;

The *Vixen* with the *Ætna*, and the boats of the *Raritan*, *Decatur*, and *Germantown*.

When, on the following day, the flotilla having arrived within thirty miles of the city, information was obtained from an Indian that the enemy had thrown up breastworks in the thick chapparal lining the banks of the river, at three different points, where they had posted in ambush armed parties in considerable force.

From all the positions indicated by the Indian, the vessels and boats were fired upon ; but the fire of the enemy was immediately silenced by our great guns and musketry. At the second position one of the seamen of the *Vesuvius* was severely wounded ; and at the third Lieut. Wm. May received an escopette ball in his arm, and three men were slightly wounded. Lieut. May, at the time of receiving his wound, was engaged in co-operating with Lieut. James Alden, in sounding and examining the

obstructions placed by the enemy in the channel, directly opposite to the breastwork.

Considering it doubtful whether the steamers could pass the obstructions without inconvenient delay, and being anxious to reach the main body of the enemy, I ordered their commanders to use every effort to ascend the river, and determined myself not to wait the experiment, but to land with the infantry and artillery. Having previously made all the arrangements for landing and forming the line of march, the barges and surf-boats were manned and formed opposite to the point selected for the landing, called the "Seven Palm Trees," and near to the third entrenchment of the enemy, which had been a moment before raked by the great guns of the flotilla.

Every thing being in readiness, I took the lead with my boat, accompanied by Capt. Mayo (a volunteer, and acting as adjutant general) in another boat; and, giving the order to go ahead, the whole force, with three hearty cheers, pushed for the shore, landed, and formed in separate columns on the bank, under the direction of Capt. Mayo. In the space of ten minutes every officer and man was on shore and in position, with seven pieces of artillery, which were taken from the boats and hauled up a bank twenty feet in height, and nearly perpendicular, by the main strength of the officers and men attached to them: boats were then sent for the three pieces belonging to the bomb-vessels; and in twenty-five minutes the entire column, of more than eleven hundred strong, with ten pieces of artillery, was in motion towards the city. Its march, however, was very much retarded by the difficulty of moving through the high prairie grass and the occasional thickets of chapparal; yet in opposition to all the obstacles which presented themselves, and the excessive heat of the day, the column moved steadily on, preceded by the pioneers, and driving back with its artillery and advance guard the outposts of the enemy, entrenched by breastworks.

Meanwhile, the steamers had succeeded in crossing the obstructions in the channel, and proceeded gallantly up, in face of the fire of the main battery of six guns, and a body of infantry lining the entrenchments; and after exchanging a few shots, with but slight injury to us, the enemy retired hastily from their defences—a measure undoubtedly precipitated by the proximity of our advancing column.

At a little after 4 in the afternoon, I entered the city with the entire force of infantry and artillery, and took quiet possession of the public quarters.

In the fatiguing march from the landing place to the city—a distance of nine miles—I was struck, as I often have been before, with the universal enthusiasm exhibited by the officers and men, and with the extraordinary efforts which they made on this occasion to keep the artillery in line. In the skirmishes with the outposts of the enemy, our advance displayed much order and military skill, and the entire line conducted in a manner worthy of veteran soldiers.

If I were to undertake to particularize the gallant and judicious conduct of the officers, I should be obliged to name them all; hence I beg to refer to the enclosed papers, (marked A and B), which contain the names of all who were engaged in the expedition, stating the respective

duties assigned to them. I also refer the Department to the report of the senior medical officer of the expedition.

From the best information I have been able to obtain, from several sources, the enemy's force in action on the 16th may be estimated at fourteen hundred strong, and their loss about thirty killed; which, compared with the force under my command, and considering the advantages of his fortified position, may render the smallness of our loss remarkable.

I am, sir, with great respect, your ob't serv't,

M. C. PERRY,

Commanding Home Squadron.

The Hon. JOHN Y. MASON,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

A.

The expedition against Tabasco consisted of the following force, all under the command of Commodore Perry, June 16th, 1847:

Steamer Scorpion,	Commander A. Bigelow,
Bomb vessel Stromboli,	" W. S. Walker,
" " Vesuvius,	" G. A. Magruder,
" " Etna,	" G. J. Van Brunt,
Steamer Spitfire,	Lieut. Comd'g S. S. Lee,
" Scourge,	" S. Lockwood,
" Vixen,	" W. Smith,
Brig Washington,	" S. P. Lee,
Schooner Bonito,	" J. M. Berrien.

DETACHMENTS FROM VESSELS.

	Officers.	Seamen, Artillery, & Marines.	Total.
Mississippi, Com'r H. A. Adams,	26	233	259
Albany, Capt. S. L. Breese,	9	135	144
Raritan, Capt. F. Forrest,	9	233	242
John Adams, Com'r W. J. McCluney,	8	133	141
Decatur, Lieut. W. H. Ball,	8	104	112
Germantown, Com'r F. Buchanan,	10	120	130
Stromboli, Com'r W. S. Walker,	4	22	26
Vesuvius, Com'r G. A. Magruder,	3	28	31
Etna, Com'r G. J. Van Brunt,	4	26	30
Washington, Lieut. Com'g S. P. Lee,	6	30	36
Potomac (at Vera Cruz), Lieut. Stellwagen,	2	20	22
	89	1084	1173

Artillery, from the above force, in four divisions, commanded by Commanders Walker, Mackenzie, Magruder, and Van Brunt.

Flag Guard.

Lieut. James L. Parker, the seamen; Lieut. F. G. Mayson, marines.
Marines, when concentrated, by Capt. Edson.

Pioneers, composed of engineers, firemen, and seamen, by Lieut. Maynard.

B.

Forces landed from the Flotilla on the 16th June, to attack Tabasco, the whole under the command of the Commander-in-chief, Com. M. C. Perry.

Staff.—Lieut. James L. Parker, Flag Lieut., Com'g Flag Guard of Seamen; Purser Nathaniel Wilson, Wm. H. Kennon, J. G. Harris; Midshipmen T. S. Fillebrown, Jos. B. Smith, and Adrien Deslonde.

Acting Adj. General Capt. Isaac Mayo.

Aids.—Acting Master M. C. Perry, jr.; Passed Midshipman, A. N. Smith; Midshipman H. H. Key; Clerk O. Flusser.

INFANTRY.

First Division.—Capt. S. L. Breese.

Albany's detachment.—Lieuts. C. R. P. Rodgers, B. S. Gant; Passed Midshipmen J. W. Bennet, Charles Dyer, Jr.; Midshipmen G. W. Morris (aid), J. F. Milligan.

Brig Washington's detachment.—Lieut. Com'g S. P. Lee; Lieuts. B. F. Sands, J. R. Mullaney; Acting Master Gustavus Fox; Passed Midshipman R. Aulick; Clerk Henry Moses.

Mississippi's detachment.—Com'r H. A. Adams; Lieuts. James Alden, William May; Passed Midshipman E. R. Calhoun; Midshipmen Jefferson Maury, T. B. Wainright.

Potomac's Detachment.—Lieut. H. S. Stellwagen; Midshipman Augustus McLaughlin.

Second Division.—Capt. French Forrest.

Raritan's detachment.—Lieuts. M. G. L. Claiborne, Wm. A. Parker; Passed Midshipman Francis Gregory; Midshipmen F. G. Clarke, C. Gray; Clerk H. Watson; Boatswain John Monroe.

Decatur's detachment.—Lieuts. W. H. Ball, E. T. Shubrick, N. Collins; Passed Midshipman Pierce Crosby; Midshipmen Malachi Ford, E. T. Carmichael.

Third Division.—Commander W. J. McCluney.

John Adams' detachment.—Lieut. C. F. M. Spotswood; Acting Master G. W. Rodgers; Midshipmen A. W. Habersham, Daniel L. Baine.

Germantown's detachment.—Commander F. Buchanan; Acting Master H. Rolando; Midshipmen J. L. Breese (aid), L. C. Sawyer, T. H. Looker, W. L. Powell, Felix Grundy, William Leigh.

ARTILLERY.

First Division.—Commander W. S. Walker.

Lieuts. Guert Gansevoort, J. R. Tucker, J. S. Biddle; Midshipmen Jno. Gale, J. McL. Murphy; Gunner G. J. Marshall; Boatswain W. Colson; Master's Mate J. M. Ballard.

Second Division.—Commander A. S. McKenzie.

Lieutenants H. C. Flag, (aid.) O. H. Perry, Simon F. Blunt; Acting Master T. M. Crossan; Passed Midshipmen Wm. Neilson, D. H. Lynch; Gunner Samuel Allen.

Third Division.—Commander George A. Magruder.

Lieuts. T. A. Jenkins, A. L. Case ; Acting Master F. Key-Murray ; Midshipman D. P. McCorkle.

Fourth Division.—Commander G. J. Van Brunt.

Lieut. B. F. Shattuck ; Acting Master C. W. Place ; Midshipman J. Rochelle.

Surgeons—Samuel Barrington, Solomon Sharps, Lewis W. Minor, Nathan Pinkney : Passed Assistants John Hastings, L. S. Williams, J. H. Wright ; Assistant T. B. Steele.

Pioneers—Lieut. Lafayette Maynard ; Midshipman W. H. Parker, Geo. S. King ; Clerk A. Dorsey ; First Assistant Engineer Joshua Folsbee.

Marine detachment—Capt. Alvin Edson ; Lieuts. W. B. Stack, W. L. Shuttleworth, M. E. Kintzing, George Adams, F. G. Mayson (commanding flag-guard marines), W. F. Perry.

Officers wounded : Lieut. May of the Mississippi ; Passed Midshipman Hudson of the Scorpion.

THE RARITAN'S RETURN.

After the expedition against Tabasco had successfully accomplished the object for which it was originated, the FRIGATE RARITAN, Captain French Forrest, was dispatched *homeward bound*, bearing the Commodore's officials, announcing the successful occupation of the town of Tabasco. And the Raritan was manned by the original crew of the Cumberland, which was transferred, on the Cumberland's leaving the station, as before narrated. With the officers and crew of the Cumberland, she had remained as the Flag Ship, during the continuance of Commodore Conner on the station. And now, she made her way back again from her long cruising—too long—as before she joined the Gulf Squadron, the ship had been three years on the Brazil station. And she was returning with many invalids, both of her own crew and from other ships of the squadron. And some worthy ones she left on her way, never to return to their native land.

CAPTAIN EDSON,

the gallant Captain of Marines, distinguished for his noble personal appearance, as also for his fine military character and bearing, died, while the ship for a moment lingered at Havana. How vividly does his tall figure re-appear before me, as he stood at my state-room door, on an evening just before the expedition, which, then it was believed, would be the most critical occasion on which he would be called to lead his command in the war. It was then, and to him, I pledged to make known his feelings for his son* to the Department, should he fall in the attack that was contemplated. But he survived; and during his services on the station, has been often exposed—having been, with his marines, generally in the advance in all the attacks made at the different places which the squadron has taken. And at Vera Cruz, he, with his command, during the investment of that place, was the first to open, and last to leave the trenches. And when detached with his three companies from the 8d artillery, with whom he had acted at the siege of Vera Cruz, his services and those under him were warmly acknowledged, both by Generals Scott and Worth. Having escaped the shot of the enemy, he was reserved to fall by the insidious disease of the climate, and died on board the Raritan, the 15th of July, 1847. And

YOUNG STORER,

too, was a shipmate with me in the Cumberland, the son of Commodore Storer, and was characterized for his amiable character and professional promise. And

LIEUTENANT JAMES L. PARKER

was another shipmate, and a messmate on board the Cum-

* See Page 295.

berland. He was *brave, unassuming, accomplished*. Well do I know he wished to distinguish himself in this war, by some deed that should secure him the consideration which every naval and military man longs for, as naturally as he breathes. And he would have cut out the vessels at Alvarado, had he been allowed to have his own way, I doubt not. He was the commanding officer in the daring feat of burning the *Creole*, under the walls of the castle of San Juan de Ullua—was severely wounded at Tuxpan—and deserves all the commendation which Commodore Perry bestows upon him, in his dispatch to the Department.

Peace, then to your spirits, Edson, Morris, Parker, Storer ! And I might add other names, (and how many !) of officers of the Home Squadron, who have died, either by casualties, exposure, or disease, from the commencement of this war to this period of the story of the Gulf Squadron. And the long duty of some of the ships on this station, unless they shall be soon recalled and their places supplied by other vessels, will swell the list, to the distress of many aching hearts. It would seem that the fearful arm of a terrible power as sometimes it is developed on this coast, more dreadful and certain than the tyranny of kings, has begun to make its presence felt in the squadron. May a good Providence, more powerful than death itself with its agencies of the *vomito and yellow fever*, save the squadron from the fearful footsteps of his passage through the fleet. The towns along the coast having now yielded to the American Flag, the ships will have time to recruit themselves by movements seaward ; and the exposures on shore expeditions for the future, in a great measure may be avoided. The squadron has accomplished *every thing* which the coast can present for its achievement. And though the glory it has won may be deemed of but little account, yet the patience of endurance, exposure, and long continuance within an ener-

vating climate, have been the experience of many officers of the fleet, while that fleet itself has done ALL that could be accomplished against a nation without a navy—a people without a commerce—and a seaboard either undefended or which generally without delay surrendered, whenever a demonstration of a force was made before its towns and cities. It is, at best, but a poor meed the Navy could gain, for its prompt and ready action in the Mexican Gulf. It needs quite another field for the exhibition of its prowess than this *Mexican war* ever has presented or can afford for naval achievement and triumph.

Here, then, it is fit that I should end the story of THE BROAD PENNANT OF THE GULF SQUADRON. It is at the point when the ship's company with whom I originally sailed from the United States have returned from the war. It is when the Squadron has in its possession *the last town* on the extended Mexican coast which remained up to the time of which I now write, for the last expedition of the naval forces to reduce and occupy. And it is at a moment when it is just that the ships should disperse, on their various courses seaward, for gaining a healthful air to recruit the strength of their debilitated crews. Heaven send them health, protection, and ere long, final cessation to hostilities; and to the two republics a lasting amity and peace.

And here, the limits prescribed to this volume, as well as the point of the present action of the American Army, brings me near to the conclusion of the *brief sketches* of its movements which I have attempted in these pages. But to complete these notices, which, from the space allowed me, have necessarily been brief, I must trace the onward march of our troops from Vera Cruz to the walls of the city of Mexico, and leave them in the Capital of the Republic with whose forces they have so successfully measured their arms.

CERRO GORDO.

The fall of Vera Cruz, and the possession of the city and its castle, San Juan de Ullua, was an event that must be fraught with results of the greatest moment, to both the American and the Mexican nations. *It decided the fate of the Mexican republic.* Though less glorious than the battle of BUENA VISTA, yet it was more decisive in its effects on the Mexican nation. The city and the castle are the key to the gates of the Mexican Capital. The city of Mexico, and all other cities of the land, and the people of the nation universally, placed a stronger hope on the proud and impregnable bulwarks of the Castle, than on any other tower of strength, moral or physical, of the nation. It was their sheet-anchor, as it filled their vain-glorious imaginings. By it they believed their ship of state should yet safely ride. But it has failed them, and the republic is adrift! It was unpardonable in Santa Anna, with 20,000 men, even with the hope and bright prospect of destroying the American Army of 6,000 men, and reconquering its whole line in the North, to leave Vera Cruz and the Castle, as a part of the stake which the throw of his die at Buena Vista was to decide. Vera Cruz and the Castle were more than the capital of Mexico to the Mexican people. One apology alone remains for Santa Anna: revolution, among this fickle-minded and priest-ridden nation, is beyond his control. Had not dissensions arisen among the parties in the Capital, a sufficient force might have been in the Castle to preserve it, until even the scattered army of Santa Anna, should it be dispersed, might have gathered to the relief of the city before it should have fallen. But, "whom the gods would ruin," &c.—every one knows the rest of this often quoted adage: the truth of its sentiment let him then read in the civic dissensions, amounting to civil war, in the city of Mexico, *at this moment of the nation's diffi-*

culties, which formed THE CRISIS of its power or weakness—freedom or subjugation—integrity or dismemberment. But Vera Cruz and its Castle are now safely reposing beneath the folds of the American flag; and on the WILL that planted its staff within the walls of these two positions, now hangs the destiny of the Mexican republic.

But we will follow the Army, and note its operations at a few of the most prominent points as it moved forward from Vera Cruz towards the city of Mexico, so soon as sufficient means for transportation were secured for advancing the first line. And yet I shall enter into no detail of the march of the advance, or the coming up of the main forces and the reserve. But at once we will behold the gallant troops, regulars and volunteers, under General Scott, as they take up their encampment on the PLAN DEL RIO, in front of which, on the terraced heights of the mountain pass, the enemy was seen in position. The Mexican encampment on the elevated ground, was flanked on its left (the right of the Americans) by the Jalapa road, which formed the regular route from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. On its right ran a deep ravine, the bottom of which formed the bed of a river, and its sides were a thousand feet in perpendicular. From the Jalapa road to this ravine the Mexicans had stretched a line of fortifications, fronting their entire position. Back of it a redoubt commanded this line of breastwork, and on the Jalapa road there were several breastworks, intended to check the enemy. But on the heights, rising higher and higher as they recede from the *Plan del Río* below, still in the rear of the Mexican works already mentioned and commanding them all, rose the heights of CERRO GORDO, one thousand feet in elevation, and with an angle of ascent of about thirty degrees. This loftiest height of the pass was crowned with a fortification. Between this fort of Cerro Gordo, farthest in the rear, and the advanced works and line of breastwork,

lay the Mexican army on the plains of the heights. The Jalapa road winding along the mountain to the right, flanking the left of the Mexican positions, still led along under the heights of Cerro Gordo, and in rear of the main body of the Mexican forces. For the Americans to flank Cerro Gordo by a movement to the right was deemed to be impracticable by the Mexicans—the deep ravine of the river-bed entirely prevented a movement to the left. The Mexican army therefore felt itself secure. In the extremest event of being beaten, in their fortifications and breastworks in front, their retreat would yet be protected by Cerro Gordo. But they mistook the inventive genius of the Yankee soldier. General Twiggs, after a reconnoissance, thought differently from the Mexican General, and put himself to the task of effecting a pass to the rear of Cerro Gordo, reaching within 700 yards of the enemy's strongest point, unobserved. And on the 17th, he discovered himself to the enemy by occupying two heights, from which the Mexican skirmishers were driven, and during the same night he mounted two twenty-four pounders, commanding the point of Cerro Gordo. With these he opened, on the morning of the 18th, while Colonel Harney with his forces advanced to take the fort by storm, its guns pouring a terrible fire upon his forces as they steadily advanced up the steep hill, entered the fortification, and drove the Mexicans from their strong hold. They fled in confusion and dismay, or fell, wounded, dying, and dead.

At the same time of the assault on this rear fort of the Mexican forces, the attack was made along the whole length of the Mexican breastworks in the advance of Cerro Gordo; and the Mexicans obstinately maintained their position until they perceived that Cerro Gordo had fallen, and their retreat was consequently cut off by that fortification, now in the hands of the Americans, commanding entirely the Jalapa road; and a force in addition had been sent to occupy

the pass beneath the heights, to cut off the Mexicans, should they attempt a retreat before the American forces now attacking them in front. Thus hemmed in, the whole army surrendered, except the troops under Santa Anna, who had fled just in time to make their way through the pass by the Jalapa road before it was secured by the fall of Cerro Gordo, and occupied by the detachment for cutting off their retreat. The prisoners taken were 3000, muskets 5000, 43 pieces of artillery, and abundance of the materiel of war. The American loss was between four and five hundred killed and wounded. How many of the enemy fell is unknown. The estimate is between ten and twelve hundred. Harney, "the often distinguished Brevet Colonel Childs," as General Scott designates him, Plympton, Loring, Alexander, and their gallant officers and men, are entitled to the credit of effecting this achievement, which tended so greatly to secure the results of the triumph of the American arms at the battle of CERRO GORDO. The fighting at the breastworks and batteries in front of the Mexican lines was equally courageous, masterly, and successful. It is only my purpose to narrate the results—the particulars, and the names of the heroes of this brilliant battle have been given to the American nation in the detailed report of General Scott, accompanied by the reports of commanders of divisions. The rout was complete. Santa Anna must have made a narrow escape—he says, "as by miracle." A short time only could have saved him, as Cerro Gordo in the hands of the Americans, the Mexican chieftain with his six or eight thousand could not have effected his passage by the Jalapa road, which is so entirely commanded by this rear fortification, on which the hopes of the Mexican army had confidently reposed for their strength; and in the last resort, for maintaining their position; and if overthrown, Cerro Gordo would yet cover their retreating forces, as they thought, and save them from a precipitate dis-

comfiture. But the energetic bravery of the American Army was not to be resisted. All the works were successfully and handsomely carried. The pursuit was immediately ordered, to overtake and disperse the forces yet in body under Santa Anna in chief or other Generals. And right urgently were the flying Mexicans pressed.

Jalapa was soon reached. The works and artillery at La Hoya were abandoned ; and the division under General Worth soon reached and occupied the Castle of Perote. He entered this fortification, second only to San Juan de Ullua, at meridian on the 22d, and found it abandoned, or rather a Mexican officer was there, ready to turn over the fortification to his command. General Worth found the armament of the Castle to consist of fifty-four guns and mortars, iron and bronze, of various calibers, and in good service condition—eleven thousand and sixty-five cannon balls—fourteen thousand three hundred bombs and hand grenades—five hundred muskets, and abundance of the materiel of war.

The Army still continued its advance without opposition, and reached the populous city of Puebla, which it occupied. Small bodies of the force being left to hold the places, successively, which had been taken, the Army continued to advance towards the Capital.

The Army commenced its movement from Puebla on the morning of the 7th of August. Traversing the fertile country of the level, the forces commenced their ascent of the mountains. The train of the Army could be seen for miles, as contemplated from the head of the column, dotting the plain with its canvas-top wagons, that had bleached in the sun's rays, which they now reflected, to the whiteness of snow. The second day's march found the forces still gradually ascending by the national road to the base of the ridge which skirts the Puebla plain ; and on the third day the heavy march of the mountain road was the experience of the

Army, as they wound up the steep to reach the pass of the Rio Frio, which might prove the point of a death-chill to many a brave heart. But while the mountain crests here neared the road, and afforded a position for the enemy to check the American Army—and while the recently cut timber and newly erected breastworks showed that the purpose of the enemy was to concentrate at this point and make a stand, the Army found the pass unoccupied, and reports placed General Valencia, with 6000 Mexicans, a day's distance ahead on his retreat to Mexico. The Army, after refreshing themselves, continued their mountain ascent, and with toil and fatigue reached the highest point of the mountain road; and soon the eyes of the wearied divisions were repaid for their efforts and their toils. Before them now lay the vast plain of the Mexican Capital. Even the unlettered could not but feel the influence of the distant prospect; and the well-read had a rush of historic associations pouring into their thoughts, while they recalled the story of the past, as they had, with the interest of romance, traced the march of the brave but bloody Cortez. MEXICO! the Capital of the Republic—the Halls of the Montezumas—the palaces of the Viceroyalties—and the cupolas, domes, and turrets of churches, cathedrals, monasteries, and nunneries, and other buildings, public, religious, and secular, now came on the vision, and filled up the ideal picture which had lain in the mind from infancy. It was all before them, in its distance, solemn grandeur, and beauty! The descent of the mountain was effected the same night, and the Army encamped, with the Mexican scouts about them. The next day the Army reached AYOLTA, sixteen miles from the city of Mexico. The American forces had thus far followed the *National Road*. Its course now lay through the marshy land which surrounds the Lake Tezuco, forming a causeway, commanded entirely by a steep and lofty hill in the advance, called El Pennol, on

which a fortification is erected of fifty guns of different calibres, which completely enfiladed the road and rendered the advance of the Army by it certain destruction to many of its numbers, which, at this moment, with its position far in the enemy's country, it could but ill spare—the American Army all told, numbering only about 9000 men, and the reported number under Santa Anna being 25,000 to 30,000. On the 22d, a reconnoissance of El Pennol having been made, its attack was deemed impracticable; and another road was found, by which it could be flanked. The passage of the Army now lay through the town of Chalco, and along the left of the lake of the same name, which led to the western gate of the city of Mexico. The army was now in two columns—one on the road to San Juan, a village some ten miles from the city—the other under General Worth, on the route to San Augustine. Reports placed Santa Anna at San Augustine, with 20,000 men, and General Valencia, with 10,000 men, at a height called Contreras. The two routes were parallel to each other; but Contreras commanded a road which entered into San Augustine, in the rear of Santa Anna's force, and between him and the city. The object, therefore, of Generals Twiggs and Pillow was to cut a road so as to reach General Valencia at Contreras; and if successfully carrying that point, they would be in time to take General Santa Anna in the rear, while General Worth was attacking him in front. Without going into the detail of the operations of this column against Contreras, its labor of dragging its artillery over an obstructed road, and the wretchedness of finding themselves unexpectedly hemmed in by greatly superior numbers, being drenched by rains, and remaining in the muddy street of a Mexican hamlet for a sleepless night, "*the hour of midnight*" was whispered through the ranks as the time of assault on the works of Contreras, in the neighborhood of which the American column now lay on their arms—

Smith's and Riley's brigade, and Shields' and Cadwallader's—concealed from the enemy, and not many yards distant. It was their only safety, this contemplated assault. And as the day began to break, General Smith, having command in the absence of General Twiggs, seeing that all were ready and eager, issued the brief and energetic order, "*Men, forward!*" The storm from the heavens never fell more suddenly in its waste and destruction, than the American forces now fell on the Mexican entrenchments. The American rifles gave forth their unerring shot—the different divisions rushed to the attack—and by a general storm, with bayonet and the breech of the muskets, the Mexican works were carried, and the forces under Valencia, though for a while briskly discharging their pieces, yet retired in the greatest confusion and consternation. They were pursued; and many cut to pieces or taken captive; and the results were, that the American force 2000 strong routed Valencia's command of 8000, killing 750, wounding 1000, and making 1500 prisoners. Generals Salas, Mendoza, Garcia, and Guadalupe were among these, and Colonels, Majors, and Captains in numbers. Twenty-two pieces of cannon, including five 8 inch howitzers, and the two identical pieces taken by the Mexicans at Buena Vista of Captain Washington's battery. Gen. Twiggs having assumed command, his column now took up its march from Contreras on the road leading to the Capital.

In the mean time General Worth had made a demonstration on San Augustine. Santa Anna retired on the approach of the American column under General Worth, to the strong work of CHURUBUSCO, deemed impregnable by the Mexicans, and with an army reported to be 20,000 strong. The struggle now commenced. General Twiggs was in time with his force for the attack. General Worth, after an hour and a half severe fighting, took the "bridge head." Generals Pillow and Quitman fought on the extreme left. The rifles

were intrusted by General Scott with the charging of the work, in case General Pierce should give way. The fire was terrific. It was a fearful struggle between the two armies, and nearly under the walls of Mexico, and was for the mastery of the Capital! For three hours the contest was waging, with great destruction to each command. But the Mexican forces began to waver, faltered, and finally gave way. The retreating forces were pursued by Kearney's squadron to the very gates of the city, when, having reached within five hundred yards of its walls, the Mexicans from the city opened upon them with grape and canister. In this last struggle at *Churubusco*, the loss of the American forces is estimated at 1,150 killed and wounded. The Mexican loss is 500 killed, 1,000 wounded, 1,500 made prisoners. General Santa Anna reports his whole loss, killed, wounded, and *missing*, at 12,000—leaving him 18,000 of his army of 30,000 strong. Among the prisoners are Generals Rincon and Anaya, the provisional President. This last struggle was long, obstinate, and bloody. General Scott, for reasons not yet developed, entered not into the city while confusion and alarm still prevailed. That night the American General encamped on the battle ground, four miles distant from the city. The next day a flag of truce came out from the walls of the Capital of Mexico, with propositions which resulted in an ARMISTICE.

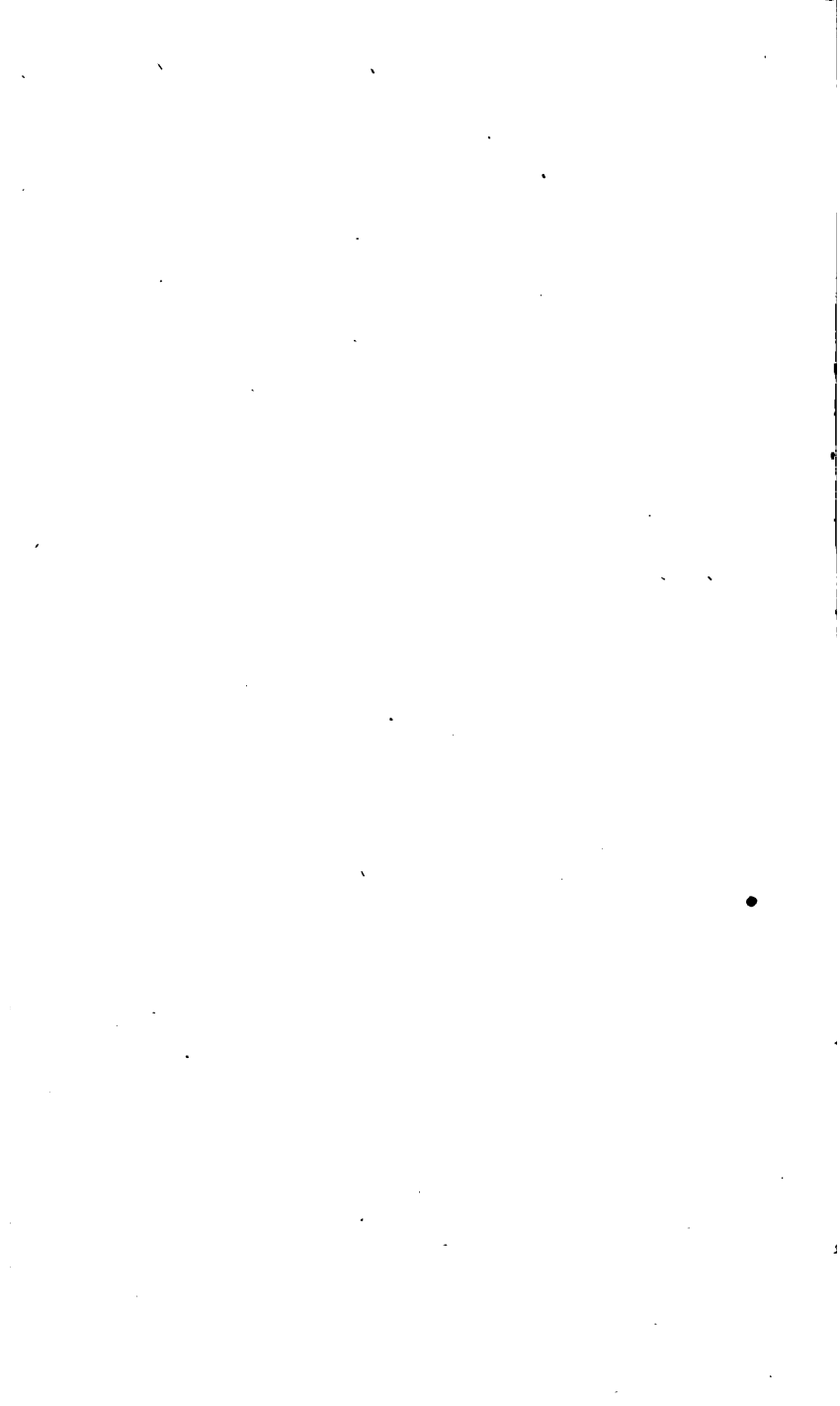
And here, I might have paused, and ended these brief sketches which I have made of the ACTION OF THE ARMY, as I have already closed the story of THE BROAD PENNANT. But at this hour at which I am dictating the last page of this work, October twenty-second, and after we had heard of the failure of the *Armistice* to secure peace between the two nations, *the glorious news of the final triumph of the American arms, in three successive and bloody battles under the walls of Mexico*, again call on the admiration and the gratitude of the American people, to award praise to the gallant Army for its

chivalric and brilliant deeds. The Armistice having been broken, with all hopes of negotiation at an end, hostilities were re-commenced. EL MORINO DEL REY, or the King's Mill, was the point of the next attack. Here, on the 8th of September, the missiles of death again flew thick and fearful between the two armies, each struggling for the victory, at a moment, when an issue seemed to be joined, more important for its immediate results, the possession of the Capital, than had before inspired the two contending armies. Deadly was the fight, and at times it seemed doubtful, on which standard, the Mexican or the American, victory would perch. But the strong hold of El Morino, after hours of combat, yielded to the American arms. It was a stern and obstinate contest—with the odds of eight thousand Americans advancing without cover, against fifteen thousand Mexicans behind breastworks, and beneath the walls of a fortified city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. And the mastery cost the American forces many a brave and noble spirit. But here ended not the contest or the carnage. A yet bloodier field was before them. The battle of El Morino del Rey on the 8th, was succeeded, between that sad day and the morning of the 14th, by the battles of CHAPULTEPEC and the causeways of SAN COSME and TACUBAYA, leading to the city-gates—the American army in this brief space of a few days, losing from its brave ranks sixteen hundred and twenty-three, in killed and wounded. But the American standard was borne triumphantly through all this strife of unequal numbers; and on the 14th of September, 1847, the American General entered the beautiful city of Mexico; and now, the Capital of the Mexican nation is held by the forces of the North American Republic.

Here then I end these pages, which narrate of the Mexican war. I delay not, that I may record the reflections, many and solemn, which may justly arise as to the influence

of this bloody strife upon the destiny of our own country, or upon that nation which our armies have invaded. What the continuance of this war shall yet develop, none but a higher PRESCIENCE knows. We leave it then in its undeveloped and uninviting future, with proud exultation for the triumph of the American arms, but with a *sorrowful heart* in view of the whole story of this contest between the two sister Republics.

THE END.



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